THE UNPARTIZAN REVIEW

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

VOL. XIII

JANUARY — APRIL

1920

FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

NEW YORK
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

COPYRIGHT, 1920
BY
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

R050
Un6

Contents

VOLUME XIII

No. 25. JANUARY–FEBRUARY, 1920

As to Striking	The Editor	1
Vignettes Parisiennes	Norman Fitts	17
Japan and Korea	W. W. Willoughby	24
The Humanist, and Some Others	Percy Hazen Houston	43
The International Press Agent	Henry Irving Brock	52
The Death Camp in Turkestan	Jerome Davis	60
The War and the God-Makers	M. C. Otto	71
The Problem of Church-Going	A Clergyman	89
The Reason Why, a Story	Delphia Phillips	103
The Story of Teschen Coal	Thomas H. Dickinson	113
1919 and 1793	Joseph Gilpin Pyle	130
The Acropolis Express	Anne C. E. Allinson	143
Altruism, Real and Rhetorical	Fred Perry Powers	155
American Tradition and the League of Nations	Harold S. Paul	170
Confessions of a Scene-Maker	Winifred Kirkland	177
Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor	The Editor	182
Correspondence: The Shantung Question		203
En Casserole: The League of Nations — Plagiarism? — The Curse of Capitalism — The High Cost of the Printed Word — A Universal Language at Our Service — Interpretation of a D'Indy Quartette — Concerning Porcelain Temples, Priests and Crows, with Especial Emphasis on the Last — Inflation and the H. C. L. — Aunts, Afternoon Callers, and Their Hats — The Circular Nuisance		205

No. 26. MARCH–APRIL, 1920

The New Need of Proportional Representation	Roland Hugins	223
Supernaturals in Fiction	Mary Austin	236
As to Sharing Fairly	Everett P. Wheeler	246
Heroic Venice	Gertrude Slaughter	259
The Jury System: Good Men and True	Ralph Bergengren	273
Men Not so Good and Not so True	Samuel R. Stern	287
The Case Against Jury Trials in Civil Actions	Lawrence Irwell	302
The Ribbons of Life	Claudia Cranston	308
Rousseau and Bolshevism	Sidney Gunn	323
Reality	Harvey C. Grumbine	329
Seeing the "Movie" Every Day	Ellis P. Oberholtzer	338
The Disavowal of Sanctuary	Anna Robeson Burr	349
A Nut for Psychologists	Pearl Lenore Curran	359
Little Towns	Odell Shepard	373
Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor (*Second Paper*)	The Editor	338
Book Reviews		413
Correspondence: The Story "Unto Others" — Some Interpretations Versus Facts		429
En Casserole: The League of Nations — The Single Taxers — The Passing of Posterity — Three Pin Pricks on the Map — The Black Flag in New York		435

J
186782

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/unpartizanreview0000vari

The Unpartizan Review

No. 25. JANUARY—FEBRUARY, 1920 Vol. XIII

AS TO STRIKING

WHEN the waste of war, and its diversions of industry into non-productive occupations, has made a scarcity of goods which has helped to make prices ruinous — prices that should be lowered by increased production through harder work, the hand-workers have more generally than ever before stopped work altogether; and their increased need of wages they have more and more tried to meet by going without wages. On the surface at least, their policies appear to be absurd and impossible.

Under the surface, however, there has been an expectation that after a brief period, these policies would throw into their hands a larger portion of the scant supply of goods than they had before. On the surface, again, this expectation, too, seems, at least, paradoxical and questionable. And it seems all the more so in connection with the constantly reiterated statement that, independently of the strikes, there is an unusual number of laborers out of employment. Moreover it seems of late to have conspicuously failed.

Strikes of course are based on the assumption that the industries affected must remain idle or yield to the strikers' demands, and this assumption is based on the farther assumption that laborers cannot be found to take the strikers' places; or — and it is here that trouble begins — that if found, they will not be permitted by the strikers to take their places.

There are of course records of employees combining to

stop work as far back as there are records of employees, but strikes were not so widespread as to become serious social problems until towards the middle of the last century, and hardly *very* serious until its third quarter. One reason was that in Anglo-Saxondom they were illegal until early in the nineteenth century.

Under the Common Law of Conspiracy no number of men had a right to conspire to leave work together, with the intention of putting their industry into a corner where it would have to stop or yield to their demands. Conformably with this, in 1741, certain bakers in New York were arrested for striking, and punished, and before the end of the century some cordwainers in Philadelphia had a similar experience.

The law of conspiracy is to the general effect that there are many acts which it is proper for a single person to perform that it is not proper for several persons to conspire to perform. A man had a right to leave, but not to get others to leave with him. This is part of the immemorial common law, which has grown up from the experience of the Anglo Saxon race, and is embodied in the decisions of its judges. It has been modified of course by decision after decision, and occasional legislative enactment.

Since the days of serfdom it has been entirely legal for a man to leave his employment unless he was under contract, or required by some special law, to remain in it. The law requires, for instance, that a man enlisting in the army or navy remain for a certain time, and upon enlisting, he contracts to remain that time. There is generally an implied contract, which in most cases the law will enforce, that if both sides do their duty, an employee will remain and an employer will keep him until the end of the current wage period — if the wages are paid weekly, till the end of the current week; monthly, till the end of the month, and so forth. But a servant can be discharged or a place abandoned because of the misconduct of either party. But under the common law, as already said, no employee

could conspire with other employees to leave in a body, unless there were sufficient fault on the part of the employer.

Not long after the experience of the bakers and cordwainers, however, certain statutes relieved laborers from the penalties of the Common Law against such conspiracies. This was on the principle of letting the men fight the devil with fire. So far as humanity has yet progressed, much of its morality is based on that principle. Much of it is not what Spencer calls positive morality, but relative morality — what you are justified in doing in relation to what another man is doing — even killing him if he is trying to kill you. This is conspicuously true of the morality of the strike. No reasonable person would claim that it is ideal morality for a lot of workmen to walk out together and leave an industry idle. But if they think their employers are not treating them fairly, their morality is relative to his. Men strike, among other reasons, because some men think others are not treating them fairly. When we are all just, not to say generous, there will be no more striking.

But the right to strike once granted, the men did not restrict themselves to fighting the devil with fire, but rapidly began to use their power in broader ways. Trade unions for entering into conspiracies for striking were rapidly formed, and each of many trades throughout the country was rapidly united for mutual support, until the country was covered by such organizations, duly officered, with arrangements for sympathetic strikes to support individual strikes, and united funds to support them. Soon all the trades thus united were farther united into national bodies covering virtually all the organized industries. At last, as we all know to our cost, these bodies became so powerful as to interrupt transportation and supplies of fuel, food, clothing and shelter, until now the question is up whether they are to control the country or the country is to control them.

The laws of mechanics limit the size of a structure that can be built with any given material. Only a short arch can be built of mud, a larger one of stone, and a still larger one of steel, but all materials have their limit, structures beyond the strength of their material will not stand the strain of their weight, and will fall to pieces. Apparently the limit for the wide striking apparatus has been reached. Where it has to withstand a nation's need of food, fuel or transportation, it is not equal to the strain; and our nation is now withdrawing the power to conspire which it permitted in small and localized industries before it had any realization that the conspiracies would grow until they would threaten the health and very life of the nation. The laws permitted the camel to get his nose into the tent — the djinn to escape from the casket. As soon as the primitive conspiracies combined to the degree where they were conscious of great power, they began to cherish dreams of unlimited power, until, like the sans-culottes in France and the Bolshiviki in Russia, they aspired to rule the nation.

The first national organization in 1866 was called The National Labor Union. It took up the greenback craze and others, and lasted but a few years. Next came The Knights of Labor, culminating in 1886. It overdid itself, and went to pieces in 1900. The American Federation of Labor, which had been quietly growing up beside it from 1881, quietly took its place, and still exists, but seems straining, largely under the influence of imported agitators.

The nation's body of law was of course part of its self-conserving structure, and now that the conspiracies have grown to portentous size, they of course have found themselves in conflict with the laws — especially with the laws permitting injunctions against acts which threaten damage. For years the conspirators have been trying to do away with those laws. Their efforts reached their climax in 1912 when Roosevelt offered the proletariat, in exchange for their votes, the power to do away with the

judges themselves. And in November, 1919, when the arch-conspirators could not do away with the laws, they threatened to disobey them.

There has always been here and there a suspicion, which the present writer has long shared, that in the statutes relieving strikers from responsibility under the laws against conspiracy, the community parted with an undue proportion of its rights, in favor of minorities that would eventually arise; and this conviction has been rapidly spreading through the community of late years, during which here and there minorities have deprived it of portions of its food, fuel, light and transit, and threatened the whole. In all these extreme cases the strikers of course have suffered most, as they have least money to buy the diminishing, and therefore increasingly costly, supplies; and such extreme uses of the power to strike have been most apt to fail, but not before they have carried serious inconvenience, and often suffering, to innocent parties.

If we read the signs of the times aright, the American people do not propose to be terrorized or Bolshivized or governed by any minority of any kind, unless it be the minority of superior character and intelligence: there are occasional symptoms that large numbers of the people are eager to follow that, and in that eagerness lies the hope of democracy.

It is increasingly plain that the public is going to recover some of the rights that it threw away to minorities in the statutes alluded to, and that its doing so is entirely justified by the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number, and it is time to consider how this can be best done.

If competition were perfectly fluid, this great question would not be before us, but until human nature is perfect, competition will not be perfectly fluid, and the task of economists and statesmen will be to make it as nearly fluid as they can. The *laisser-faire* doctrine ignored these hard facts — virtually asserted that if the wise kept their

hands off, the foolish would make things all right — that if man's reason ignored the subject, his brute instincts would settle it — or at least half of it — that they would create proper demands which would be supplied by the average intelligence, without any special assistance from the higher intelligence. Amid all this welter, however, was one sound principle — that legislation should never interfere with the law of supply and demand, except so far as it had to defend the community against man's baser instincts.

Now the alleged "right to strike" was a right directly to interfere with the law of supply and demand — the fluidity of competition. It made it possible to corner the supply of labor. This was at first true only in individual plants, but labor being given the inch, rapidly took the ell, and aspired not only to corner the labor supply of the whole country and even of the world, but still farther to intrench upon the law built upon experience for the good of all, and deprive judges of the power to enjoin against anticipated violations.

Not only have these ridiculous, troublesome and disastrous consequences come from the "right to strike," but with them all the rioting, arson and bloodshed involved in attempting to keep the supply of labor cornered — to destroy competition from outside labor during strikes.

There are two main reasons why the right to strike has got to be limited — first in order to keep competition fluid and free from attempts to curb it; and, second to guard the community against disorder, crime and deprivation of food, fuel, transit and other necessities.

The questions in relation to limiting the right, fall into two classes — how much, and how?

On learning of the punishment long ago of the bakers and cordwainers for striking, the man of today revolts: his sense of justice is offended. But he is apt to revolt less because of the cordwainers than because of the bakers:

his sense of justice is offended less, because the bakers in striking threatened the food supply and threatened it immediately, while the cordwainers threatened only the shoe supply; and people can get along better without shoes than without bread, and they can get along in their old shoes until long after the strike is settled.

Similarly one revolts less when one learns that jewelers or tailors are on strike, than when he learns that the trolley drivers or railroad men or miners are on strike. We can get along without jewelry, and for a good while without new clothes, while the inconvenience of a trolley strike is great and immediate, and a railroad or harbor strike threatens the food supply, while a coal strike threatens not only heat for buildings, but industry in general.

The government has recently made a short cut to these conclusions. The habit of striking had not become so far developed up to the time of the civil war as then to need special guarding against, but with the world war it was realized that striking would prejudice victory. Society resumed to a degree the defenses which it had abandoned with the old law against conspiracy, and so far as obstructing the supply of food and fuel, conspiracy was again made penal. This was in accord with the obvious principle which we noticed before, that conspiracy needed curbing in proportion to the immediacy and urgency of the necessities which it attacked.

There had long been laws against obstructing the mails, and the Interstate Commerce Act forbade the interruption of commerce between the states, while the Anti-Trust Act had made "illegal" every combination in restraint of trade or commerce among the several states or with foreign countries.*

These provisions have generally been enforced against employers, but seldom even alluded to against strikers.

*Adams & Shumner's *Labor Problems*, to which we are indebted for many details.

The first noticeable application of the old revived defense was in the injunction against the coal strike ordered for the first of last November. An injunction against the strike was issued by the United States Court at Indianapolis.

The injunction was at once denounced by the miners as "illegal," and the president, who supported its enforcement, called a usurper. Yet nothing could be plainer than the law under which it was granted. But there *was* room to question the applicability of the law to the circumstances: for the law was, by its terms, limited to the period of the war, and the president had a few days before, in vetoing the act to enforce wartime prohibition, declared the war virtually at an end, and wartime prohibition therefore illegal. Congress, however, passed the bill over his veto; and it could therefore be claimed on the authority of the lawmaking power, that as wartime prohibition was still in force, the statute against conspiracy obstructing the supply of food and fuel was also still in force.

The same document in which the miners denounced the injunction against their conspiracy to limit fuel, also complained bitterly of their being deprived of the fundamental rights of free speech, free press and free assembly. Where they found occasion for these complaints is not clear, and it seems obvious that they refer to the seizure of Bolshivist literature and the breaking up of Bolshivist assemblies among the imported champions of labor who permeated the steel strike, and probably to a great extent, the coal strike.

This complaint also, of course, laid special emphasis on the suppression of their liberty to strike — in other words, of the liberty of half a million people to deprive over a hundred million of their fuel and consequently of their transit, food and materials for production. Plainly, when, a couple of generations ago, sympathy with the man unable to direct his own labors, led law-makers to

exempt him from the law of conspiracy (which they have all the time been drawing tighter around his employer) they little realized to what license the liberty they gave him would run.

Plainly the wartime defense against conspiracies is at last needed in peace. The need has been growing ever since the bars were let down: for it has at last become plain that they were let down not merely for the redress of such grievances as the laborer might encounter here and there, but for nation-wide conspiracies to control the necessities of life, for exploiting the current swarms of theories counter to the constitution of man and nature, and for anarchy itself.

How much more of Russia and of the wide and futile conspiracies against our own people are needed to convince our "open-minded" and "liberal" writers that there is an order in Nature and human affairs that yields nothing to their wishes and convictions, but that, when found and followed, coöperates abundantly in the production and diffusion of happiness, and has built all the fruitful and enduring institutions of the race. That order is not found by any man's speculations or any woman's emotions, but only in what mankind has actually done and is actually doing, and wherein he has succeeded and wherein failed. This takes more patience than dreaming and speculating and feeling, but it disappoints less, and it alone reveals the ways where both success and danger lie.

In these experiences has appeared the strongest ray of light and hope that has dawned since the dangerous opening the way to conspiracies, and tempting of the laborers to enter into them. That good augury is the entirely unprecedented peacefulness of the recent strikes. For apparently the first time, the government, taught promptness and energy by the war, was not delayed by politics or fear or favor, but at once applied the ounce of

prevention by so distributing the forces of order as to render disorder hopeless.

In earlier strikes the governments, local and national, had generally been too mistaken, too timid, and too much under the control of "politics" to perform their plain and sworn duty to preserve order, and keep the avenues of competition free for its natural flow. Wherever this has been done, the operation of supply and demand in the labor field has generally brought the strikes to a peaceable and passably satisfactory settlement.

In normal conditions, the mere consciousness of the overwhelming power of the state, as organized in the courts and police forces, is usually enough to secure the peaceable course of the law. In the late strikes, however, there was available enough additional power in the army and in the administrative prevision and firmness organized for the war, to prevent what might otherwise have been great destruction and — not improbably, under the Bolshivist propaganda — a shaking of the very foundations of government.

One thing imperative to make a strike defensible is that it should be tried out on a fair field. In some shape or other probably every industrial process, indeed perhaps every process in life or Nature — is a process of competition. Setting aside the element of conspiracy, a strike is entirely reasonable when the men say: "If you don't concede so and so; we stop work." But if they add: "And we won't let anybody else work in our places," it becomes merely violent robbery of the other party's right to do business — and not only of his right, but of that of any other men who may want the jobs. These robberies have been frequently supported by murders. It is as much the government duty to protect against these robberies and murders as against any others, and the most shameful pages in American history have been those, in its latter half, where these duties have been shirked by politicians

afraid — and, added disgrace, stupidly afraid — of the labor vote. The signs that that fear is outgrown or overcome, that whatever basis there ever was for it is diminishing, that the peace that has permitted so many recent strikes to be fairly tried — these are all signs of escape from a threatened slavery not unfit to be compared with that abolished under Lincoln.

The cause of social discontent is in Nature's way of elevating the race. She does it by evolving a few men — rulers, administrators, organizers, inventors, teachers — to lead the rest. These few create and possess most of the wealth, and the mass of mankind envies them and wants to divide their possessions.

The duty of the few, under these circumstances, may perhaps be partly indicated through the extreme cases where one man is starving and another has food — where one is in danger and another can help him — where one needs work and another can direct him to it. No one doubts that in such cases, it is the duty of the better situated man to help the other. In these extreme cases, the merits of one man and the demerits of the other do not cancel the obligation. Even in the case of criminals, society recognizes it and performs it.

Now the degree of that duty varies with each situation in life: each is the center of a vast net of complexities which sometimes make the exact duty difficult to determine, but some degree of the duty is almost always present. It results from this complexity that, in any relation of life, there are few, if any, rules of universal application: generally, each rule needs to be modified by others. But there is certainly one fundamental rule — that each man should help every other man when he can do it without his own greater hurt.

Take the fundamental law of wages — that their rate is properly determined by the number of men ready to work at the rate. No man would say that if a man would

give a diamond for a drink of water to a man who has plenty, or that he would promise to work a week for a man who could easily relieve him from a perilous position, the other should take advantage of the opportunity. Now, to some minor extent, the great mass of mankind is constantly in such predicaments in relation to the abler men. In one predicament they are always: they cannot wait, while the abler men can. And the only decent attitude of the abler man toward their predicaments is one of sympathy, and readiness to extend reasonable help. But yet like every other policy it can be run to extremes, and just at present the world is particularly full of cranks insisting that it be run to extremes. Yet, within bounds, it is the employer's only profitable attitude — the only one best promotive of his own prosperity. Moreover it is, for many reasons, the only moral attitude, not the least of the reasons being that, as has become very plain during the last generation or two, Nature evolves a few men for what seems the very purpose of adding to the world's wealth, creating and gathering large portions of it, and directing it for the general good — directing it with a discretion of which the mass of mankind, even when best represented in their governments, is incapable; and directing it into channels whose importance they are incapable of appreciating. Take for example the various Carnegie foundations, the Rockefeller Institute, the Nobel prizes, the Johns Hopkins benefactions, and even the various endowments for the support of professors, for which the alumni of various universities are now making their drives.

And yet, even for such purposes as these, the acquisition of wealth can be pursued illegitimately. No man has any business with wealth that he does not create himself — that he skins illegitimately out of those he directs or those with whom he trades. There are even too many benefactions founded on such wealth. And yet the line is terribly hard to draw — hard for human nature and hard

for human intelligence. One conclusion, however, is very easy — that probably the honest effort to draw it can do more than anything else — even than improved laws, to diminish strikes.

As the new war enactment to regulate strikes loses its force upon the formal return of peace, new legislation will undoubtedly be needed. Shall the right to enter upon them be withdrawn altogether, and the state go back to the old law of conspiracy? Apparently such wholesale action is counter to the consideration for the laborers' good which enacted the relieving statutes, and under which, or beside which, his condition has materially improved (Whether *post hoc* or *propter hoc* need not now be discussed), but it seems obvious that the statutes so far as they permit tying up of public utilities and withholding the necessities of life, should be repealed.

Then comes in the question of how best to carry out the restored law against conspiracies. In the present state of human nature, the mind of course first reverts to arbitration, but in the present state of human nature, arbitration often needs to be imposed by force — the police power and, if necessary, the military power. The movement is already begun. As we write there is an elaborate railroad bill preparing for Congress, a provision was introduced, and then discarded, in which strikes are penalized. But although the exercise of those powers would probably be sustained by public opinion, it would still be hard to make men do effective work if they didn't want to, and it is well to consider whether, with the law favoring work instead of, as it does now, favoring strikes, men could not be led to want to work.

Such suggestions on the subject as have so far occurred to us, we give for what they may be worth, in the hope that they may perhaps suggest better ones to others.

In the first place, would any men seek employment in industries where they were not free to strike? If there

are any men who think that striking has been carried to an extreme, and we believe there are many, they would hold on to work, tentatively at least, and would at once give the industry a certain prestige from the exceptional character of these members. Others might have to be attracted by some additional inducement, and that would naturally be higher bids in the labor market. These would give such industries additional prestige, and this prestige would of itself be an attraction, and tend to keep the necessary bids within bounds. Would it be practicable and worth while to recognize and stimulate the probably higher class of this labor, by some title or even by some badge? It would be emergency labor, or perhaps more properly anti-emergency labor: for in contact with the law's present encouragement of strikes, and the consequent temptation to increase emergencies, under the possible new régime there would probably soon develop a class of labor specially evolved to prevent emergencies. The men might become the "trusties" of the labor world. It must be admitted, however, that probably at first, there would be a tendency for the labor world, outside of the non-striking industries, to regard those inside of them as scabs; but we doubt if that tendency would amount to much.

But in spite of putting back the law on the right side, and of what tendency there may be among men to obey the law because it is the law, there would probably still be need of additional sanctions beside high wages, and the possible prestige — probably some with the element of compulsion. One which has occurred to us, seems worth considering. How would it do to require from each man in the industry a guarantee fund which should be forfeited by striking? This could be made by reserving a portion of wages, or of the share of profit which it is probable that, whatever may be the course of legislation, each employee is before long to be entitled to. On this fund, of course, interest should be paid, and as already said, higher wages or a share in the profits would have to be given to

secure consent to the creation of such a fund; but would not the advantages of the system amply justify the expense?

So far as such methods as we have suggested may be found practicable, their influence in educating the labor world would plainly be very salutary, and that education would be their most important immediate result. What is most needed in the labor world is a realization that force tends to defeat itself — that what is needed in any case of dispute, is a chance for fluid competition to determine which way the labor world will settle the disputed point — whether in the industry in question enough men will work to enable it to carry out its policy. The whole policy of violence or intimidation to prevent men taking the places of strikers, obstructs the fluid competition on which a correct, quick, easy and painless settlement depends. Anything that will help the men to a realization of this is of the highest value.

But all immediately applicable schemes are mere palliatives of a fundamental difficulty that nothing but slow evolution will cure. The men who are below average in possessions are never going to be content until they reach average, and they are not going to be content then, as long as there are many conspicuous examples above average. Neither are those below average ever going to realize that their acquisitions are low because their capacities are low, or admit that acquisitions are distributed according to capacities — or ought to be. Nor are they going to realize that if an even distribution were made, it would not last overnight. But more men are constantly rising to the average, and the realization of these fundamental truths is slowly progressing. Such progress as it makes will go to allay the discontent. The leveling up of capacity will be slower, but of course will help. The only effects noticeable for generations to come, however, will be in improved laws and improved enforcement of them. Education of the masses will long stimulate the unrest more than it will assuage it, especially the education

disseminated by underpaid teachers, as, so far, most all is.

Of the recent strikes, those of the steel workers and men in the harbor are about over without results, the printers have disrupted their own organization and, up to the time of writing, gained nothing, while the coal-miners have broken a contract and a law, and got themselves served with an injunction.

"Our little systems have their day," and there are symptoms that the strike system has had its day. Some strikes have had the sympathy of all generous souls, and such strikes have generally succeeded. Others have had the condemnation of most impartial minds, and have generally failed. The latter class has been rapidly growing drunk with the successes of the former, they have attempted unreasonable and impossible things, have underestimated the strength of the rest of the community, have arrayed the rest of the community, and at last the government itself against them. The strikers have even of late alienated their wisest leaders and the wisest of their own bodies. Within a few months our readers have seen from trade-union bodies at least two sets of resolutions condemning these proceedings as untimely, unwise and unpatriotic.

Under it all society has lately been groping its way to a new means of defense — not a very convenient one to apply, but defenses seldom are convenient. This one, however, is right along the line of fluid competition. A few years ago the New Zealand farmers came down and loaded their crops into the ships which the stevedores had abandoned; that was soon followed by the Yale students manning the New Haven trolley; lately the English gentry manned the railroads; still more lately the substantial citizens of Boston took the places of the striking police; and as we go to press, the people of Kansas are volunteering to run the coal mines. Certainly this new remedy is not so attractive as to be resorted to before strikers have had a reasonable chance to try out their case.

The Editor.

VIGNETTES PARISIENNES

UP the dark stairway of the Arc de Triomphe, rendered slightly less dark at every other turn by a yellowish, sooted lantern. A descending stream of people brush the elbows of us ascending. For the way is very narrow. Sounds of scuffling feet and labored breathing, every now and then drowned in a giggle or a "*Comme c'est loin!*" At last the summit is reached, and I look out upon the long stretch of the Champs Elysées with its never-ceasing currents of pleasure-cars that pinpoint down into the Place de la Concorde and its setting, the Arc du Carrousel and the Louvre. On the height of Montmartre, Sacré-Cœur alternately blazes in silvery glory o. silhouettes in splendid gray, as cloud shadows creep over it. Over toward the Seine (though I cannot see the river) spires *la Tour Eiffel*, and, squatting at its left, the Grande Roue. And there the Panthéon and the Invalides — but, as my eyes approach the latter, I hear dull booming! The crowds in the Place de l'Etoile buzz feverishly. Then cheers are wafted up and the sparkle of fireworks amidst the triumphant shrieks of Klaxons. Above the Invalides hangs the brownish cloud from the cannons firing in honor of the signing of peace at Versailles, June 28th, 1919 — just five years after the death of Ferdinand at Serajevo!

I hail a taxi that is already overflowing and climb aboard. For the *mêtro*, the tramways, and the autobuses are on strike, and the taxi-driver is looking forward to the possibility of paying his rent, which has mounted up to such a figure during the five years of war. My comrades in misery are a demobilized French aviator, a jeweler and wife, an actress from the Cadet-Rouselle, and a British officer, with whom I strike up a conversation. "You

know, I cawn't speak French at all. I really would consider it degrading to know any but the English language." He condescendingly smiles at me and adds, "I don't understand *your* language very well, either!"

The tramway approaches the safety-isle where I wait in the square at the foot of Rue Franklin. "Wheee!!" shrills a siren ascending the street leading up from the façade of the Trocadéro. And a huge limousine rushes up, closely followed by a touring-car full of civilians. Immediately all street-traffic halts dead, one of the two *agents* who always stand opposite 8 Rue Franklin crosses to the house-entrance, and all the *gendarmes*, bicycle-policemen, and plain-clothes men in the neighborhood (their number increasing each second-fraction) start in the same direction. The two cars skid around the corner so fast as to give me but a brief glimpse of the corpulent man with rosy cheeks who sits in the limousine, looking over some papers. Before the second car has well stopped behind the first in front of number 8, its plain-clothes occupants have jumped out and run to join the *agents* about the entry. A soldier, on the front seat of the first car, hops out and opens the door. The Tiger, surrounded by his bodyguard, hustles into his home. For even yesterday another socialist attempted to assassinate him.

The book-stalls along the left bank of the Seine are quite busy this afternoon. The warm spring air has induced many beside myself to "*bouquiner*" away a few hours of contented idleness. Here a *professeur* dusties his fingers in a pile of Latin and Greek texts, while the book-stall keeper, a wizened old woman, scrouches on her stool, devouring at once an apple and a *romanfeuilleton*. At the next stall a student with long hair is searching for hidden treasure behind a pile of *Boccaccio*, "*Les Mille et Une Nuits*," "*Les Lettres de Ninon de Lenclos*," and "*Aphrodite*." I pass on to a more orderly stall, where a

nice old man suggests "*Le Feu*," then "*Les Œuvres de Voltaire.*" Up walks a priest in robe of black to gaze approvingly within the covers of a worn volume entitled "*Raisons de ne pas Etre Protestant.*" Yet farther on I come to some stalls cluttered with a mess of old magazines, dictionaries, engravings, medals, plaques, old coins, rusty swords, and candlesticks.

A couple of American enlisted men are sitting with a French lady upon the little steel seats along the Champs Elysées. I think I know one of them, so I sit nearby and look carefully to make sure. "*Les tickets, s'ous plait*" turns me around to an old woman in black with a handful of tickets. But I, preoccupied and thinking she is selling a raffle or tags for a relief-fund, shake my head. Then she insists that I owe "*quatre sous*" for the privilege of sitting in a chair. And I show her my last three pennies as I prepare to leave. "*Mais non, restez-y, monsieur!*" Along struts de Belleville, one of the *moniteurs* at the Ecole d'Aviation de Chateauroux, dressed in cleancut uniform of horizon-blue, a well-groomed, rich, young aristocrat, who greets me in very English English. "Where you may run across me? Why, you know, I toddle about the bars near the Opéra. Drop around some time and have a cup with me!"

A diminutive balcony juts out from one wall of a cell-shrine in the Conciergerie of the Palais de Justice. Thick iron bars make of this balcony a thing apart from the rest of the room, and there each Sunday come the prisoners to look down upon the burning tapers that stand where once were herded the Girondins awaiting their turns to die.

The Panthéon de la Guerre, a circular building on the Avenue de l'Université, the inner walls of which are covered by that famous painting executed by nineteen artists and representing the heroes of France reviewing

the victorious armies of the world. Most prominent among the legion of French heroes stands Guynemer, *As des As*. And in the American panel is President Wilson with a manuscript in his hand, which, in the words of the guide, "denotes diplomatic ability."

"Would you care for me to show you about?" queries an Englishwoman, to me gazing at a case of Egyptian jewelry in the Louvre. So I politely follow her through the Persian and Assyrian rooms, pushing through a multitude of Australian soldiers who are listening to the copy-book English of a bright-eyed little guide. Suddenly we emerge upon a corridor at the end of which Venus de Milo stands in purest majesty before a drapery of ink-velvet. I awaken with a start from the reverie into which I have fallen. A dried-up old lady has just sighed and turned away with a smile in her eyes.

At the entrance to the Panthéon broods the *Penseur* of Rodin. My good friend, the *avocat* Fouilleul, laughingly assures me that he always fears the *Penseur* may someday lose his balance and crack his forehead. At which his wife says "*Tu n'es pas sêrieux*," and his little daughters run up the stone steps, crying "*Tiens, tiens, pépère!*" Fouilleul goes into ecstacies over some old mural paintings within the Panthéon and decries as "*camelote*" the more contemporary ones that I admire. Bronze Clovis stands near the door with his long braided hair and his sword in hand. Upon the wall Sainte-Genevieve guards over Paris by night, while Jeanne d'Arc lists the call to glory and battles for the *patrie*.

Up we go on the Montmartre *funiculaire*, and Ramon, who still has "nerves" from his air-battles, is praying that the cable hold, in much the same way he does when riding to our sixth-floor apartment in the "trick-*ascenseur*." We quit the *funiculaire* and see before us Sacré-

Cœur, glowing white and glorious in the rays of the descending sun. Inside the church I stand beside a holy-water basin formed of a metre-wide shell and, over the bowed head of a widow, gaze upon the half-a-hundred mammoth tapers that gleam at the base of a mighty, towering blackness.

Our feet hobclackle up and down the winding, hilly streets of Montmartre summit as we search for the Auberge du Coucou. A few people wander here and there, but never a vehicle of any sort. We have the impression of being in a picturesque little village by the sea. Only the faint rumble of all Paris below reminds us that we are still within the city-walls.

"*Viens, Clêmenceau!*" cry I to a dirty, brown, bob-tailed trench-cur that comes wagging over the Rue de Passy toward me. He sniffs my leather coat joyfully, apparently finding thereon some scent suggestive of former associates. For he there and then adopts me for his master, following us to the *patisserie*, where Ramon consumes his daily ration of half-a-dozen *gâteaux*, greeting us boisterously at our exit, and slipping into our apartment despite the protests of the *concierge*, who insists that "*Les animaux sont dêfendus!*"

The Chat Noir, on the Avenue Clichy, with its three-by-five entrance and stairway leading down into the room where Freddy and I are greeted by the announcer as "*Mes Seigneurs, les Princes des Cocus!*" Whereat laughs the audience, composed of Australian, French, and American soldiers and sailors, middle-aged *bourgeois* and their red-faced wives, a few *grues*, a number of Apaches and their "*gosses*." The room has a vaulted, tile roof and is fitted up at the far end like a kitchen, with pots and pans, etc. Only in front of the stove is a piano by which songs on love and other things are sung. Around the wall-tops is

a frieze of black cats, under which are pictures drawn by, and of, the artist habitués of the place.

The Café de la Source, on the "Boule' Miche'." I am sitting with a Beaux-Arts student when the self-styled *Roi de la Bohême*, walks up, an old man with a white beard, a large nose, dirty hands, and ragged corduroy clothing. Everyone who passes near him greets him cheerily in the second person singular. His French is the French of an educated gentleman, and his English perfect. Thirty years ago he was a language professor at the Sorbonne, and bore a noble title. Before leaving us he says: "Gentlemen, I must beg of you a few coppers, so that I may eat today!" He pockets the coins with the air of a king receiving tribute, stalks toward the door, puffing on one of my cigarettes, pauses to bow low over the hand of a kept woman, then sallies forth for breakfast. "*C'est un type*," say I to the Beaux-Arts student, who grunts "*Un drôle de numêro!*" in reply.

The Café de la Paix, where one can sit at a sidewalk table and see all the famous, as well as infamous, people in the world (always providing that one sits there long enough). I sip my *sirop de groseille avec syphon* and talk with some "highly respectable" American civilians (possibly Peace-delegates) when suddenly I see a familiar face in the stream of life that passes by. I rise and hail Stewy, a school-friend of mine, and we shake hands and swap histories.

It is the evening of July 4th, and Dallin, a student at the Académie Julien, and I have been invited to the weekly banquet, "*chez-Mollet*," of Dourouze's charming clique of poets and painters. On my left Gasquet, a vigorous soldier-poet, expands over the merits of "*l'immense, le mondial Walt Whitman!*" Dourouze, across the table from me, smilingly exchanges compliments with his

fellow, Raoul Dufy. Favory and Fournier are discussing with Dallin the merits and demerits of the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin. And Supervielle from South America, quiet, sad, and homely, is reading some of his works to an attentive group at the far end of the table. Up comes Monsieur Mollet, the *propriêtaire*, with an armful of champagne bottles and insists upon acting as *garçon* himself. "*Car vous êtes mes artistes à moi.*"

In a burst of eloquence kindly old Professeur Lemonnier brings to a close his final lecture on "*l'Art Français*" and thanks us from the bottom of his heart for the interest we have shown in his hobby. We break into loud and prolonged applause as he turns to toddle toward the little exit behind the rostrum. He waves his hand to us in farewell, and smiles happily as the tears glisten in his eyes. The little door closes on him, the applause slowly dies away, and I sigh as I prepare to follow the buzzing students out through the swinging doors of the Amphithéâtre Richelieu, through the corridors, and across the courtyard of the Sorbonne to Ludo's.

My old *femme de mênage* is sorry to see me leaving Paris and doesn't quite know how to express her feelings. So she putters about her little room, gathering up her parting gifts. Over my back she slings a fish-basket containing "Mimi, the running, jumping, fighting cat" and pushes its tiny bell-necklace into my pocket. Then a pair of slippers, a German officer's helmet, and a handful of cookies. I kiss her goodbye on both cheeks (for she has been with me four months) and break away. Good old soul that she is, she wants to run and fetch a taxi for me, quite unmindful of the rain. But I say, "*Non, merci mille fois!*" and leave her waving her hand and trying to say "*Au revoir*" instead of "*Adieu.*"

Norman Fitts.

JAPAN AND KOREA

IN 1910 Korea was formally annexed by Japan and incorporated as an integral part into her Empire. For five years earlier, however, that is, since the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese War, Japan's influence in that country had been paramount, and, since 1908, its administration had been wholly within her control. It may seem, therefore, that the relations between Japan and Korea have assumed a significance only from the viewpoint of Japanese constitutional law and domestic policy. In fact, however, it is by no means certain that Korea will permanently retain its present status in the Japanese Empire. The events of 1919, later to be referred to, have demonstrated the existence of a strong desire and determination on the part of the Korean people to regain, if possible, their lost independence. Adding emphasis to this is the recognition which the leading nations of the world have given to the principle of self-determination as applied to distinctive national groups. The sympathy of these nations, if not their affirmative aid, may therefore be counted upon in case the independence of Korea is submitted to the judgment of the world.

Aside from the question of the future status of Korea, the relations between that country and Japan are of general interest, since their history throws light upon the political mentality of the Japanese, and serves to interpret the national ambitions of the Japanese people and of their government.

The Annexation of Korea

Since the ruthless invasion of Korea by Hideyoshi in the closing years of the sixteenth century, the Japanese

had been hated and feared by the Koreans, and when, after the "Restoration" in Japan, in 1867, a letter was sent to the Koreans notifying them of the fact, a contemptuous answer was sent. This aggravated the situation, and in 1875 armed conflicts between the two countries occurred, but war was not formally declared. However, under pressure, the Koreans were induced to sign a treaty with Japan the provisions of which were, to quote an eminent authority, "in almost every detail precisely similar to those in the treaties which Japan had herself, when ignorant of international law and custom, originally concluded with Western Powers and which she afterwards so bitterly resented as a stain on her national dignity. As the Western Powers had done with herself, so did she now, without one particle of compunction, induce Korea to sign away her sovereign rights of executive and tariff autonomy, and to confer on Japanese residents within her borders all the extraterritorial privileges which were held to violate equity and justice when exercised by Europeans in Japan." [1]

In this treaty Korea was recognized as "an independent State, enjoying the same sovereign rights" as Japan, but, in fact, Korea still looked for aid to China, who continued to claim an indeterminate suzerainty over that country. Out of the situation thus produced, disputes arose between China and Japan which led to the Sino-Japanese War of 1894 which was terminated by the treaty of April 17, 1895, signed at Shimonoseki, the terms being dictated by victorious Japan.

This war had been avowedly waged by Japan to free Korea from the claims of overlordship asserted by China, and by the treaty of peace the full sovereignty and independence of Korea was declared. Also in the treaty of alliance which Japan negotiated with Korea at the opening of the war with China, it had been declared that its object

[1] J. H. Longford, *The Evolution of New Japan*, p. 105.

was "to maintain the independence of Korea on a firmer footing."

Again, in the Russo-Japanese agreement of April 25, 1898, both countries agreed to "recognize definitely the sovereignty and entire independence of Korea," and both parties pledged themselves "to abstain from all direct interference in the internal affairs of that country."

In the first Anglo-Japanese treaty of alliance of January 30, 1902, the Japanese Government united with that of Great Britain in declaring that the sole purpose of the alliance was to preserve the *status quo* and general peace in the Far East, and that they were especially interested in maintaining the territorial integrity of the Empire of Korea as well as of the Empire of China.

In his rescript, declaring war against Russia in 1904, the Emperor of Japan asserted the integrity of Korea to be "a matter of greatest concern to the Empire," and that the "separate existence of Korea is essential to the safety of our realm." A few days later, in the protocol signed jointly by Japan and Korea it was declared that "The Imperial Government of Japan definitely guarantees the independence and territorial integrity of the Korean Empire." This assertion was made in order to reassure the Koreans who, upon their part, engaged to place "full confidence in the Imperial Government of Japan, and adopt the advice of the latter in regard to improvements in administration."

Acting nominally as a free agent, but actually without an option, Korea agreed, in August, 1904, to engage, as financial and diplomatic advisors, Japanese subjects recommended by the Japanese, and that all matters concerning finance and foreign relations should be dealt with only after the counsel of these advisors had been taken. Furthermore, the Korean Government agreed to consult the Japanese Government "previous to concluding treaties or conventions with foreign powers, and

in dealing with other diplomatic affairs such as granting concessions to or contracts with foreigners."

In April, 1905, came an agreement under which the postal, telegraph and telephone services of Korea were surrendered into the control of Japan. And in August of the same year it was claimed by Japan and recognized by Great Britain, as stated in the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, that Japan possessed "paramount political, military and economic interests in Korea."

The next month, in the Portsmouth treaty of peace, Russia made a similar acknowledgment; and two months later was signed the convention between Japan and Korea, according to which the Japanese department of Foreign Affairs was henceforth to have "control and direction of the external relations and affairs of Korea," and Japanese diplomatic and consular officials were to have charge of Korean interests in foreign countries. For the exercise of the control thus authorized, Japan was to be represented at the Korean capital by a "Resident-General" and by "Residents" at the several open ports, or at such other places as the Japanese Government might deem necessary. Later the Korean Emperor asserted that his signature to the convention had been forged, and issued a vain appeal to the nations to protect his people against the Japanese. Whether or not the statement that his signature had been forged is correct, has never been determined. But no one has doubted that the convention was against his will, as well as that of his people.

Events continued to move rapidly, and in 1907 (July 24) an agreement was entered into between Japan and Korea according to which the Japanese Resident-General was given control over practically all branches of the Korean administration. In all matters relating to the reform of the Korean administration, the Korean Government was obligated to receive the instruction and guidance of the Japanese Resident-General, and no action regarding

the enactment of laws and ordinances or important matters of administration was to be taken without his previous approval. His consent was also to be obtained for the appointment or removal of high government officials, and the Korean Government was to appoint as officials such Japanese subjects as might be recommended to it by the Resident-general. At this time, also, the Korean Emperor was forced, under Japanese pressure, to resign in favor of his son — a weak character, and likely to be still more amenable to Japanese influence.

It is evident that Korea had now, to all intents and purposes, passed completely under the control of Japan. Japanese high officials continued to assert, however, that there was no intention, upon the part of their government, to annex Korea. In 1908 this was publicly asserted by Prince Ito, the Resident-General at Seoul. In 1910, nevertheless, Japan deemed that the time had come formally to take Korea unto herself, and this was made known to the world in the treaty of August 29.

Japanese Administration of Korea

Since Japan has had charge of the public affairs of Korea, it is certain that the public administration of the country has been, in many respects, vastly improved. Railroads and highways have been built, barren lands afforested, dockyards and harbors built or improved, better methods of agriculture and stock-raising introduced, mines opened and worked, schools and hospitals established, sanitary measures enforced, and life and property, generally speaking, made more secure. One result from this has been a rapid increase of population. This has been due almost wholly to native increase, for the influx of Japanese into the peninsula has been comparatively small — disappointingly small to the Japanese authorities. Korea has an area of nearly eighty-five thousand square miles — nearly as large as the main island of Japan proper. Its population is now over

seventeen millions. It is estimated, however, that scarcely one-half of its arable land is under cultivation. The Japan Year Book for 1918 reports that barely three hundred thousand Japanese have taken up their residence in Korea, and very few of these are engaged in the cultivation of the soil. The fact is that, as agriculturists or as workmen in small trades, the Japanese cannot compete upon equal terms with the stronger and larger Koreans, and, furthermore, the Korean can live upon a smaller income than can the natives of Nippon.

For all the public works constructed, and improvements in public administration introduced, Japan deserves great credit. As qualifying the approval thus to be accorded, the following facts are, however, to be considered.

The administration of Korea has been, from the beginning, and still continues to be, a stringent military one, and it is required that the Governor-General shall be a general of the Japanese army.[1] The sword is everywhere the symbol of office. Even the school teachers are equipped with this outward sign of authority. During the years following 1905 it is known, and admitted by the Japanese, that many of their countrymen of bad character entered Korea and were responsible for many acts of violence upon the defenseless Koreans. It is to the credit of Count Terauchi that he exerted his authority to put an end to the worst of this evil, but we have the testimony of one of the Japanese newspapers that during his administration there was no relaxation of the military severity with which the country was ruled. "The Governor-General's desire," it was asserted, "is to make the peninsula one big fortress, and he seems to regard all those engaged in industrial and commercial work in Korea as mere camp followers within the walls of a barracks." [2]

[1] Within a few months it has been provided that the Governor-General may be a civilian, and the promise made that a police constabulary will be substituted for the military gendarmerie.

[2] The Shin Nippon, quoted by Brown, *The Mastery of the Far East*, p. 345.

Along with this military régime has gone an extensive system of espionage, and of police regulation. Administrative control has extended far into the private lives of the Koreans. Wealthy Koreans, the author has been informed, are obliged to employ Japanese financial secretaries, and they are not permitted, without special permission, to draw from their banks at any one time more than comparatively moderate amounts, no matter how large their deposits may be.

Significant, as showing the severity with which police regulations are enforced against the Koreans, is the statement in the Governor-General's report for the year 1916–1917 that, out of 82,121 offenders dealt with by "police summary jurisdiction" in Korea, 952 were pardoned, 81,139 were sentenced, and *only thirty* were able to prove their innocence. It may also be noted that while corporal punishment may legally be inflicted upon Koreans, it cannot be upon Japanese.

Very illuminating as to conditions in Korea was the famous, or rather infamous, "Korean Conspiracy Cases" which, as Mr. Arthur J. Brown, an exceptionally tolerant critic of Japan, says, "showed that in 1911 and 1912 Korea was swarming with suspicious police and ruthless gendarmes, and that the lower courts were under police control." It is unfortunate that space will not permit a full account of these cases.

It is not surprising to learn that, under this military régime, the fundamental elements of civil liberty have been denied the Koreans. There has been no freedom of the press, or of speech, or of assembly. No constitutional principles or general administrative orders have protected the governed against arbitrary arrests, or against domiciliary searches and seizures by the gendarmerie. No writ of *habeas corpus* or other similar privilege has protected them against unjust arrest and imprisonment. And, without just compensation, their property has often been taken from them.

As regards freedom of speech and press little exists in Japan itself. But the press regulations in Korea are still more severe. "One newspaper only is allowed in each province, so there are only thirteen newspapers in Chosen (Korea). Most of these papers are governmental mouthpieces, and are nicknamed 'government gazettes' by the natives. They never expect to have complaints made known through the columns of these papers, and the Governor-General, in consequence, has had no opportunity of ascertaining the real situation from the native's standpoint." This is the statement of a prominent member of the Japanese Parliament who was sent to Korea this year to investigate the causes of the discontent in the peninsula.[1]

In connection with the seizure of Korean lands the Japanese have taken possession of great areas which, previous to annexation, had been nominally crown lands, but in fact were in considerable measure open to common usage, and, in very many cases, had been for generations in the individual possession of particular families. A grievous wrong upon the Koreans was therefore done when, taking advantage of the merely technical character of the title, these lands were seized by the Japanese authorities as public property.

A further serious indictment of the Japanese system of governing Korea consists in the fact that not only has the right of self-government been almost wholly denied, but that no promises or hopes have been held out to the Koreans that at some future time their country will be given an autonomous administrative status, and the rights of self-government accorded.

This is not to say that no Koreans are now employed in the public service. But in practically no case is a Korean employed in a position of responsibility, and where he has, nominally, any administrative discretion, he is actually subject to the control of a Japanese official.

[1] Quoted in the *Japan Advertiser*, April 19, 1919.

Upon this point we may quote the following from the well-informed and conservative *Japan Advertiser.*

> Japanese local administration does not trust the Korean, and does not employ him. Korea is divided into thirteen provinces which are subdivided into approximately thirty prefectures and three hundred and fifty magistracies. These magistracies are again subdivided into villages. . . The posts down to the smallest unit of control are filled by Japanese officials, even the Korean village headmen having been replaced by Japanese. The number of these headmen makes it impossible to appoint Japanese of a superior class.[1]

It is further to be observed that in practically all cases in which Koreans are employed in the lower public services, they are compensated at a distinctly lower rate than are the Japanese functionaries performing exactly the same work. Again we may quote the *Japan Advertiser.* In a "Leader" in the issue for April 11, 1919, the editor says:

> Is it not ironical in the extreme that at a time when the papers are filled with protests against race discrimination, Japan's only colony should be in a state of passive rebellion against the race discrimination which the inhabitants suffer? Mr. Yamagata (Director-General of Political Affairs in Korea) . . . admitted the injustice of discriminating between the remuneration of Japanese and Korean officials of the same rank. This discrimination unfortunately runs through the whole administration of the peninsula. Teachers, telegraph clerks, policemen, even the familiar red-cap at the railway stations — in all occupations, Koreans are discriminated against in the country of their birth, in favor of Japanese immigrants.

As further showing the discrimination practised against the native Koreans, it is significant that the Japanese have provided three-quarters as many schools for their nationals in Korea as they have for the nearly sixty times as many Koreans. The situation with regard to the higher schools is still worse. As to them, more provision is made for the three hundred thousand Japanese than there is for the seventeen million and more Koreans.

[1] Editorial, March 21, 1919.

Furthermore, in the government schools which are maintained for the Japanese in Korea, the curricula are different from those of the schools for the Koreans. Much less English is taught in the latter, and the courses are from two to three years shorter.

Only a part of the Korean story is told by the statement that the Japanese have ruled the Koreans with an iron and often an unjust military hand. From the time of annexation the Japanese have pursued in Korea exactly the same policy that the Prussians attempted to carry out in Poland — namely, to crush out the national civilization of Korea, and to transmute the Koreans into Japanese. With this aim in view, every possible effort has been made to destroy the Korean language and literature, and to substitute Japanese ideals and institutions for those that the Koreans have developed during a period of several thousand years of national existence. In the government schools instruction is given for the most part in the Japanese language, and the study of Korean history and literature made practically impossible. Considerable effort has even been made to destroy books — especially the classics — in the Korean language. Comparatively little opportunity is given Koreans to obtain a higher education in Korea, and, by refusing emigration permits, Koreans are prevented from going to foreign countries to obtain college or university training. A few Koreans go to the Japanese universities, but even there the studies which they may pursue are practically prescribed for them.

Especial pains are taken by the Japanese authorities to prevent the spread among the Koreans of ideas of self-government or of individual liberty. The great effort that is made by the authorities in Japan proper to prevent the spread among the people of what are called "dangerous thoughts" is well known. It is not surprising, therefore, that, in this respect, a still stricter régime should exist in Korea.

A great obstacle to this attempt to control the thought as well as the acts of the Korean people has undoubtedly been the work of the foreign Christian missionaries, and especially those from America. This is not to say that these missionaries have stepped outside of their religious and social fields of work, and entered the domain of politics. In this respect, indeed, their record has been a remarkably correct one. But it has been inevitable that the teaching of Christian ideals of justice, of equality, and of individual desert, dignity and moral obligation, should have presented to the Koreans standards of conduct, applicable to public as well as to private life, which were far from being those exemplified in the administrative régime to which they were subjected.

There is little doubt that if treaty engagements and other considerations did not prevent, the Japanese would be glad to prohibit Christian missionary work in Korea. It is known to all who are in any way familiar with the situation, that, since the Japanese have been in control, they have sought, in every possible way, to fix upon the missionaries and upon their converts the offense of teaching or otherwise engaging in treasonable practices. The conspiracy trials of 1911–1912 which have already been mentioned were an evidence of this. Another evidence has been the systematic manner in which, during the disturbances of the present year, the Christian Korean converts have been selected out for the infliction upon them of extraordinary cruelties; and furthermore, wholesale charges have appeared in the government-controlled press of Japan that the foreign missionaries have been the instigators of the demonstrations which the Koreans have made in favor of national independence.

An interesting chapter in the history of Christian missionary work in Korea is that which describes the manner in which the Japanese authorities have sought to prevent the giving of religious instruction in, or in connection with, the mission schools. This has really

been an attack upon the existence of the schools themselves, since it has been known that the missionaries believe, and rightly believe, that religious instruction is an essential part of their educational work.

It is in conformity with Japanese conceptions of the State that the education of the people should be controlled by the Government. In Japan proper, private schools are not forbidden, but they are in fact controlled by the provision of law that, unless their teaching and curricula conform to certain standards, their graduates will not be entitled to a number of very important privileges — to exemption from conscription, to admission to the imperial universities, and to eligibility to appointment to higher civil and military positions — all of which privileges are accorded to graduates of the government schools and universities.

In 1899 an order was issued which forbade the giving in Japan of religious instruction or the holding of any kind of religious exercises, either at government schools or private schools, subject to inspection and regulation, — that is, entitled to the privileges above mentioned.[1] The effect of this order was, of course, to put the many Christian mission schools in a serious dilemma. They had either to abandon all claim to these special privileges, and thereby lose a great proportion of their scholars, or to surrender what they deemed to be an essential part of their work as teachers of Christianity. After a time, however, by persistent effort, the mission schools in Japan succeeded in getting this situation corrected to the extent of being allowed to retain for their graduates the privileges that have been mentioned, provided religious instruction was made voluntary and not compulsory.

In Korea, however, private, that is, mission, schools may not give any religious instruction under any circumstances, nor may religious exercises be held in connection

[1] This, however, was held not to prevent Shinto exercises, the point being made that these were not religious but merely patriotic performances.

with them. The only mitigation of the severity of this order, first issued in 1915, is that mission schools which, prior to that date, had obtained government permits, are given until 1925 to bring their management into conformity with the provisions of the order.

The Recent Korean Disturbances

The recent widespread disturbances in Korea are politically significant from several points of view.

In the first place, they show a very general discontent prevailing among the Koreans with regard to their loss of independence.

In the second place, they have brought sharply to the attention of the Western World the tyrannical and militaristic methods which the Japanese have employed in governing Korea.

In the third place, although the demonstrations on the part of the Koreans have been in practically all, if not absolutely all cases, of a peaceful character, consisting for the most part only of processions and the crying of "Manzei" (10,000 years) the national Korean cry, corresponding to the Japanese "Banzei," the acts of the government troops and police have been of such extraordinary ferocity and brutality as to shock the entire civilized world.

In the fourth place, the atrocities committed have been upon such an extended scale, and carried out in such a systematic manner, that it is evident that they were countenanced, if not deliberately ordered, by the higher authorities. It has been stated by the Governor-General that those responsible for these lawless acts have been punished, but no information has been furnished designating by names those who have thus been held responsible, and indicating the character of the punishments that have been inflicted. In the absence of such information as this, amply verified, one is justified in assuming that, in fact, no punishments of any degree of

severity, or upon any persons of importance, have been inflicted.

The details of these cruelties have been so recently published to the world in the report of the Federated Council of Churches of Christ in America, that they do not need to be rehearsed here. It may be pointed out, however, that the Japanese soldiery and police, in their repressive and punitive measures, made little pretence of distinguishing between the innocent and the guilty. The only discrimination which they appeared to exercise was in selecting for punishment the individual Koreans who were Christians, and for destruction by fire and sword the villages whose inhabitants were known to be predominantly Christian. It may also be pointed out that the fact that the Council of Churches felt compelled to issue a public report is indicative of the extent of the atrocities committed: for it is well known how unwilling church bodies are openly to criticize the governing authorities of the lands in which they carry on missionary work. One of the signers of the report is Mr. Sidney L. Gulick, who has been so prominent in urging upon the American government a scheme of immigration which will not discriminate against the Japanese.

Concluding Observations

In passing judgment upon the relations of a dominant to a dependent people, three main questions of ethical right arise: (1) The justification for holding an unwilling people in subjection; (2) the political and civil rights that should be granted to them; and (3) the regard that should be had for their material and cultural interests. What answers to the questions thus involved have the Japanese given by their dealings with the Koreans?

It may be asserted, without qualification, that no nation has an ethical right to subject another people, against their will, to its own political domination solely upon the ground that this overlordship is needed in order that its

own political or economic interests may be advanced.[1] To admit that there may be such a right of national selfishness is to take away the very foundations of international comity and morality. The principle of national self-defense may be carried to the extent of holding that one nation may object to the passing of a neighboring state under the political control of a third state if the result will be to create a power which will be a danger to the first state's national safety or domestic tranquillity. This principle is, indeed, implied in the Monroe Doctrine, and was appealed to when the United States demanded that the French Government should withdraw its military forces from Mexico. Japan was thus well within its right when it went to war with Russia to prevent her further increasing her political influence in Korea. But the annexation by Japan of that country, against the will of its people, was another matter. At the time this annexation was effected, Korea was not in itself a menace to Japan, and, Russia having been defeated, and even her control to the north of Korea having been transferred to Japan, together with the lease of Port Arthur and Darien, there was no discernible danger that Korea would pass under the control of another power who would thus be able to threaten the national security of nearby Japan. It is impossible, therefore, ethically to justify the annexation by Japan of the Korean peninsula, on the ground that otherwise the independence of Japan would have been threatened.

The Japanese have, however, sought to justify the annexation on the ground that they are an expanding people, with an already overcrowded territory, and in need of raw materials that their own soil does not provide. And also that, as a politically ambitious people, they need to increase their power in order to be able to take a more prominent place among the nations of the world. These

[1] It is conceivable that a nation might be so persistently turbulent, or its acts so aggressive and unfriendly as to make it necessary for another State to intervene and destroy its independence.

are, of course, the same arguments as those upon which Prussia sought to defend her aggressive policies, and to uphold her right to subordinate the wishes and interests of other peoples to her own ambitions. We need not, therefore, stop to refute them.

There is, however, one ground upon which a stronger nation is ethically entitled to subject another and unwilling people to its political domination. This ground exists when thus, and only thus, the subjected people may be given a régime of law and order which it has been made reasonably certain they are unable to provide for themselves.

When annexation is justified upon this ground, it is clear that the dominant state is committed to the altruistic task of seeking, with single purpose, to advance the interests of the governed, and to prepare them as speedily as possible for the time when they will be able to govern themselves with efficiency and honesty, and, when that time comes, to give them the option whether or not they will remain under the political sovereignty of the dominant state.

The Japanese claim with reference to the Koreans that they are not qualified to govern themselves, though they have not sought to justify the annexation of the country, except in a minor measure, upon this ground. Certain it is that the native Korean government that existed prior to annexation was wretched in the extreme — dishonest, oppressive, and inefficient. This fact the Japanese would be warranted in emphasizing except for the circumstance that they have been unwilling to recognize the obligation to seek to correct, as speedily as possible this political incapacity. Upon the contrary, as has been earlier pointed out, the Japanese have sought in every possible way to hinder the progress among the Koreans of even the ideas of self-government or aspiration for it.

Having denied to the Koreans not only independence but administrative autonomy and even an equality of

right of participation with their rulers in the enjoyment of offices of public trust, it would seem that there would rest upon the Japanese an especially great obligation to have regard for at least the private personal and property rights of the people thus placed wholly at their mercy. But this obligation they have not recognized, or at least given effect to. In general, as has been already said, the Koreans have, of course, profited by the relative efficiency of the Japanese administration. But even-handed justice has not been dispensed to them, and civil rights have not been provided so that the individual Korean is able to feel himself, in person or property, secure from oppression. As to this we have the following statement by a Japanese university professor, Dr. Yoshino, of conditions in Korea as he found them in 1916.[1]

> It is impossible for mere casual visitors to know whether or not there are dead men's bones under the whited sepulchres. The Japanese authorities declare that peace is enjoyed all over the country. There is no doubt whatever about that, but it is nothing but the dull peace of serfdom. . . Without consideration, and mercilessly, they (the authorities) have resorted to laws for the expropriation of lands, the Koreans concerned being compelled to part with their family property for almost nothing. On many occasions they have also been forced to work on the construction of the roads without receiving any wages. . . As far as the law is concerned, Koreans and Japanese are on precisely the same footing. This is the theory, but the fact is not exactly the same. . . They (Koreans) are discriminated against both officially and privately. . . Business men in Korea are fully acquainted with the existence of this evil, but can say nothing against it, the freedom of speech being severely restricted. It must be remembered that papers and magazines published in Japan are not allowed to enter Korea if they contain articles criticizing Japanese official methods in the peninsula.

In result, then, it is seen that the Japanese policy with regard to the Koreans is almost antithetical to that which

[1] Published in the *Japan Weekly Chronicle*, July 13, 1916. Quoted by Brown, op. cit., p. 345.

has been pursued by the United States with regard to the Filipinos. Although America has been in control of the Philippine Islands only a few years longer than Japan has had practical control of Korea, and although America had far less promising material to deal with, it soon substituted civil for military government, employed natives in the higher as well as the lower branches of the civil services, granted almost complete administrative and financial autonomy to the islands, and correspondingly reduced the directing control exercised from Washington, established representative legislative chambers, and increased their powers until almost complete local self-government has been instituted. And, finally, the promise of absolute independence has been held out to the Islands as soon as they are ready for it and demand it, and already there are many in America who hold that these conditions have been met, and that, if the Filipinos desire it, they should be permitted to sever the last constitutional bonds which unite them to America.

The policies which the Americans have pursued in the Philippines have been in consonance with their conceptions of political justice. Similarly, the policies which the Japanese have pursued in Korea have been dictated by their own political and constitutional ideals. In Japan itself there is little idea of popular or local self-government, or of individual rights as opposed to public authority. It is, therefore, not to be expected that the Japanese would grant to a subject people certain of the political and civil rights which the United States has accorded the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands. But there has been no reason whatever why private rights of property and person should not have been respected, why even-handed justice should not have been administered, and, above all, why the attempt should have been made to crush out the distinctive culture and civilization of Korea.

It is not simply that the Koreans are a people of over seventeen millions, and inhabit a country nearly the size

of Japan itself, but that they have had a long history of national independence, have created for themselves a language, a literature and an art — in short that they constitute a nation in every ethnic, historical and cultural sense of the word. Certainly it would seem that if the principle of national self-determination has any validity at all, it should be applied to this people to the extent of at least guaranteeing to them the preservation of their distinctive civilization and the hope of a time when they shall have control of their own national development. And their case is rendered still stronger when consideration is had of the fact that their present rulers, in political philosophy as well as in political practice, are exponents of principles which the rest of the civilized world has agreed are false and pernicious. It is sufficiently serious that the Japanese should be willing to apply such doctrines in the government of themselves. It becomes a grievous matter when they apply them by force to another people.

W. W. Willoughby.

THE HUMANIST, AND SOME OTHERS

OUT of the welter of opinions which the Great War has left in its wake have emerged two clashing antinomies, two mutually exclusive ways of approaching life. To one or the other of them we would seem to owe our allegiance, for circumstances have left us no choice, and the present time is impatient of moderate opinions or compromise of any sort.

On the one side stands the self-styled Humanist, the heir of the tradition of culture which had its origin and has received its chief impulse in New England. Believing himself to be the defender of the faith of the ages, he professes reverence for the rich store of wisdom we derive through countless experiences of the race, and dreads the breaking of the connection between the present and these precious possessions, won by long and bitter struggle, which modern revolt in nearly every branch of human activity so seriously threatens. For over against him is the Younger Generation, or the Naturalist, or what-not, who, in the exuberance of his new-found liberty, would kick his heels out at traditional standards, and blithely proclaim man's final emancipation from the bonds of conventional restraint. He sniffs at the moralism of the other, waxes sarcastic at correctness and the wintry flavor of New England ethics, and would cast to the winds the ancient institutions which have heretofore kept men from flying at each other's throats if perchance they intrude upon the full and free expression of momentary convictions.

This controversy has given rise to a considerable literature, both in attack and rebuttal, and Humanist and Pragmatist (or Naturalist, if you will) face each other with drawn swords and yield no ground. About two years ago Professor S. P. Sherman published his *On Contem-*

porary Literature, for which he wrote a militant introduction, consolidating the advanced positions of the Humanists and lustily smiting his foes as he placed himself in position for attack. Throughout the various studies of the book too, as he examined Dreiser and Wells and George Moore and Synge and Anatole France, he carried the offensive into the enemy's country, revealing the crimes of these men against the conscience of the ages, and whipping with righteous wrath their sins against the great tradition. Other studies, like that of Mark Twain, whom he has mildly scolded for his irreverence, and Arnold Bennett, George Meredith, and Henry James, are more appreciative, and reveal the author's capacity for constructive criticism. Finally, in a last chapter, he essays to prove the humanism and modernity of Shakespeare, testing the pretty writers of today by his massive genius.

Mr. Sherman of course met with instant criticism sharp and bitter. The two most notable reviews which have met my eye appeared in the *New Republic* of January 12, 1918, and the June issue of the *Liberator* of the same year. The first of these bore the initials "F. H.", presumably Francis Hackett, literary editor of that periodical; the other came from the trenchant pen of the late Randolph Bourne. Both men, in none too gentle a spirit, poured forth their scorn upon the hapless author of the book. Mr. Hackett, expressing his repugnance for the bloodless correctness of a New England ethical code and the fine, thin, narrow preoccupation with righteousness which is its characteristic note, returns Mr. Sherman's ridicule upon himself, while he sharply repudiates this picture of a naturalism derived from "a mechanistic, monistic, scientific universe drawing its filthy trail across our literature." Why should one, he cries, accept a gospel which bids us cower behind the moral life of the race to peer at art? Life to Mr. Sherman, declares his critic, is no mere experiment, but a sort of ingenious examination

paper set by God in conjunction with Matthew Arnold. (Parenthetically we would remark how curious it is that the emancipated soul nearly always makes haste to take his little fling at the great Victorian humanist.) But, he continues, does he realize that precisely this instinctive obedience of his, these moral abstractions and this disciplined heart, have made up a large part of the cant phrases of the Kaiser and his crew? Does he not see that his slander of men of science as undisciplined in their moral nature and inclined to caprice, his comparison of Mr. Wells's efficiency to the Belgic efficiency of military Germany, his deliberate intention of discovering indecency in George Moore's romantic depiction of Jesus's life among his friends, does he not see that this sort of moral shuddering at contemporary exuberance converts a critic into a nursery maid, and puts men of genius into a perambulator many sizes too small?

So much for Mr. Hackett and the *New Republic*. Mr. Bourne also undertakes to slay this loathly creature of conventional moralism. Here we may witness in modern guise the age-old conflict between humanist and pragmatist, and no quarter can be granted, no compromise can be made, between the two parties to the combat. Mr. Bourne's artistic conscience writhed at the ethical prepossessions of the author, and he questioned the validity of those standards of right reason which are set up with so much assurance against our individual sensibilities, asking if in all this talk of renunciation, this spirit that denies, which has made the so-called "humanists" — the W. C. Brownells, Paul Elmer Mores, and Irving Babbitts — so inhumane, do they realize the implications. He balked at a standard which permits a repugnance for the moral life of an artist to become the standard of judging his art, at a system that can exalt the middle-class domestic philosophy of Arnold Bennett, and neglect the delicious English of *The Brook Kerith*, its softly brushing irony and romantic re-creation of Palestine

life. Mr. Sherman loses artistic vision, a sense of widening life, for the sake of what is improving and of good repute, conveying a "message" such as you might hear from a Baptist preacher who viewed with alarm the libertine tendencies in the fiction of to-day.

And then Mr. Bourne put the personal question. What sins of the flesh, he asked, what jungle instincts, had Mr. Sherman been contending against all his life to build up this deadly philosophy of inhibition? It is just the discovery of the younger generation that neither the jungle anarchy of impulse nor the organized rationality of conventional institutions is any resting place for the human spirit, that one is no more rational than the other, that institutions can be no less cruel than individuals, and that the truly humanistic personal plane can be reached only by transcending both the animal and the institutional. So these conventional humanists lack humaneness altogether; and, in glorifying the coercions of the herd in the name of order and wholesomeness they have lost all sense of the modern enterprise. This consists in finding both nature and society equally irrational, and in setting to work to understand both in order to manipulate them into some satisfactory personal experience. But they probably never can understand it, and convention is the best you can expect.

Mr. Sherman has not accepted the challenge which has been thrown to him. Doubtless his pen would be as skillful in his own defense as it proved to be as an offensive weapon, for *On Contemporary Literature* is a notable book and, if the author chooses not to reply, needs no other defender. But the ideas for which it stands are of paramount interest to all of us, and as one does or does not find them acceptable to his intellectual life, one places himself, for better or for worse, in one camp or the other, and inevitably finds himself girding on his armor for the struggle he must accept. Of the two reviews, Mr. Hackett's seems to be that of an irritated man who feels that

he has been schoolmastered by a professor of morals, and he takes this occasion to discharge his spleen against the whole moralistic fraternity. His own criticisms, as literary editor of the *New Republic* and in the book of literary reviews which he has recently published, are very different material from Mr. Sherman's. They contain no underlying standards; for their author repudiates the possibility of attaining them, and the reader is chiefly amused by his clever impressionism. Now one may gain much of value from these critical papers, for they are penned with a good deal of distinction, only one wonders what after all is accomplished by the process. One reads and goes his way, pleased perhaps, but somehow with a sense that the author, while versatile and sensitive to literary appeal, fails in the expression of any real philosophical convictions, and in the end one sighs for a method apparently just a bit more arbitrary, if perchance it may seem to him to possess the grace of consistency. Mr. Hackett, in a review of one of Mr. Wells's latest religious tracts, has declared that wherever the meaning of life lies, it probably does not lie God-ward. In view of this, may it not be assumed that Mr. Hackett's own spiritual experiences have been somewhat limited in their scope, perhaps not extending beyond the prevailing pragmatic sanction for the opinions of the immediate present? And can we ask him to be gentle with forms of thought and emotion which he cannot understand or will not recognize?

The recent death of Mr. Bourne makes his attack upon the humanism of Mr. Sherman and his friends very nearly the most complete, and certainly the latest, expression of the philosophy of individualism which he has written. His caustic pen never worked to better advantage than in its bitter criticism of this little group of men who have, as he believed, so effectually ruined their cause by the narrowness of their creed.

He makes first objection to what he calls the treatment

of literature as a kind of adjunct of moral preachments. This is a real perversion of Mr. Sherman's intention. He surely must have known that Ste. Beuve and Taine and other great French critics have long ago taught us the art of seeking through an author's work to know about the author, to put his contribution to the criticism of life in its proper place in the history of thought, in a word, to discover the value of what he has to offer to the great world of ideas. That is what Mr. Sherman has endeavored to do, and though we may not agree with all of his conclusions, we should admit that in this we possess one of those rare books which have dealt with ideas seriously and fairly. The world has cast off many of its ancient ways of regarding life, and in the future men may grow a bit impatient with George Moore's "softly brushing irony" and inquire of themselves if such a book has any more positive merit to warrant its reputation; if, after all, pleasant writing can be an adequate excuse for fundamental insincerity of purpose. It is at times a helpful thing to strip a work of literary art of its external dress, and discover if beneath that may be found anything of enduring value, or if this outer dress but conceals penury of thought and perverted reason.

Mr. Sherman is also accused of dogmatism, and no doubt his asseveration that there is "a settled and spacious region of consciousness in which a man's thinking is right and his feelings are sure, in which the elementary human values are fixed, in which truth and goodness and beauty remain the same from age to age," smacks overmuch of the antique moralists who were quite sure what were the eternal principles of truth and goodness and beauty, and would impose their own conception of values upon a world which believed it was discovering others different and antagonistic to the old. But, so far as I can see, the modern spirit opposes a dogmatism of its own to the more fixed ideas of a static society. The dogmatism of the materialistic educator, of the scientific

method in every one of its phases, of the categorical denial that any other realm than that of the senses can exist, seems to the humanist the rashest and most distressing of any, because this very dogmatism masks itself under the guise of free thinking and painstaking investigation.

It seems to me arrant nonsense to assert that the elementary passions of man — his virtues and his vices, his good impulses and his weaknesses — have changed their complexion under the stress of modern life. Men love and hate, are prone to reveal the beast through a thin veneer of civil polish, show lust for power and greed for gain, and prove themselves capable of the supreme sacrifice as they stand in the pure light of devotion. Men live and die in the same way that they have lived and died since the beginning of Time, and the slow progress of what we like to think of as civilization is marked by nothing more significant than the standards of control which man has set upon himself in an endeavor to overcome the bestial and the self-seeking and the cruelty and rapacity he finds deep in his own soul. By inner or outer check it is his business to guard his conduct, and see to the preservation of a society which may offer a fair promise of decent living.

Mr. Bourne inquired what sins of the flesh we are afraid of, that we should set up a deadly philosophy of inhibition. It is no doubt true that the extreme of self-control deprives the individual of many of life's most precious experiences, and the true humanist guards himself from the pitfall of inhibited impulses; but it is no less true that the world to-day needs to have preached to it any gospel whatsoever which may help to check the fearful social disintegration which threatens us. Did Mr. Bourne see nothing sinister in the destructive effects of the Great War, in the rapid increase of crime, the loss of respect for constituted authority, the rise of all sorts of social theories, purely destructive in their tendency and inspired for the most part, not by any real passion for

justice, but by envy of the great, and the impulse to tear the delicate social fabric to gratify this envy? Some of us have hated convention and institutionalism as much as another, but our failure to find any point of rest, any centre for our moral and intellectual lives, has driven us right back upon first principles, and there we remain.

Mr. Bourne always consistently repudiated both jungle impulse and the cult of convention, and doubtless believed that, having set himself free from all control, he was steering nearer to the pleasant land of Truth. It is a pretty thing to be a free lance, to strike a blow whenever chance offers, in the cause of Truth and the freedom of the spirit, but this life of the individual, like all wonderful things, has its price. Mr. Bourne contributed his review of Mr. Sherman's book to the *Liberator*, successor to the recently defunct *Masses*. In it he asked Mr. Sherman if he realized the implications of his position. May we respectfully question how far he realized the implications of a fellowship with the editors of that paper? Would it be out of place at this point to express the reflections of a reader of the *Masses*, who, sincerely sympathetic toward its effort to expose social wrongs, soon found himself in a position of utter revolt against its spirit and its attitude toward society? The kind of radicalism which the editors reveal seemed to him to correspond to the sermons of the Calvinist minister who strives to shape the world to suit his theology. Extremes meet, and though these editors affect to despise dogma, they are in reality the most dogmatic of men, branding with insincerity all those who may see life differently from them. Their suppression of obvious facts when it suits their purpose, and their distortion of others, their supreme self-confidence and self-adulation, their essential vulgarity, all these characteristics obtrude themselves almost as soon as one turns the first page of the periodical. What, he asks in protest, beyond an unreasoning hatred of all forms of the Money-Devil, have they to offer the world? What constructive

program can they submit after they have succeeded in their work of destruction? They may point out with bitter gibe the crying injustices of the world, but how can they hope to better conditions by destroying the slow growth of centuries through their gospel of class hate, unchecked by any word of self-control or of discipline of collective or individual will? Russia leads the way, they cry; and we may be pardoned if we pause before we follow.

So much for an unchecked social hate. If being a free lance in the moral and intellectual world implies any sort of alliance with such forces, let us, in common decency, submit to the yoke of whatever control will preserve us from our "treacherous individual sensibilities." Rather the tyranny of imperial power or the much-scorned bourgeois social conventions than that tyranny which would inevitably be set up by the *Masses*, for then at least our rights would be defined, and we should be protected from an ungoverned mob rule.

If, however, the war has proved itself a fearfully destructive force, and men's passions have been loosed by its means, there have also occurred inspiring instances in which individuals and even whole peoples have magnificently found themselves. The world has seen how, in the stress of the last sublime sacrifice, men have dug down into the depths of their souls and found that principle of control which is ready to come into our conscious lives when our wills are strong. To the humanist these wondrous examples of exalted heroism, whether revealed on the field of battle or in patient endurance at home, are the inspiring examples of human worth which he would use and which offer him the best hope for the future. With this he must be content.

Percy Hazen Houston.

THE INTERNATIONAL PRESS AGENT

HIS well-cut uniform combined British dash with French color, and added a distinction of its own, connected somehow with a touch of green upon the high collar. You knew him at once for one of the military representatives of the re-born lesser nations of the sound of which the world is so full since the collapse of the Colossus of Mitteleuropa. He spoke English of course with vernacular fluency, and only a hint of European accent. His air was diplomatic and engaging, and, despite the martial figure he cut and the rank marks upon his sleeve — I did not quite know what they meant but he must have been a colonel at least — he approached me with something like the deference one pays a superior officer. I was once a soldier myself and it was subtly flattering, that deference, — for I am only an editor.

Directly he stated his mission. He was the agent of the Republic of Ruritania, and he desired to get the case of the Ruritanians before the American public. He had documents with him — in several languages, but mostly in French — which set out the territorial claims of the Ruritanians and the historic, moral, and economic justification of these claims, as they had been presented to the Peace Conference in Paris. He would be grateful for anything that could be done in the way of an article in my paper which would give those claims and the excellent arguments in support of them the advantage of general dispersal and discussion instead of leaving them shut up in camera with the official experts over there.

"Colonel," I said, "are you aware that hardly a day passes that I do not have the honor of a call from a representative of one of the lately suppressed nations of Europe, armed with similar documents, and urging a similar request, frequently on behalf of a nation of which

the American people as a whole have never heard, and of which I myself have a sufficiently vague notion —?"

He smiled. "Of course, Ruritania —"

"Ruritania," I hastened to add, "is, as you say, different. We all know our 'Prisoner of Zenda.' But the fact remains that a swarm of small nations are clamoring all at once for the notice of the American people, and each is passionately arguing the necessity of the perpetuation of its language and demanding a separate place in the sun with a fence around it. And this just at the moment when the Great War has swept away so many fences, mixed up populations, and demonstrated, as it seems to us, the absolute need of working toward the elimination of differences between peoples instead of setting up among them new barriers of separate government and nurseries of diverse language."

"You speak," said the other, "as an American. I speak as a European and as a Ruritanian. It is different over there."

"But you are speaking to Americans," I said. "You are presenting your case to American public opinion. And you must take account of the facts over here. Sentimentally there is among us a facile disposition to sympathize with any people fighting or contriving for its lost liberty. But we are practical idealists. We have wiped out, in the interest of imagined efficiency and uniformity, our own separate States' Rights of which we were fiercely jealous in the beginning — the last vestige of these separate States' Rights disappeared with the coming of prohibition by Constitutional Amendment. And though sentiment and romance may give the cause of the Poles or the cause of Ruritania a certain hold upon our imagination, we cannot avoid the common sense conclusion, drawn from our own history and driven home by the war in Europe. That conclusion is that the day of small things that stand by themselves in this world, and the day of small nations that stand by themselves in this

world is done. In other words we have a feeling that you — even you of Ruritania, a more considerable nation than many of the others, and one that has a ponderable significance even from across the ocean — we have a feeling that you are trying to put back the hands of the clock, that what you are doing, though not un-nobly inspired and touched with a certain sublimity, is more poetry than politics — except in the smaller sense of politics."

The Ruritanian shrugged his shoulders and grinned.

"Yes," he said, "We *are* politicians. We work with what we have. And I know America. I have lived here."

"I felt sure you had," I said, "from your excellent American English. Nevertheless, I think that as a press agent, you speak too purely as a Ruritanian. There is my friend, for instance, the unofficial ambassador of Mythiania. He is an American. I believe he is not even of Mythianian blood. He has made the name of Mythiania, which he found known only to professional mapmakers — he has made that name familiar to all the editors in America, and to a large number of Americans not editors: because we have printed a lot of his ingenious stuff. But in spite of all that has been printed, nobody believes in Mythiania as a real country, or in the Mythianians as a real people with a real future — notwithstanding that they possess a language descended direct from Ararat, and demonstrably among the oldest in the world. I do not in the least believe in it myself, though I know that Mythiania does in fact exist, and has furnished immigrants to this country, and voluminous documents of claims and revendications to the Peace Conference."

"You are cynical," the man in uniform said, "But the case of Mythiania and the case of Ruritania are hardly parallel —"

"Not from your point of view," I answered, "but remember that I am a citizen of a big country made up of men from many other countries — of men of many races,

speaking many languages. Also I am a native of one of the original subdivisions of this big country — a commonwealth which had, and still has to a certain extent, a separate consciousness, very nearly what you call a national consciousness. But in spite of my nativity, I am sure that the time has passed for the continuance of that quasi-national self-consciousness in subdivisions within this country, and I am equally sure that foreign languages — I mean languages other than English — have no right to existence in this country, except as any one of us has a right to any number of extra languages as an accomplishment, a vanity, a convenience, or a commercial asset in dealing with the people of other nations.

"Similarly I am sure that the time is past for encouraging the peoples of the smaller linguistic groups of Europe — the peoples who must know in addition to their own one of the widely diffused languages — in a sentimental cult for the nursing of tongues, some of which, like that of Mythiania may be counted as already extinct except as curiosities, and some of which, like yours in Ruritania, will very likely hang on as a living speech for a hundred years or so longer. Both are doomed. And as a practical man, I hate to see energy wasted in trying to keep them going, in defiance of all the tendencies of the ages."

"We are dealing with the present," said the Ruritanian.

"We are," I said, "and you are the accredited press agent of Ruritania. For my part I am, in this instance, the agent of American common sense. The question in my mind when I deal with any of you gentlemen is how far I ought to let you put the interest of your own little corner of the world ahead of and above the interests of the world at large. Undoubtedly it would please the pride and nurture the vanity of the excellent people of Ruritania to find themselves an independent nation instead of a subject one, with a lot of territory taken over from some other nation, and the power to enforce the

use of the Ruritanian language throughout upon all its inhabitants. Undoubtedly, also, some of the people you annexed would object. But that is a detail. The point is that I do not see how the world is in the least helped by your becoming a nation, and I do see how the world is being distinctly inconvenienced by the forcible perpetuation of a language that nobody outside of Ruritania has time to learn.

"To be coldly practical, I feel that the fewer the people who speak Ruritanian the better off the world is. And that not meaning in the least to minimize the beauties of the language of your fatherland, the glories of its literature, or its historic significance. Languages survive, not on account of intrinsic merit as languages, but by virtue of majority usage and general diffusion. You are not going to substitute Ruritanian for English or French or even German or Italian. And the only purpose the language is going to serve is the perpetuation of barriers between your people and the rest of the world — barriers which should not exist, and which merely stand in the way of progress — especially your own progress."

"You are looking far ahead," said the Ruritanian. "You may be right in the long run, but we are dealing with facts as they are. And the fact is that something like a million people speak Ruritanian, and a great num- of them speak only Ruritanian. The language is a part of the people, and the people and the language have both to be dealt with."

"Granted," I said, "they must be dealt with, but they must be dealt with, it seems to me, with an eye to the future. And you are dealing with them with an eye to the past only. It is a glorious past, no doubt, and I do not blame you for clinging to it. But it is the law of life that dead pasts shall bury their dead. And I feel a certain compunction in assisting you in this business of galvanizing the corpse."

"It is not a corpse," said he, "If you were to go to

Ruritania you would find a live people and a live language."

"There are Ruritanians in this country," I said, "as there are natives of every land under the sun, and they speak their own languages as living tongues. And they are perfectly alive persons. But they are no longer Ruritanians. And your Ruritanians over there will continue to be alive even after they cease to be Ruritanians. What I am trying to get at is this: The essential thing in them is not being Ruritanians, but being human beings and citizens of a world that knows not Ruritania — or, if it does, will soon forget Ruritania. Whereas you and my good friend the unofficial ambassador of Mythiania, and my other good friends the agents and unofficial ambassadors of all the other lesser nations, are trying to make being Ruritanian or Mythianian the paramount and essential thing. It isn't. Not even being an American or an Englishman or a Frenchman is that, though, for the present, these nations occupy such a large part of the horizon that they have to be reckoned with as such.

"You have a phrase about self-determination of peoples which has a certain rhetorical merit, and is one that you have got, I believe, on high authority. But the great nations know that they have not this power of self-determination. They have long ago learned to exist by compromise, which is a very different thing. And self-determination is no more practical with small nations than with big ones, or than it is with individuals."

"You are talking philosophy, not world politics," said the Ruritanian, "I am not sure that you are not talking treason, as well." And he smiled.

"I perceive that you are a pretty good American after all," I said, "if your business is propaganda, my business is to let the people know what is going on — even when it is only propaganda. You shall have your article."

"Thank you," he said, "I shall hope to meet you again — when I am not a press agent of a lesser nation."

And he took his leave with an admirable mixture of military punctilio and diplomatic suavity — leaving me to certain reflections.

This is the day of the press agent. The profession had its lowly origin in the necessities of the theatre. From humble beginnings there, it developed into a considerable employment. It got results, and attracted to itself an ingenious and accomplished type of young man. Then the corporations took up the idea, and developed a still more accomplished and ingenious type. When the War came, the nations followed the example of the corporations, and engaged the services of the men the corporations had trained, and even some of those the theatres had found useful. Again results were accomplished. By the time the Peace Conference assembled, it was a recognized thing that every nation must have a press agent -- whatever else it had or did not have. Paris was soon full of their activities.

And because press-agentry was made in America, and every nation with a cause to plead could find among us ex-nationals of its own, ardent to act as interpreters to the American public, this country also was soon full of their activities. The full extent of these activities — the number of these unofficial ambassadors of kings and princes and peoples in being or *in posse*, their prodigious industry and the immense volume of their writings is known only to those who sit in editors' chairs.

The persons who do sit in such chairs are notoriously poor creatures, with simple confiding natures, meagre education and narrow views of life. But some day one of them is going to ask himself this question: "Do press agents exist for the suppressed nationalities, or do suppressed nationalities exist for the press agents?

It is such a disturbing question, and opens up such possibilities touching the present state of Europe, that I for one shall not ask it, — at least not in a tone above a whisper. But I am convinced that there was never a

time when ingenious and accomplished young men, with a working knowledge of a European language or two — or even without it — could find such easy, distinguished and profitable employment.

A fantastic notion sometimes assails me also that what is being done has more to do with the theatre — and more particularly with comic opera — than with life. There is about the lesser nations in the East of Europe something which I cannot dissociate from the lighter aspects of the stage. When that picturesque officer from Trans-Arcadia calls upon me, I am haunted by memories of "The Chocolate Soldier," and find long forgotten tunes from "The Merry Widow" tripping through my head.

But then I am only an editor — not in the least a politician.

Henry Irving Brock.

THE DEATH CAMP IN TURKESTAN

TO anyone who has seen the long sandy stretches of desert in Northern Africa, the view of a modern prison camp in Turkestan would seem natural. Picture a long, rolling, sandy country stretching for hundreds of miles to the Aral Sea, with nothing but burning sand to meet the eye, almost no trees, and no water except from one small irrigation canal which winds its way beside a road buried in six inches of dust. Far off toward the north are snow-capped mountains which seem to intensify the heat and discomfort of the sandy wastes below.

In May, 1916, in company with a Russian Cossack Colonel in a high powered French automobile, we left the city of Tashkent for the Death Camp over thirty miles away. Like a gigantic shadow, swiftly following our rapidly moving car, was a white wall of thick, blinding dust twenty feet high, eclipsing every thing behind us. In front, dark haired natives scurried away. Here and there, a corpulent Sarte merchant, seated comfortably on a small ass, with a beautiful dark red turban on his head, his side bags bulging with grain, was knocked off into the ditch as his ass plunged and reared madly with fright at the strange passing machine. The road was barely wide enough for the automobile and all passing travel galloped wildly for the open fields beside us. Soon we were moving through a sandy desert dotted here and there with little mud villages, where the people sat on the floor of their dirt verandas and smoked their curious bubbling water pipes or drank their green grass tea. Occasionally we passed a native woman, who wore a long black veil reaching to her waist and hiding her face completely, after the Mohammedan custom.

Village after village disappeared in the dust. A little bridge broke under the weight of our machine but we

jumped it, turned to the left and climbed up a steep embankment; suddenly, far away in front of us on the sandy prairie, sprang up as if by magic, hundreds of little white tents. In great long rows so close together that the guy ropes criscrossed each other, they stretched out in the blazing sun; no sign of water was anywhere to be seen. Here and there lay something that resembled a human being, covered only by a ragged shirt and dilapidated military trousers. On the right, intermingled with a few trees, were long barracks. Beside them at regular intervals were Russian soldiers with fixed bayonets and loaded guns. Like a flash we passed by all these tents and barracks — down into a little gully — out on the broad prairie — again more tents, but this time with no trees. Again the bare desert, then a little turn to the right brought us to more barracks, and still more tents; a minute later we drew up at a small house nestling among the trees. Here lived the Russian Colonel, the commander of the prison camp.

To have a traveler drop into the God-forsaken wilds of a desert prison in Turkestan, was unusual, and it was something of a pleasure for the Russian commander in charge. The samovar was hastily brought out, and while we talked business, we drank tea. "Yes," said the Colonel, "I am delighted to have an American come to help the prisoners of war. Of course, it is a little dangerous; for there is an epidemic in the camp — spotted typhus. Only a little while ago, eighty men were dying every day and I had soldiers with loaded rifles to keep the men in the barracks. Today the daily death rate averages from fifteen to twenty."

The camp was divided into three sections. The first was the typhus division, and it was here that the heaviest mortality occurred. The Germans, the most hated enemy of the Russians, were all confined in this section. The second was the detention department for all those who had been isolated from the epidemic, but who might

still contract the disease. The last section was for those who were entirely free from suspicion of contamination. But here were hundreds of scurvy, malaria, and dysentery cases. The camp as a whole at this time contained something over ten thousand living men. It had held twenty-five thousand. The barracks had been hot dens of typhus. After two medical commissions had condemned them, the commander had been forced to turn the prisoners out on the bare sands until fresh tents were secured. Each tent had a board floor, and housed eight men. Inside, one could not stand erect, and the bodies of the sleeping men lay like sardines packed one against the other. There were no blankets or mattresses. The prisoners slept in any clothing that remained from their military equipment. Vermin, lice, bed bugs, fleas, and mosquitoes abounded. They could be seen crawling over the prisoners' clothing. The men themselves were almost indifferent to them. "A year of life in a prison hell has sapped our blood to such a low vitality that even the bugs despise us, although they live on us," said the one-time president of a German university.

Since the camp was over thirty miles from the nearest town, it was practically isolated from the outside world. Letters were almost unknown. Many a prisoner receiving a postal over a year old, could not keep the tears from streaming down his face as he read a word from those at home. Of course food was scarce, and the Russian commander was as selfish as some of our American business men. He wanted to make a fine record with the government for economy, and so he saved over fifty thousand roubles from the meagre funds allotted for the prisoners. In America the selfishness of low wages and long hours means suffering and hardship for the worker. In Turkestan the same selfishness spelled death to the prisoner. Tea and bread for breakfast, soup with a few potatoes in it for lunch, and tea with a little bread for supper were the rations of the day. Fortunate, indeed,

was the prisoner who had received a dollar or two from home, and could purchase something extra to fill out his starvation diet.

At first the Tsar's censor had sworn that no American should ever visit the Death Camp. But the Chief of Staff of the military district, General Voronetz, was friendly. He only said: "I cannot take any responsibility if you die from the epidemic. Please write an official letter requesting permission to work in the Death Camp in spite of the dangers of typhus of which you have been warned by us." After that the American had every coöperation from this Russian General. The censor gave him an officer who dogged his steps every minute of the day, and had means to keep track of him during the hours of the night. At his disposal was placed also a soldier, who alternated with the officer on an eight hour shift as convoy to him, for the American worked sixteen hours a day.

When the Association Secretary reached the prison, he had about eight thousand roubles (two thousand five hundred dollars) to his credit in the bank. He had no books, no medical supplies, nothing else; the money in the bank was supposed to cover not only this prison, but twenty-nine others as well.

He lived in the camp, and at his own request an automobile was provided twice a week to enable him to get supplies from the city. Naturally he slept in the non-typhus section, in a small tent, and used every precaution, but even here he would wake up in the morning to find as many as a hundred and twenty bites from vermin on his body.

Two thousand five hundred dollars for thirty prison camps! If used only for the Death Camp, it would not purchase enough food. Consequently to increase the bill of fare for ten thousand prisoners was impossible. "Perhaps," he thought, "I can give a small sum to prisoners who have never received any from home." Yet even

this was impracticable. It would have used up all the money in a day. Committees of prisoners, however, were organized without expense, and were classed as: School, Welfare, Athletic, Building, Music, and Religious. The camp was a conglomeration of many different nationalities. There were the Prussian and the Austrian-German, the Hungarian and the pure Austrian, the Turk and the Bulgarian, and all the varieties of Slav. The problem was to secure from each nationality representative men who had the respect of their fellows, and who should serve on each committee. This was solved by electing men from each nationality. The Germans, strangely enough, were the easiest to work with. There were many university men, high school and university professors, doctors, architects, and lawyers.

Inside of three weeks, with coöperation from the committees composed of representatives elected by the prisoners and approved by the Russian commander, the prisoners began to take a new interest in the camp. They began to remodel one of the old barracks to make a Y. M. C. A. hut which would be a center for all the activities of the prisoners, and would be under their management. Thus a substantial number of those physically able were engaged in the task of construction. Each one received a few cents a day, which meant extra rations and all the happiness which that brings to a prisoner. It is true that difficulties were constantly being met. The head of the building committee, a prominent architect from Berlin, was taken to the hospital with his arms and head cut and bruised. He had had permission to supervise the selection of stones for the building. A Russian soldier, seeing him out of bounds, had immediately whipped him almost into unconsciousness, without letting him show his permit.

A prison band was also organized. An Austrian, formerly head of a violin factory, made the stringed instruments. The remaining instruments were bought in the near-by city. The band gave weekly concerts for the

prisoners, and special recitals for the hospitals. At first, musical scores were scarce, but talented artists among the prisoners supplied the deficiency by reproducing from memory.

A regular university headed by a German professor was started. The classes, mostly English, French and Italian, met in the open air because there was no other place. There was a total enrollment of nearly six hundred, and an attendance of over ninety per cent, altho many prisoners were sent away to work. The Austrian and Hungarian members of this committee were arrested and placed in solitary confinement on a diet of bread and water, because in the absence of the American, they had stolen some wood from a tent floor for a blackboard.

The prisoners wanted to organize gymnastic exercise, but that was prohibited because it savored of military drill and organization. In spite of the physical condition of the prisoners, the Athletic Committee, headed by several winners in the Olympic Games, had organized soccer football. It was impossible to play during the day, because of the heat; even the Russian soldiers, under the rigorous discipline of the Tsar's régime, abstained from drilling during the broiling hours of the mid-day sun. But in the evening, all the prisoners who could walk came out to watch and enjoy the football game which became the most popular diversion in the camp.

The Welfare Committee first tackled the problem of sanitary water for the camp. The irrigation water was dangerous to drink, since it carried malaria and typhoid germs, yet the prisoners were refused boiled water. Since wood was scarce and expensive the Russian commander had said: "The luxury of boiled water is unnecessary." After many interviews with the American Secretary, who offered to pay whatever was necessary for fuel, he finally consented to furnish boiled water. Besides this, the prison doctors were able to secure additional medicines for the hospitals. Anyone who is familiar with the red

tape of the Russian military organization, and especially that of a prison camp, will realize how often the doctors failed to obtain medicines which are even vitally necessary for the their patients. Some extra funds at the disposal of the Welfare Committee enabled them to procure almost all they needed. The Committee had also long been aware that thousands of postal money orders had reached the bank in Tashkent for the prisoners of this camp. The difficulty was that they could not secure the money. Finally a prisoner was permitted to go to Tashkent under convoy once in two weeks. Here he worked in the bank and helped to find out what prisoners actually had funds awaiting for them. By this means, inside of a month, over fifty thousand roubles were brought to the men in the prison camp, many of whom had received no money during all their captivity. Even then, however, many prisoners failed to receive their money because they were transferred.

It often happened that prisoners were sent away in work gangs. Until a few hours before their departure, these men never knew where or when they were going. Sometimes a man would receive a postal card from home saying that money had been sent, and then wait for over a year to secure his two or three roubles. Sometimes he would learn his money was in the Bank in Tashkent, but he would be transferred to some unknown place in Russia just two or three days before he could receive it. Although all the prisoners were glad to get away from the Death Camp, most men preferred to remain and run the dangers of disease, rather than forfeit all chance of getting the money — it meant that much to a prisoner thousands of miles away from home. Fortunately the American was able to advance his own personal funds to these prisoners, taking the chance of making collections afterwards from the bank. Of course there was always an element of risk, because in the thirty camps there might be fifteen men with the same name, and perhaps the money had already

been paid to one of these, or perhaps the money never existed and the notification had been false. But although thousands of roubles were distributed, only twice were funds lost.

On the top of a sandy hillock in the open desert, the prisoners had piled up a few rocks, and in the center had placed a rude little wooden cross. Off in the distance towered in majestic grandeur the snow-capped hills of God. It was here that the prisoners of different confessions came one by one at odd times, some of them early in the morning, others in the blazing heat of the noon-day sun, still others in the darkness of the night, to pray for peace and for those at home. Near this cross was a little wooden shed, and here the curious observer, looking through the window, could see the stiff and stark rows of those prisoners who had given up the hard struggle against disease and hunger and the privations of prison life. Over on the other side, a half mile away, were thousands and thousands of little crosses stuck into the sand, some of them unmarked, and others with a little lettering, spelling the men's names. This was the graveyard and every prisoner knew that it was rather the choice of fate as to who were to be the next ones laid there. Every day ten to fifteen new men were taken down with the dread typhus, and every night ten to fifteen new bodies were laid in the sand, and a few more little crosses dotted the hillside.

There had never been any religious service in the camp; people were dying too fast to bother about such a trivial matter. The American racked his brain as to what could be done to give the prisoners who desired it a religious service, and to let those who were dying have the comfort of a priest or rabbi. It was possible to bring some one from the city, but permission was necessary. The Lutheran priest was afraid to come. His house had been searched twice by the Russian authorities, and he really did not dare to speak for fear of arrest. The Catholic

priest was willing to come perhaps once every two months for a few hours: he could not think of coming every week. A Jewish rabbi could not get permission even if he were courageous enough to desire to help. The Religious Committee was instructed to see whether the prison camp contained any rabbis, priests, or pastors. None were found aside from a few theological students. These men, however, backed by the Religious Committee and the orchestra, decided to hold a meeting every Sunday. The first religious service was a picturesque sight — the prisoners all sitting in the sand, the band playing the solemn church music, and the prisoners joining in a medley of words in different languages and in different tunes. Yet the meetings were a success.

Later it was discovered that far away in another camp were two prisoner priests, Roman Catholics. The Russian military staff was willing to transfer one man, and the priest in the city offered to provide his equipment. Consequently at five o'clock one morning, he was seated, much to his disgust, on a high two-wheeled wooden cart, and carried at a snail's pace through the thirty miles of dust and heat to the prison camp. He had before been having comparatively good times in the city prison, where he had a little freedom and received his letters regularly. Now he was placed miles from anywhere, in a Death Camp, where all he could do was to try and help the prisoners. He denounced the American, and cursed his misfortune. Soon, however, his religious services were filling a great need in the prison camp and his work for the sick in the hospitals was of inestimable benefit. In the meantime, permission had been secured for prisoners to attend a little Russian church which stood near the prison, and was supposed to be for the Russian soldiers. The men from the typhus division were not allowed to go, but in the other section, containing about two thousand men, all who wished could attend the service on Sunday morning.

The Welfare Committee had also established trade schools, where the prisoners made excellent baskets of all kinds, chess sets, fancy boxes, rings, paintings and knick-knacks of all sorts. These were often finished with rough tools, but by clever workmen. They were gathered, inspected by the Russian censor, and then sold to whomever would buy. By this means many prisoners who before were idle, were not only kept busy and happy, but were able to earn a little money.

Besides the football, school, welfare and religious work, the prisoners had opened a small library. Those owning any books had donated them, and soon some hundreds of volumes were in use. The secretary had scoured the neighboring city for German books which could pass the Russian censor, and he found about fifty. Taken together, the books, few as they were, met a long felt need. There was never a time when you could find more than one or two books in the library; they were always being read, and it kept one man steadily binding the books to keep them in order.

At the end of six weeks the camp took on a new appearance. Even the Russian commander marked the change. One could see it on his approach to the camp. Instead of lying on the ground doing nothing, the prisoners had a happy air of activity. They even forgot the hunger, from which they were never free, while they busied themselves with their classes, with athletics, entertainments, and evening concerts. There was always just enough work or a new scheme for the bettering of the camp, to keep busy any prisoners who really wanted to do something.

Then too, the money which had been sent from home through the bank was reaching the camp. The prisoners themselves were able to donate toward a welfare fund, which amounted to several hundred dollars, and money could be given towards increasing the diet of the convalescent and sick. The great privilege of helping others made many forget their troubles. The epidemic which

had formerly been carrying away fifteen men a day was under control. Previously, besides those dying of disease, there had been some who drowned themselves in the irrigation canal, or stabbed themselves with pocket knives, or otherwise made an end of their misery. Now there was not a case, and as one read the faces of the prisoners sitting in long rows on the grass, watching a play taken from the life of the camp, or some masterpiece of their native country, one realized a little of the difference which had been made in their lives. Perhaps the finest part of it all was that the prisoners were doing it themselves, and in so doing were forgetting the troubles and dangers of life in a Russian prison camp thousands of miles from home.

Just as the camp was organized with active committees and the hut had been built, and life had become more tolerable, the order suddenly came from Petrograd to evacuate the camp. The telegram arrived at ten in the evening. A foreign delegation was on the way to Turkestan to inspect the prisons, and the Death Camp must be vacated before their arrival. By one o'clock on the same night that the telegram arrived, the prisoners had been routed out, and had begun their thirty-mile walk to Tashkent. By the next morning all that remained of the Death Camp were the empty tents and barracks, the hospitals with those too near death to move — the thousands of little crosses in the sand, and the majestic snow-capped mountains above.

Jerome Davis.

THE WAR AND THE GOD-MAKERS

ONE of the important enterprises growing out of the war is that ofgod-making. In a sense, to be sure, men have always made their gods, but the process has been unconscious. The god was thought to be discovered, however much he was made. That is exactly the difference, we have been taught, between true believer and idolater, between Christian and heathen. The former worships the God that is, the latter bows down to his own creation. Atheists, agnostics, and the religiously indifferent have long been familiar in many varieties, nor is the world unacquainted with religious reformers — men who sought to clear away the theological or ceremonial underbrush which they believed choked up the approach to the temple of the living God. But the contemporary movement is something different. It is a self-conscious determination to dethrone the God of our fathers, and to replace him by a God elected on a platform of approved social and political ideals. As such it may be called a novel adventure in religion.

The disfavor into which the God of our fathers has fallen was perhaps inevitable anyway (for humanity was on the point of outgrowing the ethics of its deity), but it was precipitated and intensified by the war. And for two reasons: because the war aroused the suspicion that in this great human crisis God was careful to maintain a strict neutrality; and because it forced upon men an appreciation of the problem of evil. Now from the point of view of logic, the war introduced no new element into the situation. Logically, one single small evil is as much a challenge to God's omnipotent goodness as a thousand large ones, and his accepted neutrality in the every-day

crises of life is as serious as his aloofness when civilization itself seems to be at stake. As Chanticleer said: "An insect's death can teach us all disaster." This was long ago pointed out by John Stuart Mill, Frederic Harrison, William James, and others. Emotionally, however, the matter is quite different. A Lisbon earthquake, a Mt. Pelée eruption, a war in which millions of human beings are slaughtered by other millions, these have power to break through the habitual somnolence of mortals, and to capture the imagination. Consequently the stupendous losses resulting from the war, its hideous brutalities and unbelievable hypocrisies, have forced many besides Mr. Britling to see it through. In the light of the world conflagration men who had remained impervious to the logic of their position could no longer avoid seeing the crack in what was supposed to be somehow the perfect work of God.

Yet without another factor in the situation, even the war would have failed to produce this result. The trouble is that theology has lost its grip upon life. Present day thinkers cannot avail themselves of concepts and beliefs which in the past were employed to rationalize and neutralize evil. However mystical we may be in other respects, we have become too naturalistic and too observant to accept the time-honored explanations. It is becoming increasingly difficult to persuade men that the ills and tragedies of life are either the unhappy consequences of the gift of free will to the first man, or the evidence of a just and righteous God's displeasure at sin, or the necessary means for the development of character. The significance of this change is seen most clearly in the more spectacular aspect of our theological bankruptcy — the exile of His Satanic Majesty. When the air swarmed with evil spirits, and hell ran a double shift of imps, convulsions of nature or other catastrophes which brought ruin to human hopes appeared easy to explain without incriminating God. There was no reason why terrible

scourges like the Black Death should shake the foundations of common belief. They were perfectly harmonious with the universe, and with life as then conceived; indeed, there was every reason why they should reënforce rather than undermine current views. Even in the more recent past, when the earthly representation of the nether region had been reduced to the omnipresent Tempter at every man's elbow, moral or physical disaster did not obviously do violence to God's omnipotence or perfect goodness. There was still a being or principle of evil upon whom, or which, might be put the blame for every defect: a sort of cosmic goat, through whose sacrificial offices God was healed. During the past generation, however, this Prince of Darkness has disappeared as a vital reality from the walks of men, together with all his crew and trappings. How necessary he was to the God with whom he had been so long associated is demonstrated by the present religious predicament. With no devil to blame for a spiritual and material devastation too enormous to be blinked, attention is centered upon God as the responsible party. "Do you mean to tell me," cries E. H. Reeman, "that there is a God who could end it all to-morrow if He wished, but that he won't? I cannot believe it, and if I could I do not think I should have much use for such a God anyhow." H. G. Wells is quite as direct and more biting. "Why!" he says in the person of his double, Mr. Britling, "if I thought there was an omnipotent God who looked down on battles and deaths and all the waste and horror of this war — able to prevent these things — doing them to amuse himself — I would spit in his empty face."

Nor is this reaction limited to laymen, although the fact that the literary output on the subject is so largely by laymen is an interesting aspect of the situation. The most burning challenge of all comes from Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy, a priest in the Church of England, who went out as a chaplain in 1915. The tenor of what

this deeply religious man, trained in theology and acquainted with life, thinks amid the hardship of the trenches and the brutalities of war may be gathered from this extract from his book, *The Hardest Part:* "God is helpless to prevent war, or else He wills it and approves of it. There is the alternative. You pay your money and you take your choice. . . If God wills war then I am morally mad and life has no meaning. I hate war, and if God wills it, I hate God, and I am a better man for hating Him; that is the pass it brings me to. In that case the first and great commandment is, 'Thou shalt hate the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and Him only shalt Thou detest and despise.'"

These are typical. It is the same disjunctive that compels all to a new appreciation of the problem of evil: either we must have a new God, or make God responsible for the greatest moral catastrophe of history. Between two such alternatives no man, they think, can hesitate to choose the former. All of which is only another way of saying that in the downfall of the orthodox God, the banished Satan has his revenge.

Turning to the god-makers at work, the most picturesque is easily Mr. Wells. No other breaks into the sanctuaries with such will to destroy, or lays about him there with such reckless energy. Nor has he a rival as a builder and maker of new gods. For Mr. Wells not only aims to rend the awful Trinity into bits of theological fantasy, and to smash the "bickering monopolist who will have none other Gods but ME" — that "stuffed scarecrow of divinity" who is no better than "a Polynesian god of sharks' teeth and painted wood and mother-of-pearl"; he proposes to supply mankind with a new Trinity and a new God.

There is first the Veiled Being, beyond all and above all, "enigmatical and incomprehensible," which "broods over the mirror upon which the busy shapes of life are

moving." The Veiled Being does not concern itself about men, and men can have no dealings with it. Then out of this inscrutable being comes a lesser being, "as a wave comes rolling to us from beyond the horizon." This is the Will to Be, the Life Force, the Struggle for Existence. It is a breeding, fighting thing; in it we live, as the beasts live; of it are our passions and desires and fears. But neither of these is God. God is third and least in the celestial triumvirate. "He is spirit, . . . the immortal part and leader of mankind." He is boundless, immortal youth, and thus naturally boundless, immortal courage and boundless, immortal love. He is "our friend and brother and the light of the world." After meeting him a man "goes about the world like one who was lonely and has found a lover, like one who was perplexed and has found a solution." Some day he may even lead the way to the Veiled Being!

Few if any of Mr. Wells' co-laborers would accept his pantheon or trade their God for his. Nor would they trade among themselves. On one thing, however, there is general agreement: the new God must be finite; a God with no more than a fighting chance. Here they leave no room for doubt. "The fact that God is *finite*," writes Mr. Wells, "is one upon which those who think clearly among the new believers are very insistent." "God is neither all-wise, nor all-powerful, nor omnipresent; . . . he is neither the maker of heaven nor earth, . . . and has little to identify him with that hereditary God of the Jews who became the 'Father' in the Christian system." To such specific statements might be added scores of passages which illustrate God's finiteness. For example, it is not at all certain, Mr. Wells reports, that God knows more about the ultimate nature and purpose of things than we do. "He hopes and attempts" — and presumably, fails at times. Moreover, he needs our help to overcome his enemies. To this end "the true God goes through the world like fifes and drums and flags, calling

for recruits along the street." Or, perhaps it were better to say he used to do so; for in a more recent account than *God the Invisible King*, he is relegated to a disorderly, cob-webbed office, leaving man to take hold of the world unassisted. But whether he is the "Great Adventurer" or the "Invisible King" or "a lean, tired, intelligent-looking oldish man, with an air of futile friendliness," or the "Undying Fire" (Mr. Wells has accumulated quite a museum of gods), he is at all events finite. Again and again the doctrine is reiterated, as if the writer were obsessed with the fear that some one might get away with a remnant of faith in a Lord God Almighty, maker of heaven and earth. Mr. Wells bears a strong family likeness to his own creation, Dodd, who constituted himself "a sort of alert customs officer to see that the Creator wasn't smuggled back" and who, according to Boon, every night "looked under his bed for the Deity, and slept with a large revolver under his pillow for fear of a revelation."

This determination to save the world by winning it from an omnipotent to a struggling God is raised to the rampant-militant degree by Studdert Kennedy, who in his message from the trenches declares: "It is the Almighty God we are fighting; He is the soul of Prussianism. I want to kill Him. That is what I'm here for. I want to kill the Almighty God and tear Him from His throne. It is Him we are really fighting against. I would gladly die to kill the idea of the Almighty God Who drives men either to cruelty or atheism."

The god offered to his fellow pilgrims by Mr. Reeman (an American god-maker) seems at first to fall below the required standard of incompetence. Mr. Reeman makes God "the indwelling life of the universe, of the remotest star and sun as well as our planet — the indwelling life of the clod as well as the soul." This God has produced the universe and all living forms. A tolerably respectable deity, one would say, or, at all events, much more of a

deity than the Wellsian. Upon closer acquaintance, however, this first impression is not borne out. For it transpires that the indwelling, creating life-force of the infinite universe is after all very finite. We discover that the Life-Force-God began by making crude first experiments in self-expression, which resulted in the production of the inorganic world. Then came higher forms of self-expression. Sometimes it all had to be undone, of which the most striking example is the marvelous but tragic reptilian age. Finally, after unnumbered centuries, in a supreme effort, in a spurt of creative genius, as it were, God succeeded in producing man. But man is apparently the measure of his power. Nothing can be more obvious from the equally-balanced struggle between good and evil in the world, Mr. Reeman argues in his book, *Do We Need A New Idea of God*, than the fact that it has long been a case of nip and tuck between God's powers of coming to higher expression, and the thwarting forces arrayed against him. Even in so stupendous a contest between good and evil as the World War, where "His interests [were] as much at stake as humanity's," God was unable to accomplish enough to make it clear which side he was fighting on. In the face of hard facts, then, the only tenable view is that "God is actually now doing the best He can, and can't do better"; that he is in an extremity; that he needs assistance. It isn't homage or worship or prayers or hymns that he wants and needs, but "our brain, our blood, our will, our life." And if we refuse to come to his aid, it looks as if God might actually be defeated.

But the most graphic description of this finite God is that of St. John Ervine in *Changing Winds*. Speaking of the central character of the book at a moment of great emotional crisis, he says, apparently in sympathy with the conception: "It seemed to him that God was not a Being who miraculously made the world, but a Being who labored at it, suffered and failed, and

rose again and achieved. . . He could hear God, stumbling through the Universe, full of the agony of desire, calling continually, 'Let there be light! Let there be Light! . . .'"

The conception of God as finite is of course in no sense a novelty. To say nothing of the gods of undeveloped peoples, which are invariably finite, nor of the Greek and Roman gods, which were recognized to be in bondage to Fate, and not to enlarge upon the fact that our own infinite God only grew to his august proportions after centuries of development, the doctrine of the finiteness of God has been defended specifically and repeatedly since Plato first brought the idea into philosophy and gave it his powerful backing. Indeed, this very question (whether the being called God is supreme in the universe) appears to have been the source of much of the bitter theological strife of the first centuries of the Christian era. Nor was it settled once for all by the use of the steam-roller at the Council of Nicæa. Again and again in the course of the centuries the ghost of the early controversy returned to disturb the banquet spread by theological orthodoxy. The contemporary outbursts are in their better portions but faint echoes of discussions like that of John Stuart Mill. It is all there in *Three Essays on Religion* — except the rhapsody, the muddle, and the moonshine.

In one respect, however, the contemporary movement is unique, namely, in the kind and degree of finiteness demanded. It is not enough that God be responsible to some more ultimate reality, as in the case of Plato, to the Good; or that he be kept from producing just the kind of world he would prefer, by beings of a character far different from his own, which was Mill's view. It is not even enough that God be reduced to the extremity of requiring the assistance of mankind to save him from defeat. He must be a biassed partizan in the social and political struggles of the hour. They will have nothing

to do with "a God in an easy chair" (the phrase is Mr. Reeman's); he must get into the game. "Hard and practical men who want to get the world straighter than it is," says Mr. Wells, "perceive that they must have a leadership and reference outside themselves"; and such leadership can only be found in a God who takes a hand in affairs. Mr. Wells put the situation concisely to Mr. David Lubin, when they "lunched together in a pretty little room high over Knightsbridge." "I told him," says Mr. Wells, reporting the conversation for the *New Republic*, "that I had been coming more and more to the idea — not as a sentimentality or a metaphor, but as the ruling and directing idea, the structural idea, of all one's political and social activities — of the world as one state and community, and of God as King of that state."

Very good. But in what visible form is this invisible King of the World to redeem himself from metaphor? On that important question Mr. Wells remains tantalizingly vague. Nor does the Rev. Mr. Kennedy make clear the earthly incarnation of the finite God, unless, perhaps, in these words at the conclusion of his chapter entitled "God and Democracy": "If any king survives it will be ours, for he is very nearly a 'Christian King.' The crown of our British Kings is a crown of golden thorns."

In spite of vagueness and ambiguity, it is perhaps not impossible to determine what these gentlemen intend. Once again, however, it is Mr. Reeman who promulgates the idea with commendable directness. The mystic power at the heart of the universe must be re-interpreted "in the terms of modern democratic outreach." The world-wide social movement of which we are witness is ultimately as much a negation of monarchy and oligarchy in religion as in politics. "When the crown falls and the throne crumbles in social government, then, indeed," according to Mr. Reeman, "it follows Vox Populi, Vox Dei. Democracy takes the sceptre of kingliness out of

the hand of the monarch, and places it in the hand of the hewer of wood and drawer of water, in order to show that he, too, is of the same stuff of which kings are made." Nor can God any longer escape this leveling process. "When a nation that has repudiated monarchy in government takes time to reflect," says Mr. Reeman, "it will surely not be long before it sees the practical impossibility of retaining in theology what it has felt bound to reject in politics." It is inevitable therefore that America, historically the foremost exponent of the democratic "urge" and "outreach" of the universe, and only yesterday the leader in making the world safe for democracy, shall presently engage in the larger task of making God safe for democracy. This is the heart of the new theology. We must have a new God, for both theoretical and practical reasons, a God of the people, by the people, and for the people.

Now what may be expected to result from the labors of the contemporary god-makers and the forces which have set them to work? The full answer is of course in the keeping of sure-handed time, but a guess or two may be ventured. And, first of all, there is little reason to doubt that the vast majority of religious people will reject this finite God. For the mass of believers, God is compensatory, whatever else he may be; he makes good the defects and defeats of mortal existence. He transforms the evil that would otherwise be unbearable into an illusion or a good in disguise; he stands with the embattled idealist, and makes him the unconquerable majority; he enables man to triumph over the unavoidable defeat called death. No single definition of religion can do justice to the great variety of moods and creeds and activities which the term religion has covered in the course of time and covers to-day, but it is much more nearly right than wrong to say that religion is an adventure in comradeship with what is regarded as enduring within

or underneath the drift and waste of time. Whatever peculiarities of creed or ceremony or practice religion may here or there take on, the essence of it is expressed in the well-known verses which for that very reason retain their perennial freshness:

> Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
> Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
> Change and decay in all around I see;
> O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

This refusal to be psychically alone in a material universe, as John Fiske would have put it, this impulse to view the temporal under the form of eternity, as Spinoza would have said, this craving for a "Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning," as we may express it for the plain man, will recognize no resemblance to God in a being who is "most imperfect, often erring, like any one of us;" to say nothing of a being stumbling through the universe, calling in blindness and agony for light. To the vast majority who worship at all, God will be what he was to Isaiah — he "who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span," to whom "the nations are as a drop of a bucket," and "who taketh up the isles as a very little thing." They will worship a pure abstraction, provided it may be called infinite, but not a finite being, though he be called God. They will find nothing appealing in a movement which is headed in the direction of making God a cosmic bell-boy.

There are, however, people of another temper, people who are far less interested in the nature and attributes of God than in having intimacies with him or in being assured of his partiality to mankind. They will not shrink from dwarfing God to human standards, since their whole working philosophy is based upon the naïve assumption that whatever is valued by man must be of vital concern to God. Nor are they without the support of tradition. From the beginning of theological specula-

tion those who emphasized the scripture, "For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts," have been opposed by others who stressed passages referring to one who "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin"; those who were ever in search of a concept of God that might more nearly do justice to his infinite remove from finite human nature, have been opposed by others who employed every logical and literary ingenuity to bridge the gap between the two. And this tendency to humanize God has received new impetus from every advance of humanism.

There are men and women, then, who will gladly respond to appeals like those we have considered. To them the hope of an alliance with "a God fighting out His battles and needing all the help that we can give to win the victory" will supply a new incentive to noble effort, by giving new dignity and horizon to conduct. Nor will they be repulsed but rather attracted by the gallantry and dash of the writers, and the reported geniality, good nature, and heroism of the finite God. They will not object to a come-on-fellows-what-do-you-care sort of religion, and a strapping big brother sort of divinity. It is no accident that Studdert Kennedy's book bears the imprint of the Y. M. C. A., and was issued by that organization for the American Expeditionary Forces in France. Besides, many people who might ordinarily be antagonistic to this conception of religion and of deity, yet feel so deep a need of an anthropomorphic God, and are so completely out of touch with the conceptions presented in our sermons and hymns, that they are prepared to find something vital in any new conception without examining narrowly into its logical or moral credentials.

A third class, not so large as either of the foregoing, but in the end of great importance, will find it difficult to take these writers seriously. Readers accustomed to even moderate rigor of thought will be repelled by the

logical nonchalance of the new theologians and will be surprised at their seeming innocence of the literature of the subject. Earnest, sincere, public-spirited men the writers obviously are; but it is quite as obvious that they show a merry disregard for exact thinking and a happy-go-lucky indifference to the complexities of the problem which others have found it difficult to wrestle with. In the presence of evil (which we are led to think is now appreciated for the first time) there are but two alternatives, we are told. Either God is all-good but not all-powerful, or all-powerful but not all-good. Well, other alternatives have been suggested, and one wonders why they are here ignored. There is the alternative offered by John Fiske on behalf of Cosmic Theism, and the alternative of Josiah Royce, the philosophic idealist — to mention no others. (Royce used to say that such treatments of the subject as we have been considering made him think of little children playing bare foot in the shallow edges of the sea.) Fiske's view that God is both all-powerful and all-good, but that evil (as we regard it) performs a necessary function in the gradual upward evolution of life, or Royce's view that evil is essential to the perfection of the Absolute, may not be satisfactory to the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Reeman, and Mr. Wells, but they are not justified in ignoring them or of being ignorant of them. Both Fiske and Royce are accessible and understandable. But one would suppose the gentlemen oblivious of the fact. Meanwhile they play fast and loose with the meaning of important words, ignore the more fundamental aspects of the question, and in general write with a philosophical naïveté permissible and sometimes delightful in the adolescent youth, but always deplorable in the adult who assumes to discuss profound themes. No amount of moral earnestness is an excuse for that. "There is no substitute," as John Dewey somewhere remarked, "for intelligence."

Finally, it will probably turn out that the protagonists

of the new gods overshot their mark, so that instead of introducing men to "a new and more vital faith in God" as they earnestly hoped, they helped men to do without such faith altogether. There are two reasons for anticipating this result. Once convince a man that logically only a God who is finite, that is to say more or less incompetent, can be interested in human beings and their projects, and one of two things is likely to happen. Either he will return to the view that God is infinite, and that therefore all thought of coöperative relationship between him and man is pure romanticism, or he will accept the alternative that God is finite, and sooner or later come to rely entirely upon human effort. In either case God ceases to be a vital reality. The situation is well put by Gratian in *Saint's Progress*. Nor is this Galsworthy's first treatment of the theme. Gratian is talking with her father, a parson, while her husband of six months is lying in a stupor, hovering between life and death:

"There is no God, Dad."

"My darling child, what are you saying?"

"No God who can *help* us; I feel it. If there were any God who can take part in our lives, alter anything without our will, knew or cared what we did — He wouldn't let the world go on as it does."

"But, my dear, His purposes are inscrutable. We dare not say He should not do this or that, or try to fathom to what ends he is working."

"Then He's no good to us. It's the same as if He didn't exist. Why should I pray for George's life to One whose ends are just His own? I *know* George oughtn't to die. If there's a God who can help, it will be a wicked shame if George dies; if there's a God who can help, it's a wicked shame when babies die, and all these millions of poor boys. I would rather think there's no God, than a helpless or a wicked God —"

. . . . . .

"My darling, you're overtired."

"No, Dad." She raised her head from his shoulder and, clasping her hands round her knees, looked straight before her.

"We can only help ourselves; and I can only bear it if I rebel."

The fact that an infinite God is necessarily aloof from human affairs, unmoved alike by our joys and our tears, has been so often contended for by thinkers of the first order, that the position is not a novelty. And if it has not been customary in the same manner to develop the doctrine of the finite God to its logical conclusion — as it has not — this has been due to a curious fact, namely, that the argument for God's finiteness has always included a proviso. God was held to be finite in knowledge and power, but infinite in goodness. It is precisely this perfection of character which, as we have seen, motivates the whole propaganda for a finite God. But if we insist that God may make mistakes and be defeated, like any one of us, what logical ground is there for maintaining that he can do no wrong? There would seem to be none. If similar to a human being in one respect, why not in another? The men we have been considering, as well as Mill, Harrison, James, and others who have felt compelled by a sense of the reality of evil to insist upon the finiteness of God, have always at the same time insisted upon or tacitly assumed his ideal goodness. It is not at all impossible, however, that their disciples, living in an era of extraordinary self-assertion, may take the next step. Having been persuaded that God is not as wise or as powerful as he might be, they may become bold enough to add that he isn't as good as he might be either. If the masters can retain their rationality only by concluding that God is doing the best he can with the limited wisdom and power at his disposal — and this they insist upon — the disciples may find it necessary, for the same reason, to conclude that God is as good as he can be in view of his moral limitations. And what if they refrain (in May Sinclair's phrase) from "whitewashing God"? Having proceeded in emancipation so far, what is to hinder them

from going farther, and urging their fellows, with all the earnestness and zeal for social regeneration characteristic of their masters, to try the hypothesis that there is no supernatural being of any sort that cares to, or can, assist men in the furtherance of human desires? Certain thinkers, to be sure, favor trying out such an hypothesis, as various God-hypotheses have been tried out, and predict that happy results would follow the experiment. Obviously, however, the champions of the finite God are not in this class. They are quite as convinced as those who believe in the infinite God, that any attempt to operate without some sort of faith in a divinity that shapes our ends, can lead only to disaster. Nevertheless the very arguments they use to prove that God is finite, will go a long way towards proving either that his existence is doubtful, or that he may be left out of account. They come as voices in the wilderness, heralding a new God; it may be their fate to be received as pioneers of a new agnosticism.

But whatever may be the final outcome of the contemporary movement to re-fashion God, one good result is already apparent — attention is being fastened upon the function of the God-idea in human existence; it is no longer above the challenge, *Cui Bono*. May Sinclair, on behalf of absolutism, has great fun playing philosophical rough-house with this temper in religion, and Paul Elmer More, on behalf of classicism, finds ever new occasion to ridicule the spirit that questions any of the "eternal verities." They will have their followers. So will the new god-makers, in so far as they are more determined to prove all things, even God, than fearful lest they fail to hold fast that which is good. Whether they lead men away from God, or to a new discovery of him, remains to be seen, but the world-wide religious and ethical unrest of which they are symptomatic, can scarcely fail to deepen and enrich life.

M. C. Otto.

The author of the foregoing article has graciously consented to our appending the following comment:

Men can guess at God only from what they know of a Universe evolving souls from star-dust, and evolving them only to a limited degree — a Universe, moreover, full of differentiations of matter and force, with their inevitable competitions, oppositions and resultant catastrophies. The highest things yet evolved in the Universe we know are sensations, reflections and emotions, all of them subject, in the competitions, oppositions, and catastrophies, to pain; but all of them, in the intervals between the competitions, oppositions and catastrophies, enjoying happiness — happiness limited, of course, by the very conditions under which it was produced, but enough of it, under average conditions and to a healthy mind, to justify its production. This production is the evident object of the whole machine, and, to the aforesaid healthy mind, an ample justification for its existence. Moreover, there are accumulating indications that the souls thus evolved to enjoy the happiness, continue their evolution after leaving the present body, under conditions constantly improving.

Now in assuming an intelligence and a purpose behind all this, one is no more obliged to consider them limited than he would be to assume that a man making a whirligig could not make a watch, or that a man giving a child sugar and water could not give it ice-cream, or that the same man giving a fellow man Sauterne could not give him Chauteau Yquem. We have accumulating evidence that by and by are coming to us the watch, the ice-cream, the Chateau Yquem and an unlimited succession of other good things, and vastly better classes of things, all beyond our imagination.

Our ideas of God are mainly derived from our immediate experiences and surroundings. Of the philosophers, even, very few yet have risen to much conception of evolution, and not many of us habitually realize that there are

solar systems, and presumably lives upon them, that bear a relation to ours like those of the watch and the ice-cream and the Chateau Yquem to the whirligig, the *eau sucrê* and the Sauterne.

Moreover, in speculating on the Power which is doing all this, we see abounding power, wisdom and beneficence and from the beneficence we seem to be justified in assuming benevolence. But we are speculating in the borderland of our knowledge, and that is the land of paradox; the conditions are limited, our eyesight is limited, and we soon get mired in paradox. But all that should not make us unappreciative of what we do see; and we should not spend undue time and unduly strain our eyes in that miring borderland, when we can do so much more with our powers on the firm and ever-widening land of what we know. From the borderland have been brought back only medleys of contradictions, such as those described in the foregoing paper, not only huge burdens of dogma, but the makings of Hero's torches, cars of Juggernaut, Mexican sacrifices, Torquemada Inquisitions and Thirty Years' Wars.

THE EDITOR.

THE PROBLEM OF CHURCH-GOING

"WELL, how do you do Doctor? Glad to see you. What sort of a congregation did you have at church this morning?"

Thus was I greeted by a very good friend, on whom I happened to call one Sunday evening recently. He was one of those many good friends of mine who do not belong to my parish. He has rented a pew in such and such a church for the past twenty-five years or so. "And do you know," he said, "I have never once sat in it." He believes in churches, and he seems to enjoy the companionship of the clergy — some of them. "You see," he added by way of excuse I think, "my business keeps me away." Just why he should feel it necessary to make this explanation to me so often, I do not know. And I am at a great loss to understand why he does not see that it is not wholly sincere. That he could go to church — if he wanted to — is undeniable. His business is made to step aside readily enough on Sunday when he wishes to do some other things or go somewhere else. Apparently he prefers his business to the church. And sometimes on Sunday he prefers other things to his business. I wonder why?

But that question farther along.

To his question concerning the size of my morning congregation I had to reply "rather smaller than usual." It was a cold rainy day, which may have accounted for it somewhat, though a very pleasant Sunday does not add materially to the attendance — such a day being then too fine to be indoors.

Then he went on to say: "This new love for the out-of-doors is lessening the attendance at all the churches. Now that so many have automobiles, and there are trolleys and cheap railroad excursions, the people plan to spend their Sundays in the country" — and he might

have added that the people in the country plan to spend Sundays in the city.

Then turning to another phase of the subject he asked: "How are you coming out financially?"

I replied that "the prospects" (That is usually what the churches live on — prospects — rather light food!) "the prospects are more favorable than for quite a while. We have had deficits for some time."

"They all have," he interrupted. "With this growing custom of the people spending Sunday outside of the churches, naturally the support diminishes also." Here he named some of the most prominent churches of the city, adding, "they're always short. —— church (Mentioning the one socially most prominent) just a little while ago sent out an extraordinary plea for funds to make up the year's deficit. And the response didn't half meet their expectations."

This surprised me not a little. I remarked as much.

"It needn't. It's the same all over. Let me tell you what I think about it. It costs considerable to have automobiles, and to go off on Sundays on the trolleys and on excursions: so the people haven't so much for the church. The money that under ordinary circumstances would go to support the church is now being put into Sunday outings of one kind or another. And, I don't know what you think, but this increasing number of charities plays some part in the matter too. Almost every young society woman gets some charity as a fad. Each holds you up for a contribution to her special charity, and, well — the church gets left. The charities may be all right enough — though I don't know about that. I don't like being exploited to support the fads of sentimental young women who haven't anything to do but go crazy over some new fad disguised as charity. The tramp holds you up for something to eat — or drink. The well-to-do young woman holds you up for something to help boost her charitable scheme. By the

time we get round to the church, there's nothing left to give."

One thing he missed: the significant fact that the average person is really more ready to give to a "charity" than to the church.

On another day I was chatting with a man eminent in the business life of the city. Few men, I think, know better the situation in the churches that minister to the four-hundred, as well as in many of those that minister to the forty-hundred. Our conversation drifted to church affairs — it was Monday, I remember. The smallness of the attendance at some of the churches was remarked upon. He intimated that the "leading churches" would be bankrupt tomorrow were it not for invested funds of one sort or another. "What do you suppose," he asked, "is going to be the outcome of this?"

I decided to venture what I thought might be a radical reply: "I'm not sure, not being a prophet; but I cannot help thinking that the church as it now stands is destined to come to an end, remaining in the world nothing more than a conspicuous, venerated monument and memorial of things that were. One hope there is for it as an influence in life, and that is for it to be born anew; not by recasting its ritual or revising its creed, but by doing as did the church fathers of Nicean times, fashion out of the whole realm of present day understanding a new faith and worship."

"I guess you're right," was the unexpected response. "There's nothing to go to church for. Few if any of those who go get anything that justifies their attendance. It still has some hold as a social institution. But even as such it is fast failing. The clubs for the men and the clubs for the women, and the social groups and the social functions — all outside of the church, tend to destroy whatever social value and attraction the church may have had. Even among church goers, the churches mean nothing."

I was curious to know just what he meant by saying there was nothing to go to church for.

He replied: "Let me tell you what happened yesterday. Mrs. —— and I went to —— church. There was special music. That is why *we* went. As the preacher was rattling through the service, I leaned over to Mrs. ——, and I said: (Here he imitated the drawling nasal-monotone of the train announcer) "Train-for-Chicago-by-way-of Hornellsville-Jamestown, Youngstown-Cleveland-Toledo-Allabor-d. You hear it every day down at the station. Honestly there was no more to it than that."

With this I might put what a very estimable, thoughtful, and public spirited woman said:

"Mr. —— and I went to —— church this morning, and positively there was not one word in the whole service which had any sort of relation to the life today. In stepping from the street into the church, we were carried back a thousand years or more. 'What did you think of the sermon?'" I asked my husband.

"Laughingly, he replied, 'O, it was harmless enough. Not enough in it to hurt anybody, I should think.'"

"'Yes. But just think of a man standing up in the pulpit before a presumably intelligent audience, and preaching such useless antiquated stuff. What does he take people for? He must have a pretty poor opinion of them if he expects they are going to sit there and take that.'

"Probably he hasn't any opinion on the matter at all, my dear. Besides, I don't see why you should assume that the congregation was made up of intelligent people."

All of which reminded me of a well-known little incident. An architect employed to investigate what repairs were necessary in a certain old church was being shown about by the sexton. The architect poked his stick against a pew. "'M! Dry rot." "Yes sir," responded the sexton, "but it's nothing to what you'll find in the pulpit."

This is what a workman had to say to me when I asked if he " went to church yesterday."

"Yes. And I heard about Abraham, and Isaac and Jacob and David and Moses, and some more who are so old they ought to be forgotten before this. What do I care about Abraham, or Moses, or David? I'm interested in Tom, Dick and Harry."

Although these opinions may seem trivial and much of a muchness, I cannot refrain from adding a few more, which have a little different squint to them — a group of statements gathered up from among men of all degrees of culture and various grades of social standing. A gentleman well known to literature said, as we discussed church-going. "No! Mrs. —— and I don't go to church any more. We used to go. But we always came away feeling mad or disgusted clean through. We came to the conclusion that it was doing nobody any good, and us some harm." Another person remarked: "I haven't been to church for quite a few years now. I simply could not go and have my intelligence insulted by the hymns and rituals. And I didn't care to have my faith in the general integrity of mankind destroyed by listening to a minister preach as the gospel of God, things which I knew he, as an intelligent man, could not and did not believe. I don't believe I am under any obligation to submit myself to such experiences."

"Why should I go to church?" was the interrogatory reply I got in one case. "I'm just as good as those who do go. As a matter of fact I don't care to go and look on while a lot of hypocrites do the religious act. To see a man who has robbed other people, who corrupts young women by under-paying and overworking them, pass the plate, makes me mad all through."

I was standing on a street car beside a man who was looking through the morning paper. He came to a page on which was printed the story of the celebration of a church's centenary. On the page were also pictures of

several of the present officials and foremost men of the church. "A fine bunch," he commented to himself, but loud enough for me to hear. "A godly outfit! But I don't care to do business with them." And, as I happen to know, there was altogether too much truth for comfort in his comment.

Right here is a good place for an opinion from the other side of the house — From one who goes regularly to church. "Why do you go?" I asked. "Do you get anything out of it to make it worth while?" (there is no reference here to financial or any sort of material advantage). "I go to church because I like to sit in such a beautiful place, and, undisturbed, think out some of the problems in my work. When I go to church, I know very well that nothing will happen in the service, and that the minister will not say anything to distract my attention from my own thoughts."

Be assured it is no pleasure for a clergyman to record these frank statements, which come from the most thoughtful and the most estimable portion of the laity, for they all reflect upon himself. I am recording them so that I myself may look at them and try to fathom their significance. It is useless to dodge. The people who think and speak this way are growing in number. To change all this, a considerable number of churches have resorted to "new theology," to "sociology," and in vain: these churches do not win a more respectful consideration. And there was the great "Men and Religion Forward Movement," about which many glowing stories have been written. Without discrediting such a movement, and believing that it has accomplished some good, it is safe to say that it has not perceptibly changed nor noticeably checked the trend of the thinking people away from the church, nor has it stopped the downward course of church support. The movement, in spite of the brains and money and enthusiasm put into it, and of the get-togetherness

of the whole work, has not created any very wide-spread feeling that the church — that Christianity as it is now organized, is absolutely necessary to the welfare of the world, and the Billy Sunday revivals are equally futile. The persons who feel that the church is necessary to their own future and present well-being, are constantly diminishing in number. I know that statistics can be produced which at first sight seem to confute this. But even the statistics of membership which the churches themselves publish, disclose the fact that in this and every other Christian country the church is not holding its own. Even were it doing so numerically, the serious fact remains — and it is the one fact we ministers are not willing to admit and look in the face, that of those who join our churches every year, fewer do so convinced that it is the necessary and right thing to do. Church-membership is no longer a serious thing to the people — it is hardly a serious matter to the minister. Every minister knows how little co-operation and enthusiasm he can depend on from the members of his church. It is the faithful two or three — often not the three — that keep the church activities going. And every one of us is deeply worried to know where we shall find anyone to take the place of those who now so generously assume the burden. The membership of the churches is so much dead wood. The members no longer have any living faith. And as for moral or spiritual ambition, they are utter strangers to it.

The most disheartening and ominous fact is that there is really more moral ambition in Wall Street and other big business centres than in the churches. A firm of brokers on the Exchange were found guilty of fraudulent dealings. They were forthwith suspended from the exchange for a term of three years. These brokers were as prominent church members as I know. And I am safe in saying that never so much as a reproving word or re-

buking look was given them by the church. I remember, too, a firm of two men conspicuous in a certain church's council, and its heavy supporters, who agreed to give half the money necessary to liquidate the debt upon the church property if the other members of the church would agree to raise the other half. While this generous gift was pending, the two were expelled from the Chamber of Commerce for cheating of the worst kind. The church spoke not one word of censure; their Christian standing did not suffer in the least.

Admittedly the church should be, it plainly must be, an association of sinners. It surely would not be consistent with the proper function of the church to turn a sinner out into the streets because he had sinned a little more grievously than usual, nor would it be proper to kick a fallen saint to lower depths. But it certainly discloses a situation that should give us pause, when the church has no word of reproof for the notorious sinners who are liberal contributors of stolen dollars. When reproof for wrong ceases, moral instruction ceases also.

I have before me the testimony of a noted preacher who has toured the country and held missions in all the chief centres of population. He is a careful observer of men and things. To questions bearing upon the condition and prospect of churches, of organized Christianity in our country, he replies after this manner:

"I do not think that there is any hostility to religion as religion, but certainly there is a tremendous ebb in church going. The great bulk of the people do not trouble about the church at all. If you put in a Sunday morning at an average church in Boston or New York or San Francisco, you are painfully struck by the evidences that the church has lost its hold upon the people. Many of these are splendid buildings, ideal from the point of view of comfort, beautifully kept, well maintained — but the congregations are wanting."

And why is it so? The same gentleman insists it is because "the church is out of heart, it is apathetic, it is unimaginative, it does not seem to have energy either to think or to act, and it does not see either the exigencies or the opportunities of the situation." And that is but another way of saying what I have just said: that church-membership is wholly a dead thing. Church members haven't ambition enough to sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." They must hire a surpliced choir to sing it for them, and then find fault with the singers.

But the trouble of it all lies still deeper. It would seem to indicate that, for reasons either too deep or too big to be defined, the people are inwardly if not outwardly through with the church. It no longer appeals to them as necessary. The Sunday paper is by tens of thousands considered a more valuable part of life. A long sleep on Sunday, an automobile ride, a game of golf, an excursion, a shirt-sleeve visit in the backyard, or a session with the phonograph — these are quite generally accounted more desirable than an hour or an hour and a half in church. Not a great while ago such persons were publicly regarded as abominably wicked, and constantly stood in danger of divine vegeance. No one would ever think of so rating them now. To stay away from church is quite the proper thing. It is fast becoming unpopular to go to church. A church-goer comes near to being looked upon with suspicion.

This, is, in my judgment, no temporary estrangement. It is growing and permanent. When a person profanely refers to the fact that he has to go to Mass Sunday mornings in order to please his wife; and when a father talking with a clerical friend about acting as sponsor for his child, in the sacrament of baptism, tells the intending ministrant to "hurry up and get through with it"; and when persons of evident respectability and culture insist that their beliefs must not be judged by the creeds and rituals they have recited in Church: when such things

happen, one must conclude that the body of Christian faith and practice is, for all real purposes, a dying or a dead thing.

Even the Sunday-schools stand on no better footing. Christianity, in its organized expression, is here at its weakest. Christ has no live place in the Sunday-schools, even at Christmas time. Teachers and pupils are more than wrapped up in the pagan saint Nicholas. On Christmas Sunday they think and talk and play Santa Claus. No one else is wanted. At other times the situation is much the same. A most estimable and conscientious Sunday-school teacher; the teacher of a class of young girls on the edge of womanhood, tells me that at least nine times out of ten the Sunday-school hour is taken up with a general discussion of parties and dresses — past and to come — and this despite all her well-prepared efforts to bring their attention to the lesson of the day. A ten-year-old was asked what they did in Sunday-school — it was one of the large Sunday schools of the city (in all I have been saying I have had in mind institutions outwardly the most prosperous). The youngster replied: "O, the girls wear bows, and the boys raise Cain." I have asked parents who never attend church but send their children to Sunday-school, why they do so? I have usually got such answers as these:

"It gives the children something to do on Sunday."

"It helps keep them out of mischief for a while."

"It gives me a little rest from looking after them."

That substantially represents the estimate which the public puts on the Sunday-school and its work. And it is an estimate which is fraught with the most serious significance — for the Sunday-school at least. Very clearly as a religious institution the Sunday-school is a failure — irredeemably so. It may have an increasing value as a supervised Sunday play-ground. Even more surprising is this, which came to me as I overheard one end

of a dialogue between two boys whose years were not yet measured in two figures. It was a dialogue characterized by the frankness and directness of youthful speech.

"Aw! Sunday-schools. They ain't no good."

The reply to this I did not get.

"You don't learn nothing there but lies," was the next shot.

It is only the remark of a child, to be sure. But it clearly reveals that the lessons taught the child did not appeal to him as the truth. The child's indictment must stand. And it discloses a fundamental weakness. All attempts to grade the schools, adopt strictly up-to-date pedagogical methods, and add attractive features of various sorts — all this apparently avails nothing to get the Sunday-school accepted as a necessary part of life. In their hearts the major portion of adults subscribe to the child's indictment.

What will come of it all?

Shall I say that in these facts and a thousand others not less pertinent, we read the passing of the church, the passing of Christianity *as at present organized and interpreted and performed?* People are not saying it out loud, multitudes refuse even to think it. Tens of thousands are afraid to be known as no longer believing in the church. And yet by no device can you get them interested in it. Strangely enough the great social reforms are being carried on outside of the church. And in some notable cases the reformers are emphatically antagonistic to the church. This betokens not a temporary displeasure, but a deep-seated conviction that Christianity *as it is organized in the churches* has nothing of value for those engaged in the upward and forward struggle.

This is sometimes explained on the ground that the churches are owned by the vested interests, and are bought to serve those interests. The charge is only incidentally true. As a general thing the so-called "vested interests"

never interfere with the preacher's freedom of utterance. The interference usually comes from the small-souled, small-minded, socially and financially unimportant duffers who haven't yet waked up to the fact that the world has lived about sixteen centuries since the ideals and doctrines of the churches were made up. The mouths of ministers are not stopped by big business, not by commercialism, but by the persons who take pride in proclaiming that the religion of their great-great-great-grandmothers is good enough for them. The churches are controlled if at all by the theological stand-patters.

Now the astonishing fact is that deliverance from vested interests or theological stand-pattism makes no perceptible difference to the situation. Churches that make a specialty of the "social gospel," and "new theology" and no theology, seem to be as much beset by public indifference and antagonism as the more orthodox institutions. Revision of creeds — modernising of methods and message, will not — at least it does not, suffice to make the church a really vital part of the world's life. When people use the Sunday-school as a sort of day nursery, and the church as an institution whose creeds and sacraments and rituals and discipline mean nothing, it is impossible to escape the conviction that the church, for all practical purposes, is dead.

It were easily possible to summon an array of most creditable and impartial witnesses who will and do testify that in their judgment the end of the Christian church is here.

A Roman Catholic lady writes: "Christianity is passing. Our own leaders realize this, and I have often heard good catholics say that Christians may yet find themselves in the position they were in in the third century — a sort of moral oasis in the desert of new paganism." I suspect it would be a little nearer right to say that Christianity has itself become a desert — the oases being the many beginnings of a new religion.

More significant is Cardinal Guibert's remark, made as far back as 1870: "We Christians form a society, a people apart, which, no *longer being in community of ideas with the immense society that surrounds us* is becoming disintegrated, and is, in fact, in full process of dissolution." The italics are mine. In 1902 M. Bourrier described two Paris gatherings on a very wet Sunday. One in a Protestant church, where an excellent sermon was preached, was thinly attended. The other close by, at the Trocadero, despite the heavy rain, was crammed with five thousand people, while the crowd outside was enormous. It was to celebrate the féte of Reason. "The masses in Holland," says Prof. Gunning of Leyden, "are alienated from the church." In Luther's land Dr. Stocker a few years ago gave this testimony; "German Protestantism is sick, sick unto death." "No one," says a conservative and much travelled writer, "can watch the mighty streams of life during church hours on the streets of the cities like New York, San Francisco, Melbourne (Australia), Buenos Aires, London, Paris, Berlin, the Christian world over, without being profoundly convinced that the church is actually a negligible quantity in the affairs of life." The same might be said of the "streams of life" in the country as well as cities. The people in the villages and more sparsely settled districts do not move churchward on Sundays. And yet it is not many years ago that the church was the most conspicuous element in our life.

If this movement away from or into indifference to the church continues for the next twenty-five years in the degree that has characterized it in the twenty-five years past, one wonders how much if any of this venerable institution will be left. It is freely asserted that the war has changed the situation very materially, and that people are, as a result, showing a greater interest in religious matters than for a generation or two. The value of that may easily be overestimated. It reminds me, not of a rebirth of spiritual life, but of the man who, long un-

familiar with the saying of prayers, in times of danger flings himself to his knees and frantically implores the Almighty to shield and deliver him, and then when the danger is safely passed is rather ashamed of his outburst of piety.

It is not an unusual, not even a disastrous thing for a religion to die. Indeed history gives us many instances which show that it is an exceedingly good thing for systems of religion to "have their day and cease to be." And it should also be noted that the new religion which replaces the dying one is not the old one re-interpreted but rather it is built of different material, upon other foundations, embodying new principles and reaching forward to higher ideals than did the old. An institution can seldom if ever be reformed. The "Reformation" was not the reforming of an established institution. The reformer is usually driven out of the institution he seeks to reform. At best to reform an institution would be like unto putting new wine into old bottles, the bottles would burst, and the wine be spilled. Christianity as organized in popular creeds and rituals and churches must perhaps pass away. Even so a new religion — some will insist on calling it Christianity, and the name I am not interested in — will take its place. We have come to the time when, if the church or *a* church is to remain in our midst, a new religion must be framed up. I believe that a new religion is slowly being shaped in our midst — in us, to meet the new needs, to inspire us to reach up to the higher ideals, and pursue nobler ends. What that shall be leads into a discussion too large to be undertaken now.

A Clergyman.

THE REASON WHY

ARCHIE SMALL, our first cornetist, was a great favorite with the band concert crowds, especially the ladies; but though they did like Archie's playing and his pleasant manners, they adored Murray Ramsey, our baritone soloist.

"Archie is a nice good-looking boy," remarked Mrs. Smithby who never failed to lend her bediamonded presence to the concerts; "but Murray Ramsay is a young god."

There was considerable gush in this comment; but she wasn't so far off in her estimation of Murray's appearance: for while Archie was short and a little too plump for grace, Murray was tall and erect, with an air about him that would have made people take notice if he had played solos on a jew's-harp instead of a baritone horn.

We don't all show up in our band clothes as well as we might, not even in the swell new white ones we have for state occasions. Where there's a couple of dozen fellows of assorted shapes and sizes, a set of uniforms all cut on the same general lines is bound to show somebody to his disadvantage.

But Murray always contrived to look well in his. I guess if a man holds his head up, and walks as if he was "somebody," an unsuitable suit can't quite down him.

Though Murray had "such a dignified bearing," as the old ladies said, and "such kingly grace," according to the younger ones, he was one of the friendliest and best hearted fellows in the world when you came to know him.

Every now and then some inquisitive kid strayed away from its mother and came up on the stage to see what made the big noise inside the tubas, or investigate the workings of the slide trombone. Almost invariably when he woke up and found himself a long way from his

Ma, among a lot of strange men, he made a dive for Murray first thing.

It was the same way with the dogs that wandered up to the bandstand during the outdoor concerts. They could stand their ground very well until there was a roll on the bass drum. Then they winced, stuck their tails between their legs, and slunk to Murray's feet.

All Watermark was proud of Murray. He had played in the band for so long that the town felt as if it owned him, and everybody liked him for one reason or another. I recollect that old Mr. Slimmons gave it out, as his opinion, that the band couldn't do without Murray on account of his having such a good voice to make announcements with.

With all his popularity and everything, it's no wonder the town was interested in Murray's marriage. It was the talk of Watermark for weeks after it happened; and if Murray hadn't sprung it on us all of a sudden, I suppose we'd have talked of it weeks beforehand. Even to this day, Murray's choice of a wife is a great puzzle to most people.

Naturally, with his being so popular and good looking, we all expected Murray would pick out a regular prize in the matrimonial market; but we got the shock of our lives when we saw, and *heard about* Murray's wife. For there was as much to hear as to see, and considerably more.

She had lived in another town before coming to Watermark as Murray's bride, but the place wasn't so far away that the gossip about her couldn't reach us. We had heard some of these rumors beforehand, but we weren't interested until she married Murray. Then all Watermark was ablaze with excitement and curiosity. Every stale rumor was dug up and inspected, and new ones grabbed at. There were all kinds of these rumors, and I guess none of us will ever know how much was fact and how much fancy. It isn't likely the stories shrank any from so much telling.

We heard that Murray's wife had left a husband and five children to marry Murray; that she was part Spanish — or maybe Mexican — that she was immensely wealthy; that her former husband committed suicide in South America; that the children had been taken away from her by law, and a lot of other things like that. I can't remember half of 'em.

It must be confessed that our first glimpse of Mrs. Murray was not very reassuring, and there was a running fire of comment on her appearance at the first social affair the band "family" held after we had seen her.

Archie Small's wife declared that Mrs. Murray wasn't much on looks, and that she painted and powdered more than a woman of taste should.

Elsie Spreen, my high school cousin, contended that she was "ages" older than Murray. Elsie is sixteen, and anybody over twenty-five seems to her a regular Methuselah.

I don't remember all the counts against Mrs. Murray, but I recollect that some of the claims were that she overdressed, was affected in her manners and tried to act younger than she was. It was little Mrs. Mason, wife of one of the trombone players, that put an end to the talk, after we had all had our say.

"We've only heard one side of the story," she reminded us. "I never knew of a case of this sort where the public had all the facts. As to her looks and ways, she may have lived where standards are different from ours. I've heard she married an old man when she was a very young girl. It may be the child is just now snatching at the youth she was deprived of."

So we let the question drop, and it never came up again in our gatherings, though we speculated over it in our minds for many a day.

It was hardly fair, though, to say that Murray's wife was overdressed. She wore expensive clothes — even we could see that — but those who claim to know about

such things admitted that they were becoming to her, and that she had style.

I don't know how much a woman's looks are due to her clothes. That's a subject too deep for me. But I know that my wife looks prettier in some things than others, so I guess there's a good deal in dress. I've noticed that the more some women tog up, the worse they look, but it wasn't that way with Mrs. Murray. Everything she put on looked as if it had been made expressly for her; and my wife says to dress that way is an art you can't pick up in a minute.

As for her looks, I'm no judge of that either; never could tell just what makes me think a face is pretty, or isn't. But I think we would have admired her more if she hadn't seemed so indifferent to us. I reckon her features were good enough; but her face was just a sort of painted mask without any expression whatever, and it never changed a particle when Murray introduced her to us, which he did only when we happened to meet them somewhere; for Murray never brought her to our "family" gatherings, nor came himself. Her eyes were long and slanted a little bit. They somehow reminded me of the jade ornaments and statues in the old Chinaman's shop on the strand. They were just about as stony and expressionless.

"She couldn't smile with all that camouflage on her face," explained Ruby Spangler; "she'd crack her countenance if she did."

After the puzzling affair had been thoroughly threshed out, and the whys and wherefores discussed, we came to the conclusion that Murray must have selected his wife for her style and her money, mostly because we couldn't discover any other reason for it. We figured it out that he wanted some one to match him in appearance; but we couldn't help being a little disappointed in Murray. He hadn't seemed the sort of a man to pick out a wife by such standards. Still it was Murray's own business, so we tried to forget about it.

Our aim was to treat Murray the same as ever, but there was a little constraint between us in spite of all we could do. For one thing: we never felt free to enquire about Mrs. Murray, even in a friendly way; for there was a sort of "What's-it-your-business" look about him those days that discouraged us every time we tried to edge around to the subject; so we quit trying. I suppose he must have heard some of the talk that had been going around, and was on edge over it.

Murray went on playing his solos, and pleasing the tourists, the same as ever, and Mrs. Murray, splendidly dressed, watched him from the balcony with her jade stone eyes. She seldom came to the concerts unless he was on for a solo, and she was always alone.

That was a busy winter, and in the rush of playing for so many public events, besides the concerts, we almost lost interest in Murray's affairs.

Among other things, Schmidty's daughter, who had been a Red Cross nurse in France, worked up a scheme to have a lot of little Belgians sent down to Watermark, in the hope of getting some of the wealthy tourists to adopt or support them. She decided to have a public meeting to explain the project, and some of the folks thought it would arouse more sympathy to have the children there too, so's to show they were the real guaranteed brand of refugee.

People were just beginning to learn about the way some of 'em had been treated; maybe I ought to say they'd just begun to believe it. They couldn't at first. The indignation was beginning to spread by that time, and this, along with people's natural curiosity, brought out a large crowd to the auditorium.

It was a queer little group of kids that was led out before the spectators that night. They'd been in this country long enough to get fed up, but they looked like a lot of little solemn owls, that had never played in their lives. They were all little shavers, and some of 'em had

been born after the war began. They'd arrived right in the midst of trouble, and never got out of it since. Some of those three and four year old kids looked older than Ruby Spangler acts, and than most of us feel.

They were ranged in a little row of chairs on the platform, and I don't think one of 'em stirred during the long speech the mayor made in their behalf. When kids have been half starved and scared of their lives for a couple of years or more, it doesn't wear off of 'em all of a sudden.

When the mayor was done, Schmidty's daughter led the pitiful, little bunch forward and said a few words herself, asking folks either to adopt or support the youngsters. She invited interested persons to come to the platform to get a closer look at the children, and for farther particulars.

The mayor's speech, and her own account of some of the things she had seen, had got people interested, and crowds came forward, jostling one another, to reach the platform. Many came out of mere curiosity, but there were lots who wanted to help.

My seat in the double semicircle formed by the band is opposite Murray's, and I noticed he was watching the scene with half closed eyes, and with a slightly cynical expression on his face.

Pretty soon there was a rustle and stir to the right of me, and the pushing crowd of folks gave way a little to make room for a figure that was edging its way through the mass with considerable determination.

It was Murray's wife, and as she passed me — I was at the end of the row — I could have sworn that she flashed a kind of timid glance at us, as if she was afraid of what we might be thinking of her for coming there. It was the first flicker of feeling of any sort I'd ever glimpsed in those jade eyes of hers.

She walked swiftly along the line of little Belgians, looking closely at the lot until she spied one a little in

the background, who was very likely put there for strategic reasons.

He was the homeliest little codger I've ever seen in my life. His stubby coarse hair stood straight on end, though it was plain somebody had tried to curry it down, and his ugly little mug was utterly expressionless. Some homely kids make us forget it by being friendly and comical in their ways, but this little fellow looked sullen and stupid, too.

Mrs. Murray extracted him from the others, and led him over to Schmidty's daughter — he didn't lead any too willingly — and seemed to be asking her some questions. The nurse drew them both a little to one side, and from there we could hear what they said.

"I'm afraid I can't recommend him, Mrs. Ramsey," the nurse told her, "He doesn't seem to have a good disposition. He's sullen, or stupid, I don't know which. None of us have been able to make friends with him. We've tried everything. Coaxing or petting or any other kind of treatment is lost on him. He doesn't respond to anything. He's not the kind of a child anybody could take pleasure in. I'd like somebody to take him, the worst in the world, but it wouldn't be fair not to tell of his drawbacks."

By this time Murray had come over and joined the group.

"Looks like a sulky little beggar," he said, in his cheerful way, giving the little Belgian a friendly dig in the ribs.

I've seen a good many American kids chucked in the ribs by various people; some liked it, and some didn't; but I never remember one that didn't look pleased when Murray did it, even if he did bristle up a little and slap back at him in friendly fashion. But the look the little Belgian gave Murray was a terrible one to see on the face of a child. He glared at him like a little wild animal — ferocious and scared at the same time. We almost imagined we heard him snarl.

Murray backed off pretty lively from the scowling youngster, with something like horror in his face.

"You're not thinking of adopting this little bob-cat, are you, Rita?" he asked in a bantering way that showed plainly enough he had no idea she was thinking of such a thing; "we haven't any cage for him."

Mrs. Murray turned to him, eager and anxious.

"Murray, I feel sorry for him, he's so ugly and cross. I'm afraid nobody will take him if we don't."

Seeing she was really in earnest, Murray got suddenly grave, and looked at his wife anxiously. We sat there watching and listening with all our eyes and ears, too interested in the affair to be surprised at Mrs. Murray figuring in it.

"You surely don't realize what this would mean, Rita," Murray argued. "Miss Schmidt says they have not been able to manage him, or get him to show any signs of being human. If they can't make up with him I don't see how we can. I wouldn't want anything around me I'd have to treat like an animal. He doesn't seem to know what kindness means."

Now, I believe I'm safe in saying that every one of the band fellows concluded the little Belgian's case lost at this point; for we all thought that if Murray couldn't win a kid over, nobody else need waste time trying; but Mrs. Murray caught up his last words with the eagerness of a cross-examining lawyer, and went on with the argument.

"O, that's just it; don't you see? He *doesn't* know what kindness means. He's never had a chance to know until they took him, and he couldn't learn in a few weeks. He looks just as I felt before I knew kindness and love existed in the world. Murray, it took you longer than that to show me!"

She turned and looked up at Murray as she said this, and into those jade eyes of hers came a sort of glory — I don't know what else to call it — that lit up her mask-like

face just as you've seen the sun touch the up clouds at sunset. All at once we got a glimpse of the real Mrs. Murray behind her makeup, and a sidelight on Murray that was fully as illuminating.

The nurse, who had been anxiously listening to the debate, stepped forward.

"There's one more thing," she began, as if she didn't relish what she had to say; "you see his hand is tied up — or what's left of it is. I don't want to harrow your feelings, but you should know the truth. His hand was cut off by a sword. He will be handicapped for life. This will be another drawback if you take him."

I give you my word that at this we held our breath with our eyes on Mrs. Murray. She shrank visibly at the words, and we couldn't blame her. To the bravest there is something sickening in the sight of a mutilated human being, especially a child.

"We can do something for the child without adopting him, you know, Rita," put in Murray when he saw her hesitate. "I'm willing to pay for his keep."

"Murray, it isn't that. I could give money if that was all. He won't have anybody to love him. There are some things money can't buy."

She looked up at him again, adoringly, and Murray was routed.

"If you think you can like him, and can make friends with him Rita, I'll give in," he said.

I don't know as I believe in inspirations, but if there are such things, I think Mrs. Murray had one then. She leaned over the little Belgian, with some of the glory still in her face, and tenderly lifted the little bandaged stub.

"We ought to be friends, you and me," she said, in a voice that was so warm and thrilling and human that all I can think of that's like it is that tender and cheerful little strain somewhere in the middle of Mendelssohn's Spring Song that sounds as if it was coaxing us to forget a long hard winter and look for spring.

"We've both known what it was to be friendless and to have folks think we didn't care. We've been up against it good and hard, haven't we, sonny? Lots of folks haven't been good to us, and but that's all over now, we ought to cheer up."

I don't suppose the kid understood a word she said; but I guess human understanding and sympathy is about the finest chord that's ever been struck in this old world of ours, and gets the most responses. The little Belgian seemed to sense that there was something in common between him and this fine lady, for he edged a little nearer to her as she stood there smiling at him. Then his courage failed him, I guess, for he looked as if he was going to run; but Mrs. Murray began talking to him again in that gay, coaxing little way of hers, and that fetched him. I won't say he grinned — I don't think he knew how — but he looked a little pleasanter than he had, and when she kept on talking to him in that strain, he couldn't stand it any longer. With his one good hand he suddenly grabbed hold of her skirt, drawing the folds around him as if they were a refuge from all the world — the place kids have always gone to for safety, I reckon, since time began — and crowded as close to her as he could. He had made his choice.

Then Mrs. Murray turned and looked at her husband. A wonderful radiant, uplifted sort of look it was she gave him, as if something inside her had suddenly burst into bloom. Right then and there we knew she was the most beautiful woman in the world.

Also we had the answer to the question that had puzzled us for months. We knew the reason why.

Delphia Phillips.

THE STORY OF TESCHEN COAL

SOON after the Armistice was signed, the people of Europe began for the first time to appreciate just how far the war had violated the normal order of their economic life. By screwing everything to the sticking point war produces a kind of abnormal order. When peace comes and the restraints of war are released, the penalties of war become unexpectedly evident in diminished coal piles, in enhanced difficulty of travel, in increased wages of labor, and in general industrial dislocation. Men see their transportation destroyed, their factories closed, their credits shattered, without being compensated by any of the exaltations bred of war. A year after the Armistice Europe is still full of soldiers, and a goodly proportion of these while still wearing the uniform, are grappling with tasks quite as difficult as any they had handled behind the battle-lines. By the operation of the peculiar logic of circumstances which brought the United States into the war, Americans are playing a leading part in rehabilitation activities. They are holding conferences with railroad men, with coal men, with laborers; they are helping to expedite shipments, to untangle diplomatic snarls between new states, to solve knotty problems with labor, to get consignments of goods delivered under difficulties, and to make a shaky national credit for relief purposes look good at the international bank. It is about one of these missions of economic upbuilding, which is but one of many that center in the Paris office of Herbert Hoover, the Director-General of Relief, that this story is told.

I first heard of Teschen in the spring of 1919 as a place in which the Americans were carrying out an interesting exploit in international helpfulness. It took me four days to get there. I had to cross innumerable boundary

lines and taste real hunger — not the "save the food" kind; I had to know what it is to go without sleep for several nights running; and I had to struggle with the babel of new tongues which self-determination has loosed upon Europe. And when I reached my destination I found that the question which I had to study was not a matter of Teschen after all. It was an all-European question.

The true story of Teschen coal dwarfs the limits of the sleepy little duchy loved by Maria Theresa. The duchy came into international notice because it was the scene of one of the first military actions that followed the signing of the armistice. Back in November, when Germany was on the point of collapse, the Poles and the Czechs held a conference and decided that they would divide a certain portion of Austrian Silesia between them on the ethnological boundary line. The theory underlying this agreement was good, but its execution was marred by certain technical difficulties. It divided up an ancient duchy which has had a certain unity for hundreds of years; it split an important north and south railroad into two sections, and it ran a dividing line on the surface through one of the most valuable coal fields in Europe. So one day in January, while Poland had her hands full with other matters, an army of Czecho-Slovaks broke across the contract line, took the city of Teschen, and advanced as far as the Vistula River. Poland immediately complained to the Great Powers. The situation thus created brought to light one of the most complicated boundary disputes considered by the Conference of Peace, and it called insistent attention to the necessity of the continued production and equitable distribution of coal. Europe could afford to wait to have her boundary lines settled. She could not afford to wait for the coal which lighted her cities and ran her locomotives and factories. On the political side, the matter was handled by the appointment of an Inter-Allied Political Mission, to care

for all local questions between the Czechs and the Poles and to protect the innocent bystander. The Czechs were ordered back to a line paralleling the Oderburg railroad. There throughout the spring and summer of 1919 the armies of the Czechs and Poles faced each other, breathing mutual threatenings and promising to blow up the mines if the district were awarded to the other party.

This political disagreement between two of the Allies is interesting as showing some of the traits of political human nature. But it does not uncover the issues I am interested in expounding. In a certain sense these are greater than political issues in that they concern those social and economic conditions and policies upon which all sound politics depends. These social and economic questions were not handled by the Peace Mission directly but were placed in the control of the Supreme Economic Council of the Allies, of which Mr. Hoover was the American member responsible for the handling of the relief of Europe. The Supreme Economic Council was a very august body as befits an organism having charge, under the Armistice, of the financial, food, and transportation interests involved in the rebuilding of Europe. Some of the matters discussed by the Supreme Economic Council were formal measures for enforcing the Armistice conditions and relating to blockade, shipping and finance matters, but others had a greater freshness of interest in that they combined, perhaps not unnaturally, the two qualities of being distinctly American and distinctly without precedent. When Mr. Hoover saw that transportation in the ancient Empire of Austria was going wrong, the fact that such a thing had not been done before did not hinder him from asking to be made mandatory of transportation in Old Austria. This was done by the Supreme Economic Council on March 7, and transportation in Old Austria was thereafter handled by Mr. Hoover's agent, Colonel Causey of Chicago. And on April 28, when Central Europe was industrially flat on its back for

want of coal, the Supreme Economic Council charged the Director-General of Relief with the endeavor to increase the coal production and the supervision of the distribution of coal in the same area. This task Mr. Hoover placed in the hands of Colonel Goodyear of Buffalo. The headquarters of the Coal Mission was at Mahrisch Ostrau in Lower Silesia. For the sake of those who do not know about Mahrisch Ostrau, let me say that it is the Pittsburgh of the Old Austrian Empire. A long straggling city in the midst of the Silesian hills, its life is governed by the many mines which extend under its very streets and the industries that depend upon the mines. It has a mining school, playgrounds, and miners' club rooms, an excellent municipal theatre, and good hotels. To-day the city has become Czech, but there are about an equal number of Germans, Poles, and Bohemians in the population. As a rule, in peace time the miners are better housed than they are in corresponding places in the United States. Mahrisch Ostrau is about 20 miles from the city of Teschen, which gives its name to the coal controversies of Central Europe.

If you look at an old map of Europe — you will find that there is one spot where three empires came together: the Russian, the German, and the Austrian Empires. This is one of the most tangled junction points of nationality on the face of Europe. In Silesia, historical, ethnological, language, and economic claims contend with each other in almost hopeless confusion. It is precisely at this junction point that there are to be found some of the best coal veins in Europe. From these fields before and throughout the war coal went forward in three streams, to Germany, to Russian-Poland, and to Austria-Hungary. Much of this coal was gas coal of an unusually high quality. It was practically the only gas coal available for the cities of Vienna and Prague and the large cities of new Poland, Hungary, and Yugo-Slavia.

Export and import conditions in these fields hung on a

fine line before the war. Though under the ground a unit, the field above the ground was distributed into the large Kattowitz area in Germany, the Dumbrowa area in Russian-Poland, and the Ostrau-Karwin area in Lower Silesia of the Austrian Empire. When the breakdown of the offensive of the Central Powers split the Austro-Hungarian Empire into four separate states, everything fell into confusion. Instead of three great states there were now half a dozen small states without treaties and without economic understandings. Germany had become a republic; in place of Russia there was a free Poland; the northern part of Austria had become Czecho-Slovakia; the central strip running like a broad ribbon from west to east had become two new republics, German-Austria and Hungary; the southern portion had combined with other states and had become Yugo-Slavia, or the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. Each of these states had to have coal to run its trains, to start its industry, to light its cities. Some of the states had coal and some had practically none. Negotiations for coal exchanges among the states were hampered by diminished production, shattered transportation, and the jealousies and suspicions bred by recent political and military activity. Here was a condition which could not be handled by the states themselves. It required the assistance of a neutral power whose motives were disinterested.

I attended some of the conferences of these missions while they were trying to find a way to aid with coal and transportation. Certainly the world has seldom seen such a case of the old going to school to the young as these conferences presented. Here were representatives of old world power broken by a destructive war, trying to learn to pick up the strands again under the tutelage of Americans. All sat before a gray-headed, gray-mustached American Colonel, smiling-eyed, kindly-natured, and paternal. No more than the men before him had he

thought five years ago, when he was Chief of Maintenance of Way of a Western railroad, into what places five years of war would bring him. The American Colonel gave his hearers advice in swift, kindly phrases. He would do what he could. He called for documents and reports; he was sympathetic, yet precise. Behind his every word there seemed to lurk the unspoken thought, "Oh, this war! How foolish, how suicidally insane it has been!" And the thought was reflected in the bowed aspect and halting words of his auditors. But all they talked about was how to get cars, how to use their locomotives most economically, how to secure the return of wagons after they had sent them over the border. Once the chief of the delegation broke out in his exasperation against the new neighbors of his country. "Oh, these people!" he exploded. "There are people in this world who are not civilized." There was a moment's pause. "Yes, civilization," said the Colonel thoughtfully, looking the Baron in the eye, but directing his remark to his own purposes, civilization — that is what we all want to save now, isn't it?" The Baron fumbled and felt for his eye-glass cord. The American Colonel helped him out. "Send in your papers, and I will do what I can. The best I can do is little enough under conditions such as these." It was like a father speaking to a child who had erred.

Above everything the Americans are attempting to represent in Europe today the inviolability of a contract, the necessity of stable credit not only in finance but in institutions and in men. These things seem to have been forgotten in some parts of Europe to-day.

I went with the same Major to a meeting of workingmen, which was called to inquire into the reasons for the greatly reduced production of the mines. The workingmen were voluble in revealing their wrongs and sufferings, which no one doubts have been many. But when asked what they wanted, it seemed that nothing would satisfy them but the socialization of the mines. They

must take the mines away from the owners. The Major said nothing about this. He only asked a question or two. "How would you get the mines?" "We would take them." "Very good — but you would need money to run them. Where would you get it?" "We would issue bonds." "Ah! — and who then would buy your bonds?" The men were stumped. "We want to be like the United States," they said. For answer, the Major had the interpreter read to them some sections of the Constitution of the United States.

Most of these men we have sent out into Europe have handled practical labor problems in America. For the most part they are technical experts who drew large salaries at home and gave them up to get into the war, and now are going to see it through. Many are Southern and Western men, with the soft drawl, the way of looking you straight in the eye and putting a hand on your sleeve when they speak, with a vein of sentiment in their nature, humor in their outlook, adventure in their practice of life.

When the Coal Mission started its work the coal fields were working to little better than one-half capacity; one-third of the freight cars of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire were in the repair yards waiting to be repaired; cars crossed boundary lines and never found their way back to their owners; there were embargoes on shipments and "lost consignment papers." In Vienna one day last winter there was a supply of coal in the Gas Works of only 38 tons; throughout the winter and spring there has been a limit on coal consumption per family, of 25 kilos per week; each family was limited to 1 meter of gas per day. For long periods even this pitiful supply was in danger.

The members of the Coal Mission felt when they came to Vienna early last spring that something must be done to help this stricken city to help itself. They found the parks crowded, the factories idle, their workmen listless and apathetic, too often content to sit for hours before

two glasses of water at the cafe table, their work-women thronging the streets and the dim cabarets. Behind the dead quiet of the city they felt the threats of discontent which had already overcome Russia and Hungary.

Concretely, the Coal Mission had to do with the production and distribution of coal. More fundamentally, it was trying to salvage the heart of Europe from the war and the post-war wreckage. These Central European states stand as separate and none too strong barriers against the inundation of Western Europe by the anarchy of the East. Already Russia had driven a wedge into the group when Hungary passed into the hands of the Bolshevists. On their side, the Allies were driving in their wedges at the North and South, wedges of order supported by food and finance, and they were ready to cultivate every advantage to press their influence in upon Russia. But these little states of Central Europe, still in swaddling clothes, excellent in professions but inexperienced in practice, stood as the protectors of France and England, of Germany and America. They were just as surely the world's frontier in 1919 as Belgium was in 1914. They had to be provided with food, clothing and finance, and the raw materials for industry as rapidly as these could be digested into the social organism. They had to be encouraged to produce, to ship, and to share justly the coal that was under their own hills, that was owned by their own capital, and mined by their own labor.

The Coal Mission had to undertake the largest possible distribution of coal to the needy territories under the limitations of production, transportation, and inter-state agreement. Railroad, labor, and general political and industrial conditions had to be studied with the care of a surgeon diagnosing a disease and seeking a cure. By the nature of the case, their task was limited to Central Europe. France, Belgium, and Italy were taken care of by the Peace Treaty. Russia and Hungary lay behind the Bolshevist line, beyond the possibility of giving or

receiving aid. In practice the problem came to concern itself with Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, and German-Austria, with an incidental interest in the question as to how much coal Germany could be expected to supply in addition to the quota required from her by treaty for the European Allies. In searching for a standard of distribution, the production of the miners provided the first basis. It was found that the average daily production per man in the Ostrau-Karwin district before the war was .84 tons. In 1919 it had sunk to .58 tons. The average daily production per man in the Kattowitz district was 1.11 tons before the war. In 1919 it had fallen to .57 tons. The mission had to study the reasons why the post-war production of coal amounted to only about 70% of the pre-war and war averages. The number of miners in the Ostrau-Karwin district has remained practically stable at about 33,000 men; the number in the Kattowitz district at 150,000 men.

I attended a meeting of some sixty representatives of the Miners' Associations in the Ostrau-Karwin district with a member of the American Mission. The Major asked the men for a candid statement of the reasons why production had decreased. The answers he secured may be summed up as follows: reduced energy from lack of proper food; reduction of hours of labor from nine to eight hours per day; general discontent at the conditions of living as the result of high prices and the inconveniences incident to the war; lack of clothing and the resulting effort to protect clothing in the mines; the poor condition of mine machinery and tools, and particularly the lack of rubber and fine metal for machine connections; the conditions of the mines as a result of the forced production to which they were subjected during the war.

The disease had become too acute to be treated by any such superficial means as an increase in wages. When money is just so much paper against an ever decreasing

supply of the necessities of life, little is to be gained by increasing the stock of paper. Wages had risen in the mines of the Ostrau-Karwin area from 4.17 kronen in 1913 and 1914, to 24.78 kronen in 1919. True only 15.10 kronen came in the form of money; the rest came in the more useful form of merchandise and food for children's needs averaging 1.53 kronen a day, and supplements for food averaging 8.15 kronen a day. Against an increase of wages amounting to 500% in 5 years, the men complained of an increase of prices of 1500%. The miners in the Kattowitz field received from 18 to 21 marks a day, according to the garden privileges which were granted to them. These increases in wages had not come from the owners. They had been added to the price of coal to the consumer. The price of Ostrau-Karwin coal had risen from about 18 kronen a ton before the war to 120 kronen in the spring of 1919; Dumbrowa coal had gone as high as 200 kronen per ton; Kattowitz coal was about 80 marks a ton as against 13 marks a ton before the war. It cost in May, 1919, about 40 kronen to mine a ton of coal in the Ostrau-Karwin fields, and a corresponding amount in the Kattowitz fields. Evidently, whatever stimulus was to be given to production must come in some other way than by increasing wages and thereby increasing the price of coal to the European consumer.

Studying the way in which this stimulation should be secured, the mission found that it should first attack by some direct means the problem of under-nourishment among the miners. For some six months before the Coal Mission was put into the field, the American Relief Administration had had in Czecho-Slovakia and in Poland relief missions for the proper distribution of food to these new and liberated countries. The facilities of these relief missions were now extended to rendering specific service in the mining communities. As an indirect aid in the nourishment of the mining communities, the amount of support given by the American Relief Administration to

children's relief was increased in the mining communities. Beyond the normal Polish and Czecho-Slovak programs, arrangements were made to donate $66,000 to the children's relief program of the Dumbrowa field and $33,000 to the children's relief program of the Ostrau-Karwin field. And when I speak of donating so much money I mean the providing of the actual food itself to this value.

The conditions of under-nourishment found by the mission in the Kattowitz district may be suggested by the following figures: The worker got per week 2,400 grammes of rye flour, whereas he should have received 4,500; of American flour ½ lb. a week against the normal requirement of 1½ lbs.; of meat he received ¼ lb. a week against a requirement of 1¼ lbs.; and of fats he received ¼ lb., whereas he should have had 1¾ lbs. a week. The share of the workman is in every respect far in advance of the food supplied to the members of his family. These conditions the missions undertook to correct as far as possible by encouraging the state or mine owners to supply food to the workers and by making available stocks of this food.

The mission also found a great need for clothing among the miners. The mission arranged to put several carloads of clothing into the mining districts. Some of this clothing was donated in America. Reports from certain fields indicate that an immediate increase of from 15% to 30% in production was secured through the proper provision of food and clothing.

It was found that the production of the mines was also suffering on account of the bad condition of the machinery and appliances. Mine owners had hesitated to introduce new machinery into their mines under the disorganized condition of labor, and while the demand for the socialization of the mines was frequently heard. The missions aided to such an extent in the introduction of order in the mines as to encourage the mine owners to make these

investments. There has been particular demand for rubber hose, asbestos packing, copper wire, brass valves, electric lamp cord, and graphite. To encourage the obtaining of these supplies, the mission brought together representatives of firms furnishing mine supplies and the mine owners, and aided in the financial arrangements. They also undertook to find prompt transportation for such shipments of mine supplies as could be contracted for. They were able at critical points to bring to bear the weight of the authority of Paris to enforce their decisions.

But the mission could not wait until the improvements were made in production. Such coal as there was available had to be shipped out by as fair a division as possible. Here we find one of the most critical features of the mission's work, for any distribution of coal under the political circumstances of these new states was accompanied by many difficulties. Transportation, boundary claims, financial and credit problems, problems touching the return of cars, the proper valuing of exchange commodities, and the liquidation of pre-war supplies had many times hampered and almost destroyed the efforts of the missions. Local jealousies had to be placated and political motives had to be handled with firm, yet gentle hand. In occupying a portion of the Teschen fields, Czecho-Slovakia was profiting from the coal claimed by Poland. A decree had been issued by the Inter-Allied Political Mission calling upon Czecho-Slovakia to deliver 3,683 tons of coal per day to Poland and Galicia to satisfy these claims. It was the business of the Coal Mission to supply day by day the energy and inventiveness whereby this decree could be approximately fulfilled. And every day has brought a new delay and a new perplexity. Vienna had to have a minimum of gas coal. Before the war she had used 2,800 tons. The mission secured an agreement, whereby she was to receive 1,100 tons a day from the Ostrau-Karwin mines. And again, day by day, through diplomatic squabbles and under conditions of reduced transportation,

it has been the task of the mission to see that some portion of this contract has been filled.

After these measures had been taken, there was left the nice task of balancing the production of each claimant country against the necessary imports, so that it might have about 70% of pre-war averages. There were difficulties enough in this also, for it was hard to say, for instance, just how much of the coal which had gone into Russian-Poland from Kattowitz before the war had remained in Poland and how much had gone into Russia. The brown coal of Bohemia had to be weighed against the better black coal of Dumbrowa and Kattowitz, and a working basis of values had to be obtained. Coal hauls had to be reduced in length. There was no economy in increasing the production of a mine only to use up this production in a 400-kilometer haul when coal from a point 200-kilometers away would serve just as well. And so the question of boundary lines was a continual worry to the members of the mission. There were difficulties on account of the different positions of beds with respect to location of demand and with regard to the specific requirement of valuable gas coal in certain cities. The primary difficulty was different. To whom does a certain field belong? Does it belong to Germany or Poland? To Czecho-Slovakia or Poland? The commission did its best to be fair to all interests, though it was under the necessity of making estimates upon criteria which might change overnight.

Considering coal supply by and large, ignoring the question of prospective ownership, and accepting Armistice status, it was found that two countries had a potential surplus, one had the promise of an adequate supply, and one had a clear deficit. The surplus countries were Germany and the new Czecho-Slovak State. Poland seemed to have just about enough for her own needs and German-Austria is relatively without coal.

Before the war Germany was a great coal producing

country. In all her fields, including those now in dispute, she produced 191,000,000 tons of coal a year. She imported 11,000,000 tons and she exported 45,000,000 tons. Germany therefore had available for her own uses 157,000,000 tons of coal annually. Of her production, 83,000,000 tons in round figures was the cheaper quality of brown coal. The help that Germany could give under the new conditions was contingent upon two factors, neither one of which was decided when the mission had to do its hardest work. First, what would the Peace Commission require of her as a standing contribution of coal to the chief allies? Second, to whom were the Kattowitz fields to belong, to Germany or to Poland? Upon the answers to these questions would depend the aid that Germany could be forced to extend to Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, German-Austria, and Yugo-Slavia. To the European allies Germany had supplied 19,000,000 tons of coal a year before the war. Any increase of this amount to these nations would either have to come from the German stocks or from the supplies claimed by the above new Central European states.

To whomever the Kattowitz field finally goes it must be the source of supplies for large areas. The average total production in the Kattowitz field from 1913 to 1918 was about 40,000,000 tons per year. For the first four months of 1919 the rate of production showed an annual prospect of 25,000,000 tons. Glancing at the position in which Germany would find herself if she were to lose the Kattowitz field, the mission found that in 1913 Germany produced in the territory remaining outside of Treaty losses, 130,000,000 tons. She consumed in this area 120,000,000 tons. Accepting production at 70%, her post-war production in the territory remaining would be something over 91,000,000 tons. What was left of Germany would therefore have 78% of pre-war consumption out of which to pay Treaty claims and to support herself.

In many respects the new state of Czecho-Slovakia

is the best endowed with resources in Central Europe. It has the richest land, it has some of the best industrial cities, and it has by far the greatest proportion of coal. The coal of Czecho-Slovakia lies in two great centers: The first, in Bohemia, is made up of brown coal, of which there is mined about 20,000,000 tons a year; the second is what is known as the Ostrau-Karwin beds of the Central Silesian field, of which the production runs to about 10,000,000 tons a year. Out of a total production of something over 16,000,000 tons of black coal in Austria before the war, 13,000,000 tons came from mines now controlled by Czecho-Slovakia and 2,000,000 tons from the Galician mines now in the possession of Poland. The coal from the Ostrau-Karwin district is rich in gas to such an extent that the cities of Prague, Vienna, and Budapest were dependent upon it for illumination.

Let us now look at German-Austria and Poland. German-Austria produces only about a tenth as much coal as Czecho-Slovakia. In the mines left to her, she produced in September 1918, 7,430 tons of black coal and 148,000 tons of brown coal, a total of about 1,800,000 tons of coal a year. Austrian coal men say that Austria produces by quantity only 12% of the coal required for internal use, and by calorific value only 6%. The 94% remaining must come from abroad. Some of this coal must come from Czecho-Slovakia as Vienna is dependent upon the gas coal of the Ostrau-Karwin district, of which she got 9% of the total output before the war. The coal situation in Vienna during the winter and spring was extremely serious. It was the source of anxiety not only to the local missions but to Paris as well. Through the instrumentality of the Coal Mission, a contract was secured with Germany to supply Austria with 7,500 tons a day from the Kattowitz mines. The contract was difficult to fill and the average delivered in May was but 5,000 tons a day. On paper the allocations by the Coal Mission are satisfactory. The Czechs have a contract

to deliver 1,100 tons a day to the Vienna Gas Works and 300 tons a day to German-Austria. Poland made a contract to supply Austria with 50,000 tons a month from the Dumbrowa mines, which contract may be increased to 175,000 tons a month if satisfactory finance can be secured. On the face of these contracts Austria should be provided with enough coal to keep her industries alive. The difficulties, financial, political, and transportation, standing in the way of the filling of these contracts will give the Allies grave concern until they are solved.

Poland is better off for coal than German-Austria, but in the present state of doubt with regard to the disposition of the Kattowitz mines, her position is not one of security. As a part of the Polish resources there should be counted the 92,000 tons a month due to Poland from Czecho-Slovakia on account of disputed boundary lines. Unfortunately, however, this has not been delivered in full. Aside from this coal, Poland has a net domestic production of 6,000,000 tons from the Dumbrowa mines and 3,000,000 tons from the Galician fields. From these totals there must be shipped the 600,000 tons per annum due by contract to Czecho-Slovakia. Poland could afford to increase this to 2,100,000 tons per annum and still have about 70% of the pre-war consumption of the area now included in Poland.

The theory upon which the Coal Mission proceeded was a simple one. As coal production throughout the area had fallen to about 70% of the normal, allocations were made in such a way that, considering local production and exports, each nation should have a net for consumption of about 70% of the normal consumption of the area. The mission proceeded to make six months' contracts upon this basis. In these contracts care was taken to supply gas coal from Ostrau-Karwin wherever necessary, to arrange for exchanges, when necessary, of local brown coal for the more valuable black coal, and to economize hauls.

Next to labor, transportation is a key to the coal prob-

lem as it is a key to the economic situation of Europe in general. In inquiring as to means of improvement of transportation conditions, the mission found that the Austrian Empire had before the war 100,000 freight cars. 5,000 of these were lost during the war and 3,500 were assigned to Italy and Yugo-Slavia. Twenty-five thousand cars were awaiting repair in the shops. The new states of Central Europe were faced with a 35% loss in transportation at the very time they needed it most. The two American missions aided in this perplexity by securing the return of cars from across border lines, by arranging contracts providing for shorter hauls, and by encouraging by various means the repair of broken rolling stock. The average load per car on the Austrian roads was 14½ tons. As the average load for an American car in France is 33 tons, there would be required only 7,000 or 8,000 American cars to bring transportation up to requirements. Efforts were made to accomplish this result.

The success of these American rehabilitation missions must be considered in two ways. They have accomplished definite results in increasing the production of coal and in distributing it justly. More than this they have instituted policies and outlined programs whereby coal production and distribution may proceed in an orderly fashion after the Americans have withdrawn. It now seems probable that the missions will remain just long enough to see their work effectively launched in the hands of local committees. There is much wisdom in the principle expressed by Mr. Hoover in all his work in Europe from the days of the C. R. B. to the present. This principle can be summed up in these words: "With every organization for relief from outside there should be a corresponding organization on the inside of the country, and these two organizations should so function together that the internal organization will eventually eliminate the external organization by rendering it illogical and unnecessary."

Thomas H. Dickinson.

1919 AND 1793

IF the revolution begun by the Russian proletariat in 1917 is superimposed upon that begun by the French proletariat in 1789, the correspondence, not only in general outline but in detail, is astonishing. The voices are those of Rousseau and Marx. The hands are those of Robespierre and Lenine. The list of identical conditions and acts in the two movements would constitute a fairly complete history of either, up to a certain stage.

There is, in each instance, an empire ruled by the weak descendant of a discredited royal line.

The inheritors of a feudal system of nobility are haughtily insistent on prerogative, idly speculative about abstract principles of ideal government, largely corrupt in morals, indifferent to practical duty.

The church is atrophied by formalism. Its devoted rural priests cannot ransom its upper clergy from the reproach of enormous wealth and cynical prostration before worldliness or worse.

The populace is ignorant, superstitious, so inured to suffering that it inflicts pain not only without shrinking, but without real consciousness of what it has done or is about to do.

The France described by Arthur Young is the Russia seen by every traveler within the last generation. The wars which, under Louis XIV, had exhausted the wealth and man power and crippled the industry of France, wore to shreds its social and political fabric. The war with Japan and the first three years of the World War destroyed that of Russia.

For centuries, from the Fronde to the Jacquerie, there had been a ferment in France that found expression in turbulence. Russia waged perpetual internal war with her Nihilist organizations.

And the politico-philosophical discussions of the Paris salons and the popular pamphleteers during the eighteenth century were taken over bodily by the Russian "intelligentsia" of the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth.

This extraordinary similarity of conditions in France and Russia prior to and at the beginning of the two convulsions which were to shake them loose from their past and fit them into their new places in history finds its perfect parallel in the nature and course of the events that followed.

One country received, as a concession to popular clamor, a duma created only to be coerced or suppressed. In the other the States General was called together as a last resort, and would have been sent home again forthwith but for its desperate resistance to royal power, expressed in the Tennis Court oath. In 1914 the soldiers of the great commander in the Russian campaign against Germany were not inferior to those led by the best generals of the Bourbons. Political theory and popular discontent dissolved one army as easily as the other, by processes absolutely identical. Many persons who read how, in the early days of the revolution which substituted Lenine for Kerensky, the soldiers and sailors of Russia's army and navy deposed their officers and elected successors to them by vote of the rank and file, believed this to be a novel and original burlesque. It is a faithful reproduction of what happened universally to the armies of Louis XVI.

The French king was murdered by a Convention under the forms of law. The Russian Czar was done to death, no one knows exactly how or where, by the orders or with the secret complicity of the central authority of the Soviet government.

In Paris all authority in the nation was seized by two or three of the most violent and blood-thirsty representatives of the new regime. A universal reign of terror, whole-

sale proscription of classes above the proletariat, and their indiscriminate slaughter followed. The Bolshevik government terrorized Russia, and Lenine and Trotzky do not fall below the crimes of the infernal triumvirate, — Robespierre, Danton and Marat. By the family record of the two episodes there is no break in their diabolic brotherhood.

Fraternization between soldiers and populace dissipated the armies of the king precisely as, a century and a quarter later, it melted away those of the czar. History repeating itself does not stop here. Propaganda was the main reliance, the most useful and effective instrument of those who seized the government of France. To every province and city hastened emissaries from Paris, to tell of the great things done there and to urge imitation, just as Soviet zealots sped from Petrograd and Moscow to every corner of the world. Every conscript of the new French republic became a missionary to the other peoples of Europe. All the revolutionaries of that era preached "fraternity," the eternal brotherhood of the have-nots, as ecstatically as any pacifist or internationalist of today. France urged every populace in the world to rise in mutiny against its rulers, and promised to them not only sympathy but effective support. The National Convention declared by a unanimous decree that the French nation would grant "fraternity and assistance to all people who wish to recover their liberty." Each army commander was furnished with a blank formula of a general letter beginning with these words: "The people of France to the people of ————, greeting. We are come to expel your tyrants." A motion in the Convention to confine this notice to the nations with which France was at war was defeated by a large majority. While this created in the French people a sense of nationalism and an enthusiasm different in kind from anything in the past, it weakened every arm raised against them. The boast that France was fighting not for her own liberty merely but for that of Europe had a profound effect. The mystery

of the quick and easy conquest of Flanders, of Dumourier's inexplicable successes and inner vacillations, of the failure of powerful and war-hardened nations in close alliance to crush at its birth an uprising of sans-culottes and starved peasants, is partially solved by the existence everywhere below royalty and nobility, and sometimes within those high ranks, of a lurking and partly unconscious sympathy in the opposing soldiery who had heard this appeal, who were drawn from populations suffering like oppressions and who cherished their own secret longings for freedom.

The Bolshevist propaganda is better known, has spread more widely and produced more immediate tangible results in distant and scattered places, only because means of communication and methods of publicity have been multiplied a thousandfold within the last century. If the greater liberty of action and perfected missionary methods common now in even the most despotic state had existed in 1792, revolts, terrorism and universal popular unrest greater than are set down to Bolshevism's discredit would have spread from the Ural Mountains to the Strait of Gibraltar and the western shores of Great Britain.

Finally, soviet Russia employed the tool by which revolutionary France dug itself in behind a defence line that no present or future foe was ever able to destroy — the confiscation and distribution of accumulated property. The enormous wealth of the Church, the shrewdly or brutally assembled possessions of the crown, the estates of the nobles who emigrated and of those who remained to be attainted and guillotined, were all appropriated. The townsman looked after his own bit of loot, just as he has been doing in all the cities of Bolshevia. Informing, arson and pillage were hallmarks of good citizenship. The French peasant, like the Russian, squatted on a fragment of his seigneur's land that he had tilled as a serf. The destruction of chateaux and the expropriation of landowners went on everywhere in France as it has gone on in Russia. The unappropriated remnant of con-

fiscated property escheated to the state. Against it millions on millions of assignats were issued. The only conceivable value of this paper money that was soon in every hand, the only safeguard of the peasant proprietor against return to slavery bitterer than before, lay in the maintenance of the existing order. It might be base or criminal, but within it alone was salvation. Therefore that distribution of property never was, never could be changed. Napoleon was too wise to disturb it. There lay one of the few limitations that even he had to admit. The Allies supreme after Waterloo, the Bourbon restored to the throne and importuned by loyal owners of appropriated property or their descendants, never dared attempt to undo this material achievement of the revolution. The people would not have tolerated that from Convention, Directory, Emperor or King. Except that they would tolerate almost anything.

In the same earth are embedded the roots of the Bolshevist strength which a decent world finds hard to understand. Because the Kerensky and other Socialist parties shrank from wholesale confiscation of landed and other property, they could not stand against the Lenine programme of an immediate allotment of all wealth to the proletariat. He and his were made free to betray, to imprison, to kill, to wreak their filthy will how and on whom they pleased; provided all the money, credit, products, land and other means of production were left in the hands that seized them. So the new Reign of Terror came; the red guards made good again and again in battle with the supporters of liberty and order; and the parallel between the revolutions of the west and the east is complete.

Such are the surface facts. Behind and beneath them are found forces that differentiate the two events. Interpreted by these, methods substantially the same lead by divergent ways to different ends. A new phase of social evolution unfolds.

Not very long ago the French Revolution was regarded almost universally as the last Russian revolution is now. It was mentioned only occasionally with pardoning praise, often with horror and loathing. To declare it a milestone on the upward march of man was, except among the adepts of the philosophy of history, the mark of iconoclast, atheist, brute. Even now, on a psychological test, the average reaction to the words "French Revolution," would probably be about equally divided between "Reign of Terror," "guillotine" and "Robespierre." In its own period it was anathema everywhere outside of France. Burke, lover of liberty in almost any form, purchased at almost any cost, became its frantic denunciator. The passionate apologies of brilliant young enthusiasts that centered about the genius of Shelley and the travel-stained, but at last triumphant, devotion of Byron to liberty flared for a moment and went out in disgust or despair. Lamartine, who exulted in his country's emancipation, and painted the Girondins as heroes worthy of the best days of the ancient world, was forced to add to later editions of their history a pitiful and abject apology because he had hinted, in the eloquent glow of an optimistic interpretation of the time, that even in the work of Robespierre there might be found something over and above the bloodthirsty savage; something, it might be, obscurely purposeful and fruitful for the future. Scarcely yet can one enter the temple to Liberty begun by France a hundred and thirty years ago, without feeling, as he crosses the atrium, that his feet are crushing human bones; without eyes downcast, that he may not see grinning there the monstrous, fiendish faces of those whom he would gladly forget, and certainly deny as forebears of twentieth century liberty.

The central impulse of the French revolution was political. Though its famous slogan was "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," this association of ideas was philosophical rather than practical. The Frenchman of the

revolutionary period, whether writing a polemic or carrying a pike, believed that if a full measure of political liberty were obtained, equality and fraternity would follow from the very nature of the process. Political liberty realized, first for France, then by self-propagation for all Europe, was the culminating thought of Rousseau, Mirabeau, Roland. It even shone wanly somewhere in the fuliginous and phantom-haunted brains of the haggard fiends who brandished the dagger and looked with love upon the falling knife. These might have done better without them, but despite them, they were at least one agency that sped the human spirit upon its perilous adventure along the Via Dolorosa that should one day lead the world to four years on Calvary and we may hope the eternal triumph of the free spirit of man. There are few expansions of the soul, few rises of endeavor to new heights, that have not some taint of despicable origin and low-born interpreters. Few acts of the great drama that runs down the ages are without a Judas. Patriots and priests and poets, with hearts as tender as a woman's, can now look back upon that horror of more than a century ago, and understand how out of the eater comes forth meat. The dim figure that waited, invisible and unbelievable, behind the French revolution, has raised more than a corner of the veil.

That tide in the affairs of men which seems to sweep life about in ever-recurring cycles has brought again to this present time unrest, aspiration, struggle, in societies widely separated in space, in quality, in economic and political conditions. It is represented by the Bolsheviki, the Industrial Workers of the World, the Spartacides, the anarchists, nihilists, Left Wing Socialists, extreme radicals of every school. Governments everywhere, autocracies and democracies, semi-barbarous and highly civilized, watch the progress of this evil epidemic with amazement and stupefied alarm. In planning to meet and either satisfy or stamp it out, their ideas of methods and measures are all at sea. Repression and conciliation, com-

promise and root-and-branch extirpation, are recommended at the same moment by authorities equally capable and experienced. This confusion comes largely from failure to comprehend the thing to be dealt with. Like the worst period of the French Revolution, this symbol of an inevitable human crisis thrusts through the muck about it the ugly, misformed sprout of what may one day bourgeon and blossom into undreamed-of beauty. As the French Revolution expressed, in garish colors and by unspeakable acts, an aspiration for freedom from the tyranny of kings and nobles and war-lords of every sort, a hope which is only today becoming a reality, so the mutinous unrest of the present expresses an aspiration for emancipation from the struggle for wealth on which all modern societies are built, and which can never of itself sustain a worthy social organization. But now a demand for the abolition of capitalism, and the rule everywhere of those who do the manual labor of the world, with attendant universal confiscation, bloodshed and utter ruthlessness, affect with a sense of inhuman strangeness the bewildered imagination of the time.

Coarse and foul are the hands, corrupt the immediate purposes, cruel the hearts to which its early enforcement has been committed. Their work has been and can be only as purely destructive as that of the captors of the Bastile. But, once more, what they have done would not have risen above the red horizon of possibility, if there were not a mistake to be rectified and a crying defect in evolution to be remedied; if their blundering and wicked feet were not unconsciously sometimes directed toward an unseen righteous goal, their propaganda would not have found sympathizers or apologists in every country.

The struggle for political liberty everywhere resolved itself eventually into a question of morals. "In France," says Alison in his History of Europe, "before the Constituent Assembly had sat six months they had rendered a total change of society unavoidable, because they had

transferred to the multitude the influence or possessions of a great portion of the state." The masses of all peoples came to understand that the world cannot be fit for human living, not only for themselves but for anybody, anywhere, so long as any part of it remains the chattel and plaything of dynasties or military autocrats. Thus much has been proved by the blood of the hosts who died for such a faith. From savage self-assertion has been born, in this moral order, heroic generosity and sublime self-sacrifice.

The economic basis of society, even more positively than the political, also resolves itself into a question of morals. The world will not be a fit place to live in so long as it is ruled by the power of accumulated wealth, or the present exaggerated conception of wealth as an object of desire. Existing conditions represent an economic order just as old as the political order now prostrate, even more firmly entrenched than that was in its prime, just as unfavorable to wholeness of body, peace and uprightness of mind, integrity of soul.

So far, any practical advance in this direction has been, like the first steps of the French Revolution, like all human groping after great truths imperfectly and ignorantly conceived, almost wholly futile, criminal, self-contradictory and self-destructive. "Saturn is still devouring his children." The briefest survey of the movement's methods brings into relief not merely their inadequacy but their obvious and intrinsic inconsequence. Socialism has been the principal expression of the militant moral forces making for reconstruction. Mostly it is founded on exactly the same absurdities of theory and method as the political commonwealth imagined by Rousseau. The brands of socialism are numerous and irreconcilable. All are at bottom as handy for new abuses as an impenitent junkerdom. Some demand an equitable division of all human assets; — a mere shuffling of the pack for a new deal in the same old game. Some ask only the transfer of control from manager to worker,

like the election of army officers under Soviet rule. The best possible issue of this could be no more than the eventual restoration of the existing system turned upside down. The price of the meaningless transposition would be the incalculable waste and confusion that the education to new duties of the unfit would require. The system, in which the evil inheres, would stand intact. The friends of "direct action" would begin the reform of an order based on the control of wealth by seizing and enjoying it themselves. Expropriation is, for them, regeneration. Such capital as they cannot squander they must destroy. Thus shall be built a new society founded on passions more ignoble than the old, or on the same passions cloaked by new names. It requires a new biology whose cardinal principle is the survival of the least fit.

All of these schemes float in a poppy-dream of the miracle-working power of the state. To it they transfer the resources and responsibilities of the individual. From it they expect all miracles to flow. As if, when you added one hundred apples to another hundred apples you did not get two hundred apples, but grape fruit or bananas or, more likely, genuine apples of the Hesperides. Since, in the end, somebody somewhere pays with work for every public or private service, and since it has been absolutely demonstrated that publicly controlled activities are costlier and less efficient than private enterprise applied to the same tasks, the underpinning of the academic socialistic theory collapses. The socialist state, as conceived, demands as a prior condition a regenerated human race. Any machine, physical or vital, is limited in power, in workableness, by the strength of the materials that enter into it. Transcend that, and it refuses to function or smashes. Only supermen could administer successfully a community governed by orthodox socialistic principles. Concentrations of power in the state would become unimaginably great. Some one must con-

trol and wield them. The race would again be to the swift and the battle to the strong. Rome gained nothing when her ruler was no longer the next descendant of the Cæsars, but the choice of the Prætorian guards. This fairly characterizes the list of current quack remedies by which society is to be regenerated — or destroyed.

Because these have been and must be, in the nature of things, failures, it does not follow that discussion and experiment have not helped. Though they cannot cure the disease of existing social disorder, they locate it and enable minds that can probe deeper to give it a name. Once more it is suggestive to glance backward over the evolution of political changes now taking final form. The world of the English revolution, the American revolution, the French revolution, sought a measure of freedom which, after several centuries, it is only now beginning to enjoy as a settled, stable and intelligible condition of the common political life. Some of its most trusted earlier maxims and axioms were false or foolish: "the morality of a state of nature;" "the social contract;" "all men are created free and equal." But it muddled through, to the great fixed principles that the individual is entitled to all the liberty consistent with equal liberty for every other individual; that the unit of the state should be ethnic; and that every such state should have the right of self-determination — that is, that it may choose, modify, change its own form and methods of government at its pleasure without outside interference. Nay, should such interference be threatened, all its neighbors will unite to prevent. Men are still far from apprehending all the sweet uses of liberty. In the most enlightened states, citizenship is still only a pawn, instead of standing on the king's square. But it has moved far toward the row where kingship waits. The world has made a considerable and creditable journey away from the Stuarts, the Georges, the Bourbons, the Hapsburgs, the Romanoffs and the Hohenzollerns. One

almost as great, let it be noted, from Plato's Republic and Sir Thomas More and Hampden and Patrick Henry and Gambetta. Just as far it will soon move from the Jack Cades, the Marats, the Trotzkys, the Liebknechts and the Haywoods, Townleys and Fosters.

That which will emerge from this blind striving in the darkness under the law of hate, in the economic as it has in the political order, is a clearer vision of friend and foe in the revealing light of love. Capital, understood as accumulated wealth devoted to productive purposes, has a perfectly safe future. The attempt to destroy it is as mad a bit of work as the German devastation of Northern France. But it may as well realize, soon as late, that the time has come when it must lay aside the sceptre. The whole world, not merely the poor, the greedy, the ambitious, the impracticable theorists, but all the plain people, all the idealists and a large section of the owners of capital themselves are of the opinion that the accumulated possessions of the world have sanctity only just so long and so far as they are devoted to the improvement of human conditions, business, economic, social — to the advancement of the common good. Nine-tenths of the profoundly thoughtful men of this time are dissatisfied with the development of the old order. The most conservative of them declare openly that the slum, the doom of exhausting daily labor for just enough to sustain life, the dull and narrow existence where even opportunity never is recognized, must go as fast as the System of Things permits. That is the thought behind the gifts, yearly more numerous and well-bestowed, that rich men are making to education and philanthropy. It is the more or less sincere apology of the poor deluded criminals everywhere who draw the sword for the devil, and think that they are saving Christ from the cross.

It would be absurd for any one to attempt the complete formulation of the coming political and social economy, whatever that is to be. The whole world, wrought upon

by the white heat of war, is now in a state of flux. Conditions in the United States and Great Britain are scarcely less significant, though in vastly different ways, than those in Russia and Hungary. Perhaps the wise observer and student of social evolution will go no farther than to assert the closer co-ordination of capital and labor, the assured readjustment of industrial and all other human relations under a general, intelligent, humane and sympathetic application of the co-operative principle. Profiteering is at last recognized as a crime. A league of nations against it has already been proposed. This consummation may be hastened by wise counsel and understanding, but it cannot be forced. The statement of the Golden Rule is a good many centuries back of us. Its adoption as a fixed rule of conduct appears to be a good many centuries ahead. Yet the moral order of this planet remains inflexible, and the milestones do drop behind.

Analogies, like that between this time and the convulsion when the old political structure cracked and trembled toward its slow fall, are more than significant. The air of every country in the world today is full of the voices of a new social order. They stammer helplessly, at times they speak madness or folly or crime, but they break a silence that will never close down about the souls of men. Humanity has started definitely on a new crusade. Abhorrent as are many of the leaders and mottoes that take its name in vain, fight though the world must, as it has ever been compelled to do, to substitute sanity and progress for the ecstasy of destruction which is often the first effect of a half-conceived creative truth upon a brain too weak to bear it, — the unceasing purpose runs. The dim figure stands, pitying, understanding, constant and commanding, keeping watch above the strange revels of the time. Looking through his eyes, the frantic and distorted mask of the present is seen in the far future as it were the face of an angel.

Joseph Gilpin Pyle.

THE ACROPOLIS EXPRESS

A MORNING paper announces that a new train to be called "The Acropolis Express," will soon, run between Paris and Athens. Dreams of travel stir once more and beat against the gate of horn.

Before this I have always gone to Greece by sea, either crossing the stormy Adriatic from Italy, after the manner of Virgil and Horace, or rounding the Peloponnesian coast in the wake of all Mediterranean mariners. Sails have given way to engines, the reading of the stars to the sextant and the compass, but the winds that buffeted Phœnician traders and returning heroes of Troy, Greek fleets and Roman triremes, still blow over the same unharvested sea. The proposed land route exhibits the cycle of destiny. The place of departure, once a barbarian outpost, is the shining capital of that modern civilization which most frankly bases itself on a classical education, and most willingly acknowledges the contemporary value of Hellenic legacies. The place of arrival, once the imperious queen of the Aegean, is the modest capital of a minor state which, in contradiction to the Slavic influences upon its borders, turns to France as its sponsor and its ideal. Between Paris and Athens the road — so they say — is to traverse countries which lay scarcely on the fringe of Pericles's geography, but which for us are the depositories of vast accretions of history. Old wars and new mingle in their substance. Their names charm us like echoes of ancient lays, and smite us with the terror of our own recent suffering. Sweeping down through the Alps to Milan, the train will pass on to rescued Venice, and cross the indignant Piave to redeemed Trieste. It will go through Agram and Vinkovci, pregnant with the new hopes of Jugo-Slavia, to enter Belgrade, still shadowed by old Serbian despairs. It will reach Hellenic

soil in Saloniki, an epitome of successive empires, reclaimed by Greeks as late as 1912 from the long blight of the Turk, and in these last years of universal war the seat of the allied armies on the Balkan front. From here on the road will lead farther and farther back into that tranquillized Past within which, like stars in the night, "shine out the things that are beautiful and eternal." A railway has long since materialized from upper Thessaly southward. Through the quiet Vale of Tempe, running beside the stream of the liquid Peneus, the engines clang into regions once ablaze with

> Lights of the age that rose before our own,
> As demigods o'er Earth's wide regions known.
> Yet these dread battle hurried to their end;
> Some, where the sevenfold gates of Thebes ascend,
> Strove for the flocks of Œdipus in fight,
> Some war in navies led to Troy's far shore.

From these plains Achilles joined the hosts of Agamemnon. From these shores Jason's Argonauts spread sail for a distant sea and a golden fleece. In these towns Alcestis died and lived again, Œdipus sinned and suffered and learned, Antigone chose a doom on heaven's high side. Upon these mountains dwelt the gods who apportioned the heroic destinies, and also gave to mortal poets the power to immortalize them. From the windows of an excellent modern express the traveler sees the white ridges of Mount Olympus, towering above pale meadows of asphodel, the twin peaks of Parnassus, Helicon's mountain, majestical, sacred, and the silent slopes of that Cithaeron which once rang with Bacchic ecstasies.

As the Past recedes, today's meagerness becomes apparent. "The grace of olden time is fallen upon sleep" — so Pindar lamented when his own Thebes fell below her beautiful traditions. The sleep of modern Thebes is sodden. From this Boeotian decay the train hastens on to the life-giving air, the inspiring vitality of Attica. Begun in Paris, garnering centuries and civilizations in its

course, the new land route to Greece will end at the Acropolis of Athens.

This is not an exaggerated form of expression, for the ageless hill dominates everything in the city. It is seen from railroad stations and from hotel windows, it calls to the eye from banks and shops and restaurants, it is a lode-stone, a beacon, a shrine, a hospice. It governs the modern city, not only by its sacred memories, but far more immediately by its living glory. Only in a technical sense can its monuments be called ruins. Within their mutilation dwells, unmutilated and undeflowered, the very self of beauty. The name of the hill may well be given to a new vehicle of communication between nation and nation, between west and east, between modernity and antiquity.

The Acropolis Express — will it "open up Greece" and bring larger multitudes back to the mother and nurse of the western world? Already, indeed, small as Athens is, all nations were meeting there before the war. Partly the union was the conventional one of international diplomacy, familar in all capital cities. But in Athens the humble observer could see it compactly in some vivid hour. One such occurred in the Cathedral on a New Year's Day, when even the Balkan War of 1912, and much more the Great War, lay unborn in the future's capacious womb. I find written down at the time my impressions of the participants in the ceremonial service: "King George and Prince Constantine came and stood by their golden thrones. The Russian ambassador was a wonderful sight — big and heavy and brutal, and very handsome in a wild northern fashion. And the German ambassador towered above everybody, imperialistically. But it was Sir Francis Eliot who stirred our Anglo-Saxon blood — he outranked everybody in his look of quiet power and ascetic honorableness. The Metropole was there in all his heavy gold clothes. The king looked old and tired and sick, the crown prince looked futile, and

Venizelos, the prime minister, the hero from Crete, who now holds the country in his hands, smiled serenely on everybody." As the music rose and fell in strange Eastern cadences, and I watched these men with heedless curiosity, no veil was lifted to show me the assassination of George; the terrible struggle of Venizelos which included excommunication from the church; the defeat and abdication of Constantine; the humiliation of the Metropole; the purgatorial years descending upon the Englishman's country; the tragedies and cataclysms of the Russian's; the sin and punishment of the German's. But a lifted veil — thank God! — might also have shown me the smile of Venizelos justified. He was to breast the flood of all the woe that was to come, and make the port of a free Greece. His place in the councils of Paris is one of signal repute. He will go back, with many Hellenic wrongs set right and with the respect of the world, to a country whose liberties and whose fair name he rescued from enemies without and traitors within.

But far deeper than the temporary union of diplomats in Athens was that of the archæologists who came to decipher the golden scroll of ancient Hellas, to rescue from the obliterating soil every possible memorial of an infinitely precious civilization. England and France and Italy and America, and with them, in unsuspected accord, Germany and Austria, sent men and money to Athens for a common purpose. Here more completely than anywhere else — even than in Egypt or Rome — was exemplified an international union of mind and spirit. The French at Delphi, the Germans at Olympia, in beneficent competition, laid bare the great meeting places of the old centrifugal Greek world. The Americans at Corinth, the English at Sparta, uncovered the two protagonists of Dorian civilization. On bright days of the Greek spring, when almond trees blushed under the peaks of Parnassus or by the Alpheus, and anemones blew beneath Acrocorinth, and oranges gleamed by the Euro-

tas, the hatred of nations seemed swallowed up in beauty, the alliance of nations seemed to bourgeon and bloom with the fruits of peace.

In my note-book I find impressions of an afternoon of visitors at the American School of Classical Studies in Athens. Even this passing hour showed an international variety under the ægis of archæology. It was an afternoon when, from the roof of our School building, we saw a swift violet fall over the bones of Mount Hymettus and a deep greenish blue, beyond the gulf, envelop the peaks and curves of hills which added a background to the Acropolis. Under the ancient spell there gathered a characteristic group of Hellenes and Philhellenes — the Hellenes, without exception, speaking nonchalantly in almost any of our newer tongues. The Greek army and navy, the palace, the university were represented. The commissioner of the Corinthian Canal arrived with the architect who was directing the repairs on the Acropolis. The Bulgarian minister and the Italian consul came with their American wives. A reluctant victim was the director of the British School, who kicked against all social pricks. "At home," he once explained, "we manage better, we pay the aristocracy to do this business for us." A welcome guest was the director of the German School, pleasantly at ease with the world, and a brilliant talker in any one of several languages. An especially distinguished guest was a quite dull mediæval historian, of the University of Athens, who could speak only Greek and German. He came in with the secretary of the Austrian School. Last of all I find noted down the gentle presence of the German *Philosoph*, who was writing an epochal history of Greek philosophy, and who moved among us like a big child. In the babel of tongues, that afternoon, he moored me to his guttural talk of souls. Once he had had a great experience in hearing the *Sonata Appassionata* through an open window, as his great-aunt lay upon her deathbed. Was it death — he wondered — that made

the music so significant, or would he have listened less freely had the dying one been a nearer relation?

The page in my note-book ends upon a laugh. But today, as I read, the laughter sticks in my throat. A shadow falls upon my memories. Clouds and darkness blot out the violet on Hymettus. What reason have I to suppose that the gentle German, he with the ear for Beethoven, did not, in the years so soon to follow, in his own country, become a Hun? I know only too well that the German director, staying on in Athens, became a moving spirit in the Hohenzollern conspiracy which nearly ruined Greece, even as the dull mediævalist was made prime minister in Constantine's pro-German cabinet.

The war, of course, crashed into the work of all the archæologists. Many of the Americans have been turning their knowledge of the country and language over to the use of the Red Cross and the Young Men's Christian Association, whose remedial agencies are still sorely needed by Greece. Pitiable tales come to us of thousands upon thousands of Greek refugees wandering back from Bulgaria and Asia Minor over every road and mountain pass, starving, sickening, dying. Only yesterday I saw in the papers a list of Americans who have been decorated with the order of the Redeemer "for services rendered in relief work." Among them is a man whom I last saw absorbed in laying bare the site and the history of Corinth. The centuries of her robust living were his playthings. The temple that was old when the Parthenon was new, the fountain that gave life to nomads before Doric monoliths were dreamed of, these were pawns in his game of rehabilitation. Only villagers and browsing sheep and goats shared his busy solitude. Anemones, purple and rosy, stood upon his table among the technical drawings of the ruins. At sunrise he could bathe in the blue waters where Helicon breaks down in cliffs to the sea. At sunset he could scale Acrocorinth and gaze afar off, to the mountain crests of Delphi, or of Arcady. But across all these

barriers of beauty swept the war. Not permitted to fight, the "disabled" archæologist plunged into the work of rescue as audaciously as into the morning waters of Corinth, and now is emerging, like many another scholar, with the gratitude of a nation.

But some day the aftermath of war must make way for the fruitage of peace. Surely by the time the Acropolis Express becomes an accomplished fact, we shall have struggled through to our "era of reconstruction," and once more pilgrims from differing countries may meet and mingle on Hellenic soil. Governments will have changed and shifted. Who knows what diplomatic representatives may gather in the Cathedral of Athens, when the new years of peace are ushered in? But the realm of the mind has not been wholly changed even by the world war,

> Greece and her foundations are
> Laid below the tides of war,
> Based on the crystalline sea
> Of thought and its eternity.

Mariners of this sea, from hither and yon, will return to their priceless work of discovery and interpretation. A league of nations will exist in Greece, if nowhere else. None will be excluded who will serve the spirit of man in humility and in truth.

So far, conditions of travel have protected Greece from any appreciable invasion of those peripatetic barbarians who are garrulous by the Egyptian Sphinx and foolish in the Roman Forum. Once in a while, in the old days, as spring came on, a Mediterranean tourist steamer would include the Piræus in its ports of call, and the Acropolis would be taken possession of by a race of wanderers who knew no difference between the Pyramids and the Parthenon, except that both were starred by Baedeker, and satisfactorily far from home. Comments revealed nationality. In front of the Caryatid Porch, where one terra-cotta figure clashes with the marble loveliness of the other maidens, and makes the eye hunger for the return

of the original from the British Museum, a German tourist was heard to exclaim, with sentimental gusto: "Behold the mourning figure! *Wie wunderschön* stands the dark from the white ones out!" While an indefatigable American woman, athirst for information, shrilled upon the Hellenic air: "What is the difference between a caryatid and a gargoyle?" Imperishably Cook's guide answered: "A caryatid is Greek and a gargoyle is Roman." If this tribe is to increase with the coming of the Acropolis Express, we must betake ourselves to a magnanimous reflection. I once expressed to a Greek friend my indignation that an American friend was going to travel through Greece with a Turkish dragoman. "But, think," said the Greek, "how good it is going to be for the Turk."

In reality, no invading train can grind to ashes that sense of spiritual possession which comes into being on the Acropolis, and is finer than an intellectual interest, deeper than an emotional mood. This is in no sense the exclusive property of the learned. The past does, indeed, play its rôle. History takes its toll of the instructed imagination. But without knowledge all may become, to some degree, partakers of this joy. Without the historical key, the Pyramids remain curious, the Roman Forum remains desolate. On the Acropolis of Athens the ready eye and the willing spirit take by violence the essence of Hellenism. One afternoon we met, in the western corridor of the Parthenon, a young American sailor — a mere boy — from one of our battleships which was anchored in the Piræus harbor. He had strayed from his fellows, and, "seeing a hill," had climbed it to find out what was on top. We tried to interest him in certain facts, but even the story of Salamis — which lay within our vision — left him cool. He turned away from our tongues to wander free amid the unknown. The sun began to set behind the mountains of Salamis. Other visitors had left, and at last we, too, reluctantly turned

away from the burnished columns of Athena's temple. In front of the Caryatid Porch, as we were passing down toward the Propylaea, the boyish marine was standing, his hands clasped behind his back, motionless, absorbed. We spoke, and he turned toward us an illuminated face. "Say," he exclaimed, "they've got a grand thing of it up here, all right!" The maidens, dumb before the pretentious, had whispered into the ear of the sincere ignoramus.

Then, as we were leaving, he put this significant question: "Why don't they set up a gate and take in money?" In other countries foreigners are required to pay something toward the preservation and care of famous places and monuments. The very fact that this is just and proper throws into relief the extraordinary consciousness of the modern Greeks that their past belongs to the world. Poor as the country is, it has never been willing to set a price on its ancient treasures. It recognizes a universal claim. In 1826, during the Greek war of liberation, a Turkish general wrote to the Sultan: "The citadel of Athens, as is known to you, was built of old on a high and inaccessible rock, not to be injured by a mine, nor accessible to assault. From it went out of yore many famous philosophers; it has many works of art, very old, which make the learned men of Europe wonder, and for this reason all the Europeans and the other nations of unbelievers regard the citadel as their own house." The modern people from whose soil this citadel rises take no gate-receipts from the returning children of the spirit of Hellas.

But not to the Acropolis is confined the traveler's sense of a spiritual legacy. It follows him throughout Greece. Almost nothing in this little country comes between him and the domain of those imperial spirits who have set their seal

> On all this world of men inherits.

Now and then, in ruined castle or crumbling monastery, like a highwayman to challenge intellectual security,

the mediæval world stalks out upon the unwary. But for the most part, in valley and plain, on mountain top, and by coast of the sea, both a sporadic mediævalism and a still simple modernity lose themselves in the immortality of the older ages.

The Acropolis Express will doubtless generate farther railways, and aid in a larger development of the villages and towns, the harbors and farms of modern Greece. Sentimentally the lover of its primitive simplicities finds it easy to regret this. In the twentieth century he has been happily constrained, in many parts of a poverty-stricken country, to continue the older ways of travel. The splendid memories of ancient Hellas, the noble beauty of Greek landscapes, have been enhanced for him by quiet and solitariness and the leisured charm of bridle paths. More than a hundred years ago the English scholar Dodwell made a "classical and topographical tour" through Greece by horse and mule, and had the "satisfaction to find," by computation, that his rate of speed was practically the same as that of Strabo in the time of Augustus, and Pausanias in the time of Marcus Aurelius. But I also — *moi qui vous parle* — have walked or ridden many a day in Greek valleys or over Greek mountains, averaging the same three miles an hour. I have lodged in little peasant houses — pink or blue on gray hillsides — as primitive as those which by night sheltered the Philhellenic explorers of the eighteenth century who by day, perhaps, had chanced upon one more broken temple, had recovered one more fragment of forgotten beauty. Eager to follow in their path, I have wakened to the clatter of mules brought over the stones of a village street to my low lintel, just as the dawn was breaking, and the cool air was like a bath of initiation for the day's holy pilgrimage. And along the remote and quiet roads I have met the same sort of courteous shepherds who charmed Wheler and Spon, in 1676, on their architectural quest, when they discovered their way from

Thebes over Cithaeron and Parnes, and "looked down with unspeakable pleasure and content on the celebrated Athens and the noble plains so famous in ancient story." Now on the railway route from Thebes to Athens, passengers see nothing of the shepherds in upland pastures. But in Arcadia I have found them still, where irises and violets grew, and hyacinths and white and purple crocuses —

> A face bronzed dark to red and gold
> With mountain eyes which seem to hold
> The freshness of the world of old;
>
> A shepherd's crook, a coat of fleece,
> A grazing flock, the sense of peace,
> The long sweet silence, this is Greece.

In Arcady there are no time-tables and schedules, save the morning and the evening stars, the lengthening shadows in the valley, the moonrise over haunted mountains, and the epiphany of the sun-god.

But the sentimentalist ought to remember that such experiences are bought at the expense of modern Greece, which deserves his best wishes for increasing prosperity. Travelers in the eighteenth century found Greece picturesque but enslaved. On the Acropolis a Turkish garrison kept watch and ward over subject Athens. These Turks "halloaed nightly from their stations above the town to approve their vigilance," polluting the air which had once enfolded the first free people of the world. Greece — so Leake reminds us — was "no more than the thinly peopled province of a semi-barbarous empire, presenting the usual results of Ottoman bigotry and despotism, relieved only by the occasional resistance of particular districts, or of armed bandits, to the established authority." What claim did such a country have upon the interest of the world? And yet it was upon a tide of popular sympathy that the great geographer was later enabled to launch the reports of his Greek travels.

For "occasional resistance" grew into an irresistible will-to-freedom. The degenerate Greeks rose and took back their ancient liberties.

Out of the morass of Ottoman bigotry and despotism the weakened nation has steadily advanced to a firm footing in western civilization. The modern Greeks, for all their faults and follies, have persistently sought free institutions, education, and an orderly observance of just laws. Shameful as, during these late critical years, their hesitations may have seemed, they did at last finally range themselves on the side of right and honor. Less than a hundred years after they were lying sick of Turkish poisons, they gathered the strength to throw off the contagion of Prussianism. As victors they have joined us at the Peace Conference. The train between Paris and Athens, back and forth, like a shuttle, will weave a closer fabric of friendship and alliance between liberty-loving peoples.

How foolish, then, is our regret for the passage of minor charms! The great Past itself reproves us. The country of the Marathon fighters bids us desire strength for the country of Venizelos. The gift of Greece is something greater than a sweet silence on "moonlight wolds," or an unfretted mood on the citadel of Athens. The voice of the modern barbarian can never drown out the call to our spirits from Pericles and Phidias, from Æschylus and Sappho, from Plato and Demosthenes. The smoke of a modern train can never obscure the gleams from a civilization which still enlightens the world.

Dreams stir and come to life. At the gate of horn — the exit to realization — waits the Acropolis Express.

Anne C. E. Allinson.

ALTRUISM, REAL AND RHETORICAL

THE committee of clerics and laity, men and women, created by the English archbishops to consider Christianity and industrial problems gives as one of its conclusions:

We think that the common description of workers as "hands" summarizes aptly an aspect of their economic position which is not the less degrading because it has hitherto met with too general acceptance.

It is about half a century since Elizabeth Stuart Phelps gave utterance to this great thought in *The Silent Partner*. Would it be irreverent to inquire whether we pay a tribute to the intellectual gifts of the ox when we speak of so many "head of cattle"? Evidently the warning against the "fatal force and imposture of words" was in vain; they are as fatal as ever, and impose upon us as much as ever.

The "principle for which Christian men and women should stand," in the judgment of the archbishops' committee, is that "there is no moral justification for profits which exceed the amount needed to pay adequate salaries to the management, a fair rate of interest on the capital invested, and such reserves as are needed to ensure and maintain the highest efficiency of production and the development and growth of the industry." The profits which particularly disturb the Committee are incidental to the abnormal conditions created by the war in this world of sharp competition, and of many ventures which do not result successfully. Most Christian men and women who have had some contact with business would be very thankful to be assured of as much as the Committee concedes. But the reformers who would limit net profits to six per cent have no notion of guaranteeing anything. The principle which it is proposed to

incorporate in public policy is that if you establish a business, you do it at your own risk. If you are not successful, you have no redress from the community. But if you are successful, the persons to whom you have given employment, will take measures, by reducing the output and getting their wages increased, to obliterate your profit; and if they overlook anything, a Government commission will examine your books and take whatever is left. This because "any surplus should be applied to the benefit of the whole community." It is not often that any greater benefit can be conferred on the community than by applying the capital, as fast as it accumulates, to establishing new industries or extending old ones.

How does one get any profit? He cannot compel people to buy of him. There may be here and there a monopoly in some important article; but these are exceptional features in the great world of business. When altruism was not so commonly talked of as now, and when men had no higher purpose in making investments and conducting business than that of getting their own support, lifting their families to a higher economic plane, and, if possible, acquiring wealth, a man could succeed only by serving the community. He had to offer people what they wanted, or awaken their desires for something new; and he had to offer some temptation in the quality of the goods, or their appearance, or their price, because the customer could go to whatever merchant or manufacturer gave the best service. That was at least as effective a way of getting the community served as by dissertations on altruism, and Governmental inquests into every man's business.

The reform world, the labor organizations, and most of the socialistic writers are obsessed with the idea of vast profits that the capitalist has concealed somewhere about his person. They think the industrial millennium will come when these can be reached and distributed. But the trouble is not a bad system of distribution, though

that is not perfect; it is insufficient production. The fundamental fact is that where production is largest labor is best remunerated. If the profits of normal business — not those of a few special industries in a war emergency — could be reached and divided, the effect upon the workers would be unimportant.

I have in my mind a man who may perhaps make $600,000 a year; perhaps twice or three times that; it will not decisively affect this computation. He said on one occasion that he had 30,000 employees. Now if the business could run itself — which no one out of the nursery would believe, — and all of the proprietor's profits be distributed in wages, $600,000 would give an average increase of $20 a year. Even Bela Kun found it impracticable to make all remuneration equal, and made three schedules of incomes, and if his system were applied to the business I refer to, the larger number of its employees would get less than $20 a year, which is about forty cents a week. If the proprietor's profit were three times as great as I assume, and a flat distribution were made, every person who gets a living out of that business would gain a little more than a dollar a week, which would be welcome, but would not revolutionize the labor world; and the result of substituting Christian principles for economics, or ordinary business methods, would be scarcely apparent. We are getting a good deal of information now through tax laws about incomes and profits, and while here and there special conditions account for phenomenal profits, there is ample refutation of the prevalent idea that the "capitalist class" is absorbing an amount of the product which, if it were only equitably distributed, would greatly change the condition of the laborers.

It sounds noble and edifying to propose the substitution of morality for economics. But morality does not provide the product out of which the worker and the management and the cost of the plant and the renewals

and enlargements must come, though Chief Stone of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers does not regard any of these as very important, except the worker, and he is ready to propose an appropriation by Congress if the product falls short. This is real political economy; when the economics gives out, the politics is a never failing resource.

After we have fully absorbed the idea that the ship belongs to the crew, and the railroad belongs to the trainmen, and the factory belongs to the operatives, we cannot refrain from asking how the ship and the factory are to be replaced if one runs on the rocks and the other is burned. New ones must be built, and this will take labor and materials. The crew and the operatives can hardly do it; they would have nothing to eat and wear during the process. If there is no capitalist to do it, inspired thereto by a disgraceful desire to make a profit, apparently the community must do it. But this involves capitalism again, corporate if not private, and there is no way by which the community can acquire capital but by withholding some of the proceeds of the product, and that is the way capital is accumulated now. Even after the private owners have been exterminated, the workers cannot have all the product.

During a strike at Lawrence, Massachusetts, a few years ago, a professor of political economy in a college for women, and herself a woman, and therefore responsive to moral rather than economic considerations, made a speech in Boston in which she argued that wages were too low so long as there was anything left for dividends. But after the entire value of the cloth has been distributed among the weavers, there remains the question how the fuel is to be paid for, and how the men who worked in building the mill and the machinery are to be paid. Under the capitalist system, the capitalists pay for all that, and solely from a desire to make money. But they rendered a signal service to the community by providing

the plant where hundreds or thousands of people can earn their living, and also provide something needed by the community.

That the manual laborers do not get the whole product, or their equitable share of it, may be true in a congested and helpless population, and under monopoly conditions. But in the United States there are few monopolies, and the population is not very congested or quite helpless. In general there is very full competition, more competition among capitalists than among workers: for capital is increasing faster than labor, and capital can never get a really good paying job without giving jobs to laborers.

Consequently there is a constant advance in wages. Under the influence of the great war, wages advanced in this country, and apparently in England, before the cost of living did. Labor was then getting a larger share of the product than it did before. But before long the rise of prices overtook the advance of wages, and then labor was getting about the same proportion of the product that it did before either advanced. Where the industrial growth is as rapid as it is in the United States, competition will give the worker as much of the product as he is economically entitled to. And if he gets more than this, the industrial system will automatically restore the equilibrium by raising the prices of everything the worker has to buy. Sentiment is as helpless in the presence of economic forces as it is in the presence of the law of gravitation.

Hillaire Belloc attacks the present economic system, in "The Servile State," from the point exactly opposite to that of the socialist. He will have no state socialism. He denounces the present system because it is breeding a proletariat divorced from the soil, and without means of getting a living except as the capitalist employs it. He denounces the minimum wage and old age pensions, as mere devices to keep the slave quiet. What he demands is ownership of the means of production.

Now it happens that the perfectly ripened fruit of the capitalist tree is precisely the antidote to immature capitalism which Mr. Belloc demands. The joint-stock company of limited liability, is the highest product of capitalism, and it is one of the most comprehensively denounced. The limited liability joint-stock company provides the centralized management which is essential to efficient production and distribution, in combination with the widely diffused ownership which is necessary to give the worker a sense of proprietorship in the means of production, the importance of which is hardly overestimated by Mr. Belloc.

The limited liability joint-stock company is comparatively recent, and its work of distributing ownership has hardly more than begun. It is already replacing partnerships, and even individual proprietorships. Through the stock market a very considerable distribution of the ownership of railways and industrial concerns has been effected. Recently two additional channels of distribution have been, or are about to be, opened. Many large industrial corporations are selling shares to their employees on favorable and convenient terms. A few began this several years ago. Quite a number have joined in the movement this year. But shares are generally $100, and very seldom less than $50, except in mining and some other highly speculative enterprises. Financial men in New York, in the last two years, who have seen small Liberty bonds and much smaller war saving stamps sold are perfecting arrangements by which fractional interests in shares can be bought by persons who have but a few dollars at a time to invest.

The workman of the Middle Ages owned his tools, and he might own his shop. The modern workman cannot own his machine, and much less his mill, because they represent too great values. But he can soon buy a fractional interest in it every month or every year.

Another method of giving the workers an interest in

the business is profit sharing. It was undertaken many years ago by a few concerns, and by several recently. But it has the serious defect that it makes no provision for deficit sharing. Without that it is simply a system of bonuses to the workmen when the profits warrant it.

In one's mind, political democracy makes for industrial democracy; but inefficiency in the political organization only means a higher tax rate. In the industrial organization it means bankruptcy, or falling back upon the taxpayer, which explains the demand for the nationalization of railroads and mines and banks and industries. Besides, when a democracy has to fight, it lays aside the democratic organization, and adopts autocracy. There is no more democracy in the army of a republic than in the army of an empire. The consequences of inefficiency would be too disastrous.

An early labor case tried in an American court was that of the Philadelphia cordwainers who demanded higher wages. They were convicted of attacking the public interest: if they got higher wages shoes would cost more, and the business of making shoes would be driven away from Philadelphia. Apart from the fact that we now recognize the right of every man to get better pay if he can, it is pretty well understood that there is no such relation between wages and cost of product as was assumed 120 years ago. Of course when the tariff is pending, the protectionists are very certain that higher wages make more costly goods, and it is not very easy to convince the employer that he can pay more wages without getting more for his goods. Yet where a personal interest is not too directly assailed, it is known that well-paid labor is cheaper than ill-paid labor. The experience of Sir Thomas Brassey was that it cost about the same to build railroads in all quarters of the globe, though there were great variations in wages. Our own exports of manufactured goods ought to convey some information

to an inquirer. Cases are not unknown where an increase of wages, or the supplement of wages by feeding the men, has reduced the labor cost.

The Philadelphia cordwainers keep out of court now, because the employers and the employed are represented in councils that consider and decide all their mutual interests. This method has been employed in some other industries, with good results, and probably it ought to be in universal use. But the co-operation of employers and employed in the regulation of shop conditions does not revolutionize the industrial system, or destroy capitalism, or substitute abstract morals for concrete economics.

The Philadelphia shoe manufacturers and their men have an annual field day, confined now, I think, to sports; but there used to be speeches, and on one occasion not so long ago, most of the time allotted to speeches was occupied by a workman, rather a notable figure in the labor world in his day, who had run as the labor candidate for mayor of Philadelphia, and who expounded a system of dividing the profits between the owners and the workmen. The notable thing about this man and his speech was that, some years before, he had been a leading figure in a co-operative shoe manufacturing enterprise in Philadelphia which collapsed. He wanted no more co-operative industry; he was quite sure of that; he wanted the business conducted by business men, and he wanted the capitalists to carry the risks. But he thought the men ought to get more money, which was possibly true.

But the problem is a good deal more complicated than it seems at first: for we are now seeing that high wages may cause high prices, and that the workmen are the first victims of these. If the men get a wage which is justified by philanthropy rather than economics, they soon find the increased wages eaten up by the high cost of living. And while shop conditions are a proper subject for conference between employers and employed, a reduction of hours that is not economically justified — that

enhances the cost of production, will leave the workmen worse off than they were before.

What is demanded is not that a man shall work as many hours as possible; after exhaustion is reached, labor is not efficient or economical. But it is necessary that every man should produce as much as possible. The workman cannot produce less and get more.

It has been urged by labor leaders and philanthropists that wages should not be a fraction of the product, but that the product should be a multiple of wages. Fix wages at what the worker wishes, and then fix the price high enough to cover wages and "the overhead." But as you raise selling prices you reduce the number of customers. This brings about two results that are not desired. A large part of the community must give up the satisfaction of one of its wants: the cost is too great. The reduced market for the product reduces the number of persons needed to produce that product, and you have an increase of the unemployed.

The cheapening of commodities is often sneered at by persons who would substitute benevolence for economics, and raise wages. But do they stop to think that the cheaper an article is, the greater is the number of people who can satisfy one more desire? President Harrison's famous remark about the cheap coat and the cheap man overlooked the fact that if coats are cheap, a man may have two, one to go to work in and one to go to church in, a considerable satisfaction to himself, and a very much greater satisfaction to his wife.

A century of modern industrialism has made the world capable of supporting a much greater population, and while there is still a submerged fraction, the greater part of the working classes are enjoying decidedly more comfort than their predecessors. With increased production, the workers have obtained more. Karl Marx said that under the wage system, they could not possibly get more than enough to keep them at work, but he wrote in the

early days of modern industrialism, and even Mr. Bertrand Russell admits that much that Marx charged has been refuted.

The Lawrence strike already referred to ought never to have been precipitated by the employers, and the proof is that it succeeded. The state had slightly reduced the weekly hours of work, and many of the manufacturers — but not all — reduced the pay in proportion. But more sagacious mill owners explained to their operatives that they would not reduce wages, and if the operatives, who would not work so long and get so tired, would take more pains with their work, so that there would be a larger percentage of "firsts" and a smaller of "seconds," the mill owners would actually gain in the value of the product, while the operatives were getting the relief of shorter hours. This desirable result was actually attained, and the mill owners who had reduced wages gave up the struggle, and even increased the wages.

Political economy got the name of the "dismal science" when it was supposed that the less the employees were paid, and the longer they worked, the cheaper the goods would be, and the larger would be the profits, and that there was really nothing for a mill owner in competition with other mill owners, but to "grind the faces of the poor." This was not an unnatural idea in the infancy of the factory system. Ferrero tells us that in the time of Julius Cæsar wealth was obtained by exploiting human beings; in the modern world it is obtained by exploiting the forces of nature. The difference was not understood in the beginning of the factory system. But this system is only a little more than a century old, and in recent years it has been abundantly proved that the overworked and underfed laborer is not of the best advantage to the employer. No employer supposes it would be profitable to work his operatives fifteen hours a day, or even twelve in ordinary industries. Reductions from

ten to nine and eight have been made without increasing the cost of production. The export of manufactured goods from the United States is more than suggestive.

Eight hours may be the limit of economic efficiency. But what about six, or four? Mr. Bertrand Russell supposes that if most of the community — all who really prefer to — work four hours a day, a subsistence could be given to every individual whether he worked or not, and those who worked four hours could enjoy all the trimmings and refinements of civilization. In his *Education* Henry Adams says: "No one, either in or out of England, ever offered a rational explanation of Earl Russell." The grandson has inherited something from the grandfather.

To some point, the working day can be reduced without impairing production. To that point it should be reduced. Below that it ought not to be, and probably never will be — permanently. The British miners are to have a seven-hour day now and a six-hour day next year: not because more work is exhausting, but because they wish to produce less coal. They may work five hours year after next, and ultimately some of them will not work at all, because there will be no demand for the coal. With reduced production, the coal will be more expensive; there will be less demand for miners to dig it for export; producers who have to pay $7 at the pit's mouth are not likely to manufacture extensively for export. Here will be another curtailment of the employment for miners. But if there is no employment for miners at the wages that suit them, there is the public Treasury, filled by the taxes which miners do not directly pay; hence the demand for the nationalization of the mines.

The American miner cuts coal with a machine, and produces from two to four times as much as the British miner, who refuses to use machines unless mining is nationalized. Under these circumstances it will not be many years before America will have the world's coal trade, and the greater part of the world's trade in goods

manufactured with coal — unless the American miner gets the six-hour day and the 60 per cent increase of wages which he is already demanding, and "black diamonds" become too expensive for anything except jewelry.

Where a rural population is wearing gunnysacking and extracting from the soil a bare subsistence, or a little less than that, some soulless capitalist, greedy of gain, spends a fortune in erecting a cotton mill in which women and even children can earn money, and the community for the first time knows comparative comfort. The women occasionally get a new calico dress. The children are better and not more severely employed than they had been grubbing in the cotton fields or helping about the house. But the mill owner is in great luck if he does not get the organs of reform down on him with charges of underpaying his operatives and overworking the women, who probably never had things as easy before in their lives, and keeping the children out of schools, to which they did not go before; and the reformers deplore the fact that the man who built the mill hoped to get rich out of it, and was not primarily concerned with the benefits he might confer upon the countryside.

A good many men club together their capitals and build a railroad into the wilderness, not for the benefit of the pioneers who are not there yet, but with the sordid intention of getting them to come — of developing a new country and getting rich in the process. They raise the value of the land from one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre to five dollars, ten dollars, or possibly fifty dollars. But there is not business enough to pay interest on the money they borrowed, and a receiver is appointed, and the road is sold, and they lose everything invested, while the people who moved into that region have grown rich on the crops the railroad enabled them to send to market, and on the increased value of their farms. The

men who buy the railroad spend a good deal besides the purchase money improving, extending and developing it, and then the farmers, who can send their wheat to Liverpool, and whose land is therefore getting more valuable every day, declare that the freight rates are robbing them, and demand that the Government compel the railroad to haul wheat for a good deal less. The farmers cast a great many votes, and Congress creates a commission, and authorizes it to determine, not how much the farmer shall charge for his wheat, but how much the railroad shall charge for hauling it. And after a few years of this, the enginemen and firemen and conductors and trainmen and switchmen and shopmen, who cast many votes, more than the owners of the railroad do, tell Congress that it has got to compel the company to double their wages, or they will not allow a car to move. They are perfectly willing to have the freight rates raised, but if Congress does not like to do that, because the farmers cast a great many votes, then it can appropriate the money raised by taxation of all, to carrying the farmers' wheat or paying the railroad operatives' wages. They don't care where the money comes from; they are going to have their wages doubled, or not a wheel shall turn on that road. The money raised by taxation comes very largely from the cities, and the urban population has no rights which farmers and the railroad brotherhoods are bound to respect.

Possibly this is an application of the principle that "Industry is a social function, and is carried on to serve the community," which, however, will not be responsible for any debts it incurs.

The business side of public utilities is thoroughly controlled by the public. What the utilities may charge for their service, and what services they must render, the public decides for its own convenience. But the labor side of public utilities is not under any control or restraint

whatever. This creates a situation admirably calculated to demonstrate that "industry is a social function, and is carried on to serve the community." The manufacturer may close his mill if he thinks the operatives demand more than the business can afford, but the public convenience demands that the public utilities shall go on under all circumstances. The workmen have only to express their demands, coupled with the threat that if they are not granted the transportation system of the country, or of a city, or the light and water of a great community, will be cut off, and their demands have got to be granted; the community declines to be starved or choked. It is beginning to be suggested in some quarters that if the public utilities must submit to public control on the business side, there should be some control on the labor side, and the constant increase of wages at frequent intervals under threats of choking the community should be checked. We have seen this process going on in the railway system for the past six years, and we have now reached the point where the railway employees are throwing out suggestions of Congressional appropriations when revenues are insufficient. The taxpayer did not care much so long as the increased pay was to come out of the shareholder; now that he has seen his name mentioned in the discussion, he begins to think that public control on the labor side may be necessary.

At present the community is firmly holding the stockholders of the public utilities while labor goes through their pockets. If labor does not find enough in the pockets to satisfy it, it will then go through the pockets of the community, which is beginning to realize it, and is showing a little nervousness. But if benevolence is to be substituted for economics, and the newly discovered Christian principles are to be applied, the community might as well be turning its pockets wrongside out at once.

The only remedy for this state of affairs within our

horizon is for society to rise in self-defense against those robberies and chokings of transit and the contingent industries and restore to strikes which affect public utilities the old common law of conspiracy. Workmen conspiring to strike were violating that law before the English statutes of 1871, 1875, and 1906 which in most instances exempted them from its operation. The first American strikers — the New York bakers in 1741 — were tried for conspiracy. Later the American legislators variously echoed the English one.

The English Act of 1875, however, contains a suggestion of possible remedies for strikes affecting public utilities: for, while it permits strikes in general, where no violence is used, it imposes penalties for strikes depriving municipalities of their supplies of gas and water. Extend this to fuel, food and transportation, and the difficulty would probably be on the road to solution.

For the robbery by taxation the remedy is perhaps even slower. The only one we can see is to help every man to become a conscious taxpayer. The first step, of course, is to do away with indirect taxation, and for even that step men may not yet be prepared: at least, the gyrations of our legislators seem to indicate that they do not think men are — if they think at all, and act on anything but precedent.

Fred. Perry Powers.

AMERICAN TRADITION AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

THE point has been made, with apparently literal correctness, that America's participation in the League of Nations project would be a casting aside of our traditional foreign policy as laid down by Washington in the Farewell Address.

The question which confronted Washington and his advisers first in the year 1793, and which has confronted American statesmen repeatedly since then, — particularly, in our own day, in August, 1914, following the outbreak of the European war and the violation of Belgium by Germany — was whether or not we should allow our sympathies with one side or another in a European quarrel to involve us in that quarrel. For reasons which have never lost their first validity every one of our Presidents from Washington to Wilson has answered this question in the same way: with neutrality — "We must not take sides in European disputes."

The question of our part in the League of Nations project is a very different one. It is not at all a question of taking sides in the quarrels of foreign nations. It is whether we shall join our might with that of peace-loving nations everywhere to insist that all nations having quarrels shall refrain from resorting to force until there has been at least an effort to have the dispute adjusted peaceably. This is a *new* question, one not presented even as a possibility to the mind of Washington.

It is not even that times and conditions have changed, and that, if new wars come across the Atlantic, it will be increasingly difficult for us to fall back on our former isolation. But it is a matter, not of wars, but of *preventing* wars, by a new and better organization of society. Does

the nation, any more than the citizen, who becomes bound in certain cases of necessity to lend his assistance to maintain the public peace, thereby "cast aside" any former principle in regard to taking sides in the quarrels of his neighbors? He takes the side simply of law and order, beyond which he need not be even interested to hear how the parties to the quarrel adjust their differences. Should the law permit those parties (as the League of Nations Covenant permits them) at last, provided all efforts at peaceful adjustment have first failed, to take arms and fight out their quarrels, it is then for every other member of the community to declare whatever neutrality it desires. Every argument for America's neutrality in European wars would *then* be applicable. In fact, neutrality in such a case would be the only course quite consistent with the pledge made to keep the peace wherever possible. But for the duty of joining other nations to help enforce the common law at need is, as already said, a new proposition quite unreferred to in the Farewell Address, where it certainly was not the intention of Washington to say that "justice" imposed on any nation "the obligation to maintain peace and amity" with an unquestioned breaker of the law as made by all nations. Plainly Washington's words were uttered without thought of their being applied to a project which one hundred years ago was not within the range of men's dreams.

That in speaking of alliances our first President *meant* alliances, and that he had no remotest thought of a possible union of all nations for peace, will sufficiently appear to any one who will read what he said. "Passionate attachment of one nation for another," "Sympathy for a favorite nation," "Excessive partiality for one foreign nation," these were the things against which he warned us, — alliances indeed, but the very opposite of participation in a *common* union, between which two things some modern politicians affect for their own purposes to see no

difference. "The laying hold of slight causes of umbrage," with "haughtiness and intractibility when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur; hence frequent collisions and bloody contests" and "betrayal into quarrels and wars of favorite nations" were some of the dangers which Washington saw in the system of *particular* attachments and antipathies; but he begged his countrymen to "cultivate peace and harmony with *all*."

In Washington's day the only possible alternative to the policy of national isolation was to take sides as a partner in case of outside quarrels. To join with all nations in a league for peace and order, was not an alternative then thought of. Had it been, who can doubt what Washington's choice would have been? In speaking of the union of our own States, then but recently accomplished against many of the very same objections that are now made against the League of Nations, he said: "What is of inestimable value, they (the thirteen States) must derive from union an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves which so frequently afflict neighboring countries not tied together by the same governments" — broils and wars which, as he justly said, make necessary "those overgrown military establishments which under any form of government are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to republican liberty." "Is there a doubt," he asks "whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it. To listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal. . . With such powerful and obvious motives to union, while experience shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be reason to distrust the patriotism of those who in any quarter may endeavor to weaken its bands. . . The experiment at least is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?"

It may help to set our "tradition" straight, to consider the Farewell Address in the light of the Monroe Doctrine, first definitely proclaimed a little over a quarter of a century later. No one would maintain, at least not today, that the famous message of President Monroe suggested any violation of America's first principles. Yet in binding ourselves to protect the new republics of South America from European invasion, we departed as clearly from Washington's written words as in anything proposed by the League of Nations. A quarter of a century after he wrote them, a decidedly new situation arose. The Spanish colonies in South America revolted and threw off the yoke of Spain, declaring themselves independent republics. In absolute consistency with American traditions, our government early gave proofs of its friendliness, and when in 1823 the despots of Europe in their Holy Alliance manifested a purpose to re-conquer the late colonies, President Monroe sent the message to Congress which cast neutrality in *these* circumstance to the winds. "With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States."

Mr. Lodge has rightly described the Monroe Doctrine as a corollary to the policy of Washington. With Washington, neutrality was a means to an end, not an end in itself. The end he was thinking of in all his counsels was the preservation of American independence, and the keeping safe of the institutions of freedom. So it was with Monroe in 1823. In the threatened struggle of the South American republics with the Holy Alliance, we

might have stood neutral; but a greater opportunity was suddenly offered us, by throwing our shield over South America, to preserve our whole hemisphere for the institutions of freedom, and remove from ourselves constant dangers from the neighborhood of an autocratic power. The opportunity was accepted, with the admirable results we know, and the purposes of Washington and the fathers of the Republic were advanced and secured beyond anything they had dreamed of. The maxims of Washington and the "doctrine" of Monroe are neither of the ends. Both are means to one end, and this common *purpose* makes them consistent with each other.

Today there is given us another opportunity to advance and secure the principles of our Republic, and, by joining our might with that of all free nations in securing the freedom that has now been made triumphant (although still in peril if we fail to sustain it) to remove from ourselves and our institutions the dangers which will never again be absent if autocracy anywhere shall regain the power to strike at the peace of the world. Europe is as close to us for all the future as South America is. There is just as much danger to our institutions from the triumph of Prussianism or Bolshevism in Europe (for the two are the same in their doctrines of force) as there would be from the presence of Prussianism in Chile; and just as our failure to act as we did to protect South America in 1823 would have meant the re-triumph of autocracy there, so now our failure to accept our rightful share in the duty of upholding the liberties of all free nations, would mean too, probably, the subversion of many by a new rise of despotism, by anarchy, by Bolshevism — by we know not what, except that the menace would be to the whole world, and America not least.

Was the part of America in the recent war a casting aside of American principles? "Our entry into the great war just closed was entirely in accord with, and violated

in no respect, the policy laid down by Washington," said Senator Lodge in a speech to the Senate February 28, 1919. "The attitude recommended by Washington was scrupulously maintained even under the presence of the great conflict." And yet we did not fight alone, and we scorned each suggestion of a separate peace. A *literal* application of the Farewell Address would emphatically have precluded our taking any part in the settlement of European boundary questions, in the placing of the seal of doom on European dynasties, or in the establishment of new states and governments; yet would Mr. Lodge have had America refrain from throwing her weight into either the war or the peace conferences? Was not Mr. Lodge himself the author of a program of peace which included much more than the settlement of America's own particular differences with Germany? He was right. America would have earned the world's contempt if, after spending the blood of her sons like water, and finding herself with the greatest opportunity to serve humanity ever offered to a nation, if she had struck down every hope which her presence had first roused by saying: "We are here simply fighting our own fight," and defaming Washington by applying words of his to a situation he never even dreamed of. "Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground?" We were *there*, — not by choice, but because we had to be, because the ocean had ceased to protect us from the machinations of European despotism. "Why interweave our destiny with that of any part of Europe?" Our destiny had *become* interwoven when the rights of men everywhere stood in deadly peril. The war was forced on us. We had to fight, or surrender our independence. Who will say that we ought to have made a separate peace? Not Mr. Lodge! But is he ready, then, to say that our duty ended with the peace? That we ought to announce — to Germany and all others — that we have no intention of supporting our associates in enforcing the peace if its terms are defied?

In thus becoming a champion of humanity, there was no departure from American traditions. There had been a time, indeed, when our statesmen could say: "The thunders of European storms are distant; the wide Atlantic rolls between us and danger;" and when they could say with equal truth: "Better for the cause of human liberty that we keep our lamp burning on this western shore as a beacon of last hope and refuge to all peoples, than to hazard our powers in distant wars, in which we could play at best a very small part." But that time was past. The Atlantic lay bridged. We entered the war, when its character and purposes had become well defined. No statesman had created them, no statesman could alter them. The most that statesmen could do was to carry them out. Gradually the common will of mankind had been substituted for the particular purposes of individual states. It had become a people's war, a war for freedom and justice and self-government amongst all the nations of the world. To have hesitated in the face of such a question, *that* would have been the violation of America's traditional and boasted love of freedom. "My anxious recollections, my sympathetic feelings, and my best wishes," said Washington, "are irresistibly excited whensoever, in any country, I see an oppressed nation unfurl the banners of freedom." The hour had come to echo his words. There was no hesitation. If America's participation in a league for peace would be a violation of the principles of our fathers, then vastly more so was our part in the Great War.

Harold S. Paul.

CONFESSIONS OF A SCENE-MAKER

I WAS lucky enough to be born to a quick temper. It is my only heirloom, but a priceless one, coming to me through unbroken generations who appreciated its possibilities, and kept it free from tarnish by active use. We have had duels and daggers in our family and feuds so sizzling hot that even quite ancient limbs of the family tree still emit a distinct odor of scorching. In every generation my ancestors prance and dance through our archives in superb vitality of inexhaustible rage. I am possessed of a tropical grandsire of British extraction who if the joint was underdone used to summon the cook to the dining room in order that he might hurl the offending morsel in his face. Dear gamey old sport, how I should have loved that grandfather! What bouts royal we might have enjoyed! I should not have had to prick him on by patient and studied insult, as I do the lily-livered folk who form most of my acquaintance. A word, a glance merely, and he and I should have hurtled forth to combat, and having thoroughly purged ourselves of all superfluous spleen, and cleared the atmosphere of all accumulated thunder, how happily we should have sunk back upon repose, — no pusillanimous apology, no rancorous reconciliation, but the peace of perfect geniality and understanding! A forbear after my own heart, that! I wish I had such about me nowadays, but my present-day ancestors are of quite another color.

In fact my immediate family are such pacific folk that in my infancy they actually sought to restrain me in my demonstration of my natural talents, to such an extent indeed that my sense of the value of my most prominent characteristic was largely obscured. Children are rarely original thinkers; I own that for long I was hampered by conventional opinions on the subject of temper. Being

daily instructed and energetically punished to this end, I did for a time actually believe that to cast myself upon the pavement in a frenzy at being invited to promenade in a direction contrary to my desires, or to attach myself tooth and nail to the person of a refractory playmate, was an exhibition unworthy of myself. Again, my early training caused me frequently to squander much emotion in remorse. I have been known to pay for five minutes of passion by five hours of penitence, a histrionic expenditure distinctly to be avoided, as one thus finds one's emotional resources depleted the next time that occasion imperatively demands a fresh outlay of choler. Nowadays I never waste myself in remorse, but thriftily save myself for my rages. In childhood's hour I was guilty of ideals as to the nobility of self-control, — though I never sank so low as to attain them. In maturity I advocate the expediency of a temper judiciously uncontrolled.

I was in my teens before any filtering of this new light began to penetrate my mind, for I now noticed a change of attitude in my relatives. Whereas they had before punished, now that I was too big to punish, they sought to pacify. Their conduct was perfectly consistent, both courses had root in the same principle, namely, that the majority of mankind will do almost anything for the sake of peace. This it is that makes the course of a firebrand so smooth and inviting.

While yet in my salad days I discovered that I could get almost anything I wanted by making a scene about it. The success with which I have ever since acted in accordance with this knowledge is due simply to the fact that most people hate scenes. My kinsfolk and friends, like humanity at large, generous in all else, are parsimonious in regard to emotion. They will lay down for me their money or their lives, but if they can help themselves they will not hand out their emotions. Spare them those, and they will let me have my way. Money is power, perhaps; I never had any, so I don't know, but that

scene-making is power, I know and have experienced. Since all one wants in life, after all, is merely what one wants, why not get it by the most immediate method? Why take the trouble to be a millionaire, when all the world will let you have what you want if you will only kick and scream for it?

Thus it is that I have come to regard my ability to make scenes as my most valuable asset; for I can make a scene out of almost anything. If need be, I can enter the most phlegmatic concourse, and my coming is as that of a terrier among tabby cats. I can descend upon the most placid of breakfast tables, and leave it a perfect welter of emotions. There is a ridiculous old adage that it takes two to make a quarrel. Fudge! I could quarrel with anybody about anything at any moment; I say it with all due humility: for my skill merely comes of having conscientiously kept myself in condition.

Let no one imagine that I am so base as to employ my talents solely for my own advantage. Scene-making has altruistic possibilities. I frequently use it as a means of restraint upon evil tendencies in others. I have a brother prone to cigarettes; presto, the merest whiff of tobacco throws me into spasms! He is a dear domestic chap, worth making a bit of an effort for; I congratulate myself that I have saved him health and happiness by making home too hot to hold his cigarettes. Himself untainted by the odious perfume, he always finds me the cosiest of household accessories.

Then there is my pale friend possessed of an unconquerable affection for red. It is a color that in a wink's time wipes off all her loveliness, leaving only ashen pallor in its place. Now does this friend appear before me with but a vestige of the obnoxious color attached to her person, — the music of those of Bashan is as nothing compared with my bellowing. She is the mildest of mortals, and, as a consequence of my aversion, she wears in my presence those blues that do so easily bedeck her.

Thus do I preserve her intact from the evil results of her own ill taste. In blue she finds me ever the most genial and gentle of comrades.

Observe carefully, however, my treatment of both brother and friend, you who are seriously considering taking up scene-making for a profession, as I have done. Pray do the thing artistically. Always become angry advisedly, coolly. I make it a rule never to rage except when I want something; otherwise I am so amiable that it's worth anybody's while to keep me so. You can't make ill-temper valuable to yourself except by making your good temper valuable to your friends. You must have your glorious flashes of gentleness; nobody tries to buy peace of the perpetually cross-grained. Sunniness with perpetual threatening of explosion if crossed, is the best policy. I have made myself pretty well understood on this point. My acquaintance know that they need never fear any cherishing of rancor on my part. I have practiced until I can control the most headlong rage in an instant. My friends know that smiles and sunshine are at their disposal in that moment (but never the fraction of a second sooner!) in which they cease to oppose me.

For those, and for those only, whom these confessions may fire to emulation, I here utter one modest aside. The most serious menace to my career has not been from without, but from within. It is easy enough to reduce the multitude to the touch-not-the-bomb attitude of mind; it's the attitude of your own mind that you can't always control. To be a thorough-going scene-maker you should be devoid of humor; otherwise your best-arranged effects will be constantly threatened with descent from low tragedy to high comedy. I have a few friends who have been dastardly enough to discover my vulnerable point. They have dared, even in my most empurpled and embattled moments, to try to make me laugh, and in a few notable occasions they have even dared to succeed. As far as those friends are concerned, it is verily all up with

me. I lie in their hands tame as a pre-exploded fire cracker; but fortunately for my peaceful course of violence, their number is few. On the other hand, the number of those who can be controlled by the menace of an outbreak is still the vast majority of my acquaintance. To those intending to put my confessions to proof, I can freely say that you can count to almost any extent on the innate love of peace that exists in the heart of all humanity. As for me, I now have my friends so pleasantly reduced in spirit, have established so genially my reputation for ungovernable rage, that I merely have to look a little explosive, and my desires are hurriedly meted out to me. I believe that I now see gleaming before me my ultimate goal, the purpose beyond the purpose; for I believe that I have succeeded in becoming so notoriously violent that I can soon afford to give up my temper altogether, and indulge my natural sweetness of disposition with impunity.

Winifred Kirkland.

GARRULITIES OF AN OCTOGENARIAN EDITOR

I. The Octogenarian

THREE publishing houses, including my own, have asked me to write my reminiscences, one of them proposing to select from the book papers for its periodical — an eminent one. But I told them that if the reminiscences are worth having, my own subscribers are entitled to them. I have honestly doubted if they can be "worth having" by any considerable number of people: for I have had little travel and no adventure, have done the state no service, and what little I have tried to do the public, has been in writing and editing things that are already before those who care to read them. They have interested comparatively few, though I suppose I should not say that without admitting that they have interested some of that few considerably. It is an old saw, however, that if the simplest life could be written out fully, it would make a more interesting book than any yet produced. I doubt this, though it must be admitted that the standard attempt at such an autobiography, in spite of its being written by one of the greatest of fools and scoundrels, is nevertheless a standard, though people do not read it now, any more than they read standards in general.

Note, too, that the old saw is to the effect that *if* the book could be written. Mine simply cannot — the most interesting parts. But as these are known only to myself, it cannot be for them that I have been importuned to write my reminiscences; and on general principles neither Rousseau, nor even Phryne, has left a memory to stimulate to extreme self-revelation.

The probable reasons, then, why I am asked to write, are that, as I am eighty years old and, my friends say, singularly young for that age, I must know something

worth telling about getting old and keeping young; and that as my long-continued activities have brought me into contact with a good many interesting people, I must have something worth telling about some of them, and can give casual glimpses of many more.

I begin then with what I suppose to be the main reasons why I have lived so much longer and remained young so much longer than most men. And here at the outset I find myself tempted to repeat the reason I have sometimes banteringly given to friends who know better — that I have never done any work or had any trouble. I wonder if every man does not think that he has had more than his share of both! This I know, however, — that the man of my large acquaintance who lived longest, was happiest, and diffused most happiness, suffered most. He simply rose above it.

If you care to be well and active at eighty, it may encourage you to know that a daguerreotype of me at six represents as hollow-chested and unpromising a brat as you can well imagine, and that I have worked the chest out to fair prominence; that I inherited a tendency to gout, and have got it under; and that I have not been a well man for forty years: for that long ago, at Mount Desert, I, like so many others, caught cold — caught it twice — in the alimentary canal, and have never got over it; and it has ever since interfered with my sleep and some other essentials of efficiency and happiness. If you ever go to that delightful place, protect your abdomen against the evening chills. Use a newspaper if you can get nothing better.

But that curse has been a blessing in disguise, as my long experience has more and more convinced me most curses are. I even wonder more and more if all are not, though it is terribly hard to see it, in even the small ones. Yet I tell you deliberately, and I would not tell you at all if I didn't hope that it may do you good, that two of the

greatest curses of my life have turned out blessings. But to find it out, I have had to live very long, and to gain a belief that we keep on living longer after the body dies. And I am now, even at my age, rather expecting to live long enough here to find two more of my heaviest curses turn into blessings. I hate to be so cryptic, but I wrote at the outset that no man's life can be fully told, and I'll offset my crypticness a little by explaining the blessedness from my disturbed sleep. Dr. George Jacoby says that old people, whether they sleep or not, should be recumbent at least eight hours a day. As few old people sleep anything like that long at a stretch, it would probably be best that the eight hours of recumbency should be in two or three instalments, especially an hour shortly before dinner. I have a friend who gets it, and despite having been knocked out at Libby prison, is now nearly an octogenarian, and remarkably efficient. I can't take it though: I'm not built that way. Unless I get all in the morning, I seldom get it at all. The result is that I lie awake many hours every morning. But in those hours my nearest approaches to good thinking have been done, many of my least futile plans have been formed, and many of my least tedious passages have been written. Ideas are apt to flow freely while the blood does not have to be pumped to the brain against gravity, and then is a good time to note them. But it is a questionable time to fall into a long spurt of writing, unless you have, say, a thermos bottle and some crackers at hand: for the use of the eyes in the morning when the stomach is empty, has been much questioned. If one does eat or drink, however, one should afterwards work long enough not to bring digestion into conflict with the morning bath.

And now that the day is started, perhaps what I have to impart can best be strung along my daily routine. For your relief and my own, however, I expect to indulge freely in episodes. And let us begin with the consciousness that no one's experience can cover a very large portion of an-

other's needs; and that, as so much of mine concerns old age, it may be largely superfluous to most readers now. But I hope all of you who care to do so, may reach old age, and then find some of my experience of use.

One of Dr. Jacoby's good counsels in my old age has been: "Don't get up till you feel like it." Well, as soon as I really feel like it, I lift myself straight up in bed without the aid of my hands, and then slowly fall back. This I do fifteen times. Then I turn the bedclothes over the foot of the bed, and swing my legs up at right angles with my recumbent trunk fifteen times.

On getting out of bed, people of only average vigor should protect their feet and ankles from the cold drafts near the floor. After seeing to that, I drink a glass or two of warm water, and one ought to drink a glass of water half an hour before each meal and before going to bed; the system gains by the flushing.

Next I do, stripped and in the sunlight when practicable, seven or eight more moderate free calisthenic exercises for the arms and torso, on the Swoboda system. I don't bother with the legs then, but walk enough for them later — say a couple of miles a day, trying to follow the advice given me by that prince of octogenarians, Joseph H. Choate, to do the two miles "in four instalments."

I never tire myself at anything, if I can help it. Thirty years ago or more I was telling Dr. Da Costa of Philadelphia my habits, in order to get him at work on that alimentary canal of mine, when he interupted me with: "Oh! I see you're a victim of the exercise superstition," and he stopped my boring myself by trotting a horse around a saw-dust ring in winter. There seldom has been a more mistaken or disastrous superstition. It killed my most promising classmate, though he was an admirable gymnast.

Yet once when we were taking a long walk, Dr. Weir

Mitchell, who lived splendidly till well over eighty, said, in his modest way: "They tell me that a good sweat every day is a good thing." He did not seem dead sure of it, though probably there can be no doubt that it lessens the task of the kidneys and other excretory glands. I feel very sure, however, that it cannot pay to buy it at the expense of fatigue.

My exercise done, I give each eye enough dabs of hot water to bring the blood to it, and then get an immediate reaction with as many dabs of cold water. This Dr. Wilmer thinks good for eyes generally, and that it will effectually retard most of the cataracts which generally pursue the old. Dr. Wilmer tests my eyes at least once a year, but has found nothing to change the last half dozen times. Dr. Jacoby has long looked me all over twice a year.

For the morning bath, I stand in warm water and give myself a sponge, or rather rag, bath of water as it comes from the cold faucet, and close by sticking my feet under it.

While dressing, I drink a cup of boiled milk flavored with coffee, dekafinated, (entire coffee is bad for gout), and also drink the juice of an orange or preferably the same amount of pineapple juice, and eat four oatmeal (*not Graham*) crackers, with butter. That's all my breakfast.

This reminds me that Colonel Waring, the first man who succeeded in cleaning the New York streets, and taught all later commissioners how, — and as superb a man physically, and in about all other ways, as I ever saw, told me that for a considerable period he had been a martyr to dyspepsia, until he found out that it was due to the "American breadfast;" and that on substituting the Continental, he got well.

Dr. Jacoby put me on my peculiar breakfast when I was somewhere between seventy and seventy-five, saying it was all that was required by the decreasing activities of my age.

If that Lucullian feast so little appreciates its new surroundings as to remind me of them, I appease it with two of Stuart's dyspepsia tablets, and if the same situation occurs after a later and fuller meal, I take four, and even more if the complaint persists. Once or twice when conscience too was uneasy over what I had eaten, I have gone as high as a dozen. I would not do this if there were any nerve stimulus in them (I never take the fiery small ones), but I take them because they act only upon the food, merely making the difference between a digestible meal and an indigestible one.

The special smoke that most users of the weed take after breakfast, I postpone till just before going to bed, though I smoke just after dinner. I have seldom used tobacco to excess. I never smoked before I was six years old, and thence only at rare intervals until I was nearly eleven. Then I went to a school in the country where we kept pipes in our huts in the woods and used them pretty freely. Between twelve and thirteen I changed schools, and until after seventeen smoked only in vacations, two or three cigars a day, though about the end of that time I entered college, smoked habitually, and in one vacation found I was running over twenty cigars a day. From that time until I was about sixty I averaged perhaps four or five. About then I really did begin to smoke. My good doctor explained, as I have recounted in an earlier number of this review, that it takes the average system about twelve hours to eliminate tobacco, and that if it then has four or five hours absolute freedom from it — sixteen or seventeen hours abstinence in all, it will stand all that is apt to be put into it. But not the slighest whiff must be taken in the off hours. Since then I have seldom smoked before dinner, but after dinner have smoked all I wanted to — usually four to six cigars, sometimes a dozen, or since the war pinch, their equivalent in pipes. Nothing but the membrane of the mouth and throat has made any objection. The doctor tells me that the test of excess is

the taste of tobacco persisting till morning. It hardly ever has. For a year or two, however, since I took up the pipe, the membranes have objected oftener, and the inclination has moderated. I confess that I phrased the beginning of these confessions regarding tobacco to amuse myself a little by imagining the holy horror of some of my readers. The confessions are all true however. Tobacco can be a poison, but I've found it a mighty slow one. There is occasionally a person, however, who should never touch it. That prince of octogenarians, Joseph H. Choate, exhorted me not to smoke shortly before dinner, and I am confident he was right.

When I was about forty, I happened on a little book on longevity by a very old English surgeon whose name I'm sorry I have forgotten. Books on longevity don't all seem to get out of date. He said that tobacco promoted longevity by killing the germs of influenza. Before that I had occasionally knocked off smoking, to prove that the habit was not mastering me, and also before that I had had several bad attacks of influenza, some of which I was able to locate pretty surely in the times when I didn't smoke. Since then I have never passed a day without smoking, and have never had a severe attack of influenza.

After I am dressed I play the cello for from a quarter to half an hour. I find that if I don't do it then, I don't do it at all. I don't do it so much to enjoy the music as to keep my hand in. For enjoyment I have for nearly forty years played in quartettes twice a week. Perhaps I may say more on music later.

After I get through fiddling, I work until quarter of an hour before lunch time. Then, in town, I walk a dozen blocks, and, in the country, jog-trot to the end of a 300 foot avenue before the front door, and walk slowly back, so as not to go to table before loafing the surplus blood out of lungs and muscles. I ought to drink a glass of water half an hour or so before going to table, but generally forget it. The same with eating slowly: I try to, but I'm not built

that way either. I drink what water I want at table, even when in summer I want a good deal — in *very* weak iced tea. But since I wrote that sentence, I've had to reduce the lemon and sugar in the tea.

At lunch I eat what is on the table, but with due regard to the idiosyncracies of my digestion! We all have them, and I eat less as I grow older, I hope. But when one is hoping or doing any other cheerful psychic process, one is apt to feel increased appetite; and when in the dumps, the reverse of course. Unwise eating has more to do with the dumps than most folks realize. Don't try to reason them away, but divert your mind — If you can't do it seek outer diversion — go to see the best woman you know outside of home, or if you can't do better, play solitaire.

I have not had any serious gout since Dr. Jacoby said to me, ten years ago: "Go slow on meat, but don't give it up altogether; and remember that the distinction between white meat and dark meat is all humbug. Dietetically, every animal that lives on the earth is meat, and none that lives in the water is."

How little we are influenced by thinking as compared with habit! How few of us reflect at table — I never did until I had been reflecting for more years than people on the average live, but now I reflect every time I eat meat — that we are after all in that respect very little removed from cannibals — that its a queer thing for a refined woman to be tearing the flesh away from a murdered fellow creature's bones, and eating it. But alas! Herbert Spencer told me that he tried vegetarianism for a time, and found he couldn't think. But Gilbert Murray is generally regarded as something of a thinker, and he told me that he eats nothing that involves the direct sacrifice of animal life. Probably his thinking is saved by eggs and milk and its products. I wonder if Spencer annexed them to his vegetable bill of fare! I mustn't omit telling you, before getting back to my routine, that once when I asked

Murray about his preferences in drink, he said: "Sometimes in paroxysms of riotous dissipation I get as far as Apollinaris."

Since I reached "the Scotch whiskey age," my doctor has insisted on a tablespoonful of it at lunch and dinner. American whiskey has disagreed with me, possibly because I drank too much of it between meals in my youth, as everybody did then. But it is a queer fact that very many men have an idiosyncracy of digestion against one or the other. In my late twenties and early thirties, when I worked very hard, champagne — a split at dinner every day for a few weeks, was my sovereign defense against dyspepsia, of which I had the nervous variety. A son of the president of the American Temperance Society told me at about that time, that champagne had been his salvation, but he hadn't told his father so. From my early thirties to my forties, I drank mainly light Burgundies; later principally claret, white wines only occasionally, until gout began to appear towards seventy. In my seventies until late I could take champagne once in ten days or so, but only a glass, seldom two, and now I touch it at my peril. Not because of gout; I've got that under, but because of the secretions of the kidneys irritating the membranes through which it passes. When a man reaches the Scotch whiskey age he'd better stick pretty exclusively to that. I haven't been able to digest malt liquors since middle life, and I doubt if they promote longevity, especially if one's pursuits don't keep the skin very active. Cider is about the worst thing for gout, as the people who are using it in these prohibition times will soon learn to their cost and that of their friends.

By the way, I notice that dinners don't "go" as they used to, and longevity gains much from briskness at dinner.

By the way again, I've noticed in at least two instances that doctors born in Europe recommend the wines of their home regions, and don't think much hygienically of others; and these opinions were offered men, and flatly con-

tradicted each other. Dear George Waring, who was a good judge of wine and everything else, and who wrote a charming book about the lower Moselle, had an uncomplimentary opinion of the wines of that region. Yet Berncasteler Doctor is reported to have got its name from a cardinal whom a hogshead of it cured of gout. According to all the principles with which I've been indoctrinated, it ought to have killed him. Yet so far does practice sometimes depart from principle, that a good deal of it has failed to do me any harm, and I am no mean goutist.

Perhaps all this experience with alcohol, except the cider, comes too late, but I don't feel quite sure that prohibition will last long.

After luncheon, in the country I read a little, sometimes too much if it's in the papers. And I ought to do it on my back, but somehow I haven't yet got in the way of it. Next I try to start work, and after two or three snoozes, generally get to going, but seldom accomplish much. An hour or two before dinner I get out of doors for from half an hour to an hour, and I try to get onto a lounge for half an hour or more before dinner.

In town, after lunch I pretty promptly get into a car and ride the first half mile toward my office, walking the second. I'm not as apt to go to sleep at the business which exercised my brain in formative years, as at the study and writing which I've had a square chance at only during the later ones.

I walk the first half mile homeward, and stop at the University Club, where, as I ought to keep the run of the periodicals, it is my delight to get them in my lap in a high-backed easy chair under a good light, and — go to sleep, as I generally do when I try to do anything shortly before dinner — *except* go to sleep. On the way out of the club I fortunately pass a table bearing drinking water, and take a glass. I dwell on this apparent trifle because it is far from a trifle, and if one does not put himself in the way of being reminded of such, he will overlook them.

The price of a long and healthy old age is much the same as the price of liberty, and as life nears its end, one may well wonder what all this discipline of character is for, if it is just about to be snuffed out permanently.

Then I get another half mile of walking home, and I try to get at least another half mile sometime after dinner — perhaps coming home from an outside dinner or other entertainment.

Dinner is, or should be, a mighty serious subject. I was astounded to read in *The Nation*, in the very different days when it was my gospel, something to the effect that dinner is the highest test of civilization. Were the palmy days of *The Nation* itself — the days of Emerson, Holmes, Lowell and Longfellow, of Thackeray, George Eliot, Dickens, Tennyson, Browning, Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, days of civilization? Then dinners of sixteen courses with seven or eight wines were civilized: for such we used to swallow then, and a few of us still survive to tell the tale. The dinners tapered down until the war, and then came down with a bump. Don't let the fact that a few of us have survived the earlier dinners encourage you to get back to such a scale. I'm still paying for mine in the necessity for constant self-control, and a ruinous consumption of digestive tablets, and, in spite of all that, many a fit of stodginess and depression, and little touches of neuralgia.

Before the war-pinch made it necessary for me to do more of my personal services that I can well spare time for, I habitually dressed for dinner, and I am satisfied that it prolonged my life. Business cares tended to disappear with business clothes, and dinner was more of a festivity and a ritual. The Romans were right about domestic ritual, and they were a tough people.

Can you tell why, when the stomach wants all the blood it can get to digest with, it digests best when the brain is filled with blood by lively conversation at table? I can't. Perhaps, after all, table conversation is not the kind that

fills the brain very full, and perhaps no talking fills it as full as real thinking. Yet when Henry Ward Beecher, at the Spencer dinner in New York in the eighties, delivered the greatest speech I ever heard (unless President Butler's speech at his inauguration dinner was greater) Beecher's face got so flushed as to make one think of apoplexy.

At dinner, as at lunch, I eat what other people do, though less of it as I grow older, and with more regard to my digestive idiosyncracies. President Gilman of Johns Hopkins told me that once when he expressed to Provost Pepper of the University of Pennsylvania, his high appreciation of a typical Philadelphia feast, and added, "But we'll have to pay for it tomorrow," the provost replied: "Pay? Nothing!" and being asked for his prophylactic, answered, "I've eaten nothing sweet and nothing raw." Now as to raw, my idiosyncracies go with him — especially as to those tempting and treacherous salads; but as to the sweet I have several words to say.

One of my attacks of gout was from making breakfast for a long time mainly from Graham crackers — a dozen or more: — too much sugar. Sugar is as important in the second childhood as the first: for there, as proverbially with pins, it is believed to save a great many lives by not being eaten. But there's superstition in that, as in too many things. When I first went to my good doctor, I was having a lively time with that canal of mine, and was pretty full of rheumatism. Of course the precedent-doctors of the time had knocked off my sugar. The philosophic doctor said, substantially: "I can't believe that a substance which virtually all conscious creatures seek, and on which, as far back as we know, nearly all human creatures — certainly the best of them — have been largely evolved, can be as detrimental as my colleagues generally consider it. For my part, I give it even to my diabetic patients, of course watching them closely, and I find them generally better with it than without it. I

advise you to go back to it — in moderation." I did, and it's one of the things I bless him for.

My worst attack of gout, which knocked me out for a month, came during the week in which my seventieth birthday was celebrated — several times. I haven't had a bad attack before or since, and only two others in all. And that's because *credo experto*, and have made myself expert, with my doctor's aid, and watchfulness of danger signals.

Probably everybody with a propensity toward gout, has somewhere about "thon's" person an index, and probably more than one, pointing out that over-indulgence or mistakes have been made, and must not be repeated. The proverbial seat of this index is at the basic joint of the big toe, but it need not be there, or even in any other joint, where uric acid generally makes its lair, or where, on philological principles alone, it ought to be — on an index finger. Mine is in the surface nerves on the outside of the upper portion of my right thumb, and if you ever feel a soreness there, look out! I drank a glass of sauterne yesterday, and last night the nerves in that spot raised a rumpus. I shall not drink another one, or any light-colored wine, for a week, and probably have no business to drink it at any time, unless, when fun is going on, one loses more than he gains by staying out of it.

As to those kindred luxuries, gout and rheumatism, I'm beginning to believe that I have been put on the track of something new — to me at least. About a year ago I came across a statement that potatoes contain an alkali particularly inimical to uric acid. For many years before that, I had followed the Karlsbad and Nauheim tradition against potatoes. Since then I have eaten them regularly, and been more free from rheumatism than for any equal period in many years.

I have always been fond of company, especially at dinner, and am satisfied that the taste tends strongly to longevity: and even the deafness which more and more

prevents my knowing the point when the laugh goes round, is a good discipline in cheerfulness, which I think is at the very base of longevity. There is no other such stimulus as a gale of hilarity. I have known that champion octogenarian Chauncey Depew to cut up like a happy child at one of the most "formal" of receptions, at one of the most substantial of houses. I recall too, one night, long ago when there were banjoes and girls, and Parke Godwin, who must have been toward eighty, insisted on his share of the fun with the rest of us. And I often grin over a night when John Bigelow, who must have been well over eighty, and his daughter met my wife and me, as we were all getting into a street-car. He was in a gale over something or other, and immediately began playing the yokel. There were not many people in the car, and he kept on: the more his daughter tried to stop him, the more she couldn't. He was immensely funny, but I expect most of those who see this will be surprised that that most dignified of splendid gentlemen ever played the clown at all. I confess, too, that the octogenarian writing these lines is not altogether free from being chaffed regarding occasions when some other folks have let their spirits carry them and him away.

As to the old man's nap after dinner, when one dines in company, the exhilaration is apt to prove itself a good substitute. Count Greppi, who is now a hundred years old, dines out or has company at home virtually every night, and Kant, it will be remembered, hardly ever dined alone, though he was prematurely cut off at eighty.

Life is a Greek period — ending as it began. The infant begins in unconsciousness — in sleep. I am satisfied that as age comes on, the tendency to naps should not be resisted, but that one should be taken even after breakfast, if there is any inclination for it, and certainly one after lunch.

Well! Now that we've got through dinner and hygiene and all that, let's light up, and talk about a few more general things.

I have tried pretty hard to do the *æquo animo* and *nihil humani alienum* tricks — the latter perhaps too hard: for I may not have done enough of any one thing, and, since I retired from active business at seventy, I may have kept myself too busy. In recent years I have been more active than at any time since I had to overcome the inertia of starting. As life has grown longer, vacations have grown shorter. Yet when I want an hour or a day or a week, or more, of course I have been free to take it; but of late I've had to make up for it by a corresponding period of double work. When I was a little under sixty, I began going to my home in Vermont in April and staying until after Thanksgiving, but with July and August, until I was seventy, at my old place on the Sound, going into New York to business in the heat five days a week. But every evening when I came out, I had my swim. But even before I gave up that home, I always kept a secretary busy in Vermont, and of late, two.

The home in Vermont is on the spot which Howells and many other responsive souls have pronounced the most beautiful in the world. One of them has lately reminded me that long ago when he was visiting me, I said: "This place has saved my soul." In spite of many mediæval superstitions to the direct contrary now about played out, soul and body, when kept in good trim, are sovereign help to each other. And if either is not kept in good trim, the converse is true with a vengeance. I have no doubt that the beauty of those two homes has done very much to prolong my life and strength.

And speaking of beauty, ever since I was eleven years old and saw Joe Carmer come downstairs at school with his pretty new flute, and made them get me one, I have been given to music. Of course the time spent on the flute was wasted. But from my upper teens to my lower thirties I

sang a great deal, and at forty getting hold of a cello, I soon joined an amateur string quartette, and I keep that up while I'm eighty. I play damnably, of course, — anyone must who begins a stringed instrument as late as I did, even if he practices, which I never did after I got fairly started. But lately I decided that I'd got to practice or give it up, as everybody else does before half my age. So now I practice a little daily.

Singing (and why not playing the poor flute, equally?) is the best of all exercise, and I have no doubt did much for the foundations of my longevity. In my twenties my chest expansion was seven inches — something almost unheard of. The other day I saw in the paper a copy of Sargent's portrait of Manuel Garcia, the great singing teacher, painted when he was over a hundred. By the way, Garcia and Greppi, probably the two most remarkable centenarians of our time, are both Italians, which endorses the wish so frequently expressed, to pass a leisurely old age in Italy. But most of Garcia's life, I believe, has been spent among the stimulating fogs of London. Adelina Patti has just died prematurely at seventy-six. I first heard her in New Haven when I was fitting for college, and she was twelve. She was then a finished artist. She made her *dêbut* in opera at seventeen, and all the boys were in love with her. In '86 I was walking behind a man and woman in a corridor of the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia, when the woman said: "*Ça m'est êgal*" in what I pronounced to myself about the sweetest voice I ever heard. I quickened my step so as to pass them. They were Patti and Nicolini. She was a little bit of a woman, pretty enough but not a great beauty, vivacious but not a fervid soul. Not a "great" voice, but it would fill anything. She always made me think of a canary bird. She sang so spontaneously and with so little effort. The ease made part of the delight. I recall nothing like it in any other singer. There was no effect of difficulties overcome, but an utter concealment of " art."

As I told you at the start, this paper, or these papers if there are ever any more, were to consist largely of digressions. My older readers may be amused to know that my quartette was started by Richard Grant White, who played cello too. He was the editor of the Shakespeare most in vogue here in my youth. Everybody knew him then. Most of the few living people who have ever heard of him, know of him as the father of Stanford White, the great architect. Joseph W. Drexel, a great banker, succeeded White in the quartette, and left some superb instruments and a collection of music to the Metropolitan Museum. A good many people knew him too I succeeded Drexel. The first violin, who had come down from White when I took hold, was Mr. Meyer, the father of Mrs. Thurber who got up the English opera at the Academy of Music in the eighties. Like my cello, his fiddle helped keep him alive till he was very old — well over eighty — and he still had moments when he played like a demigod: not that I've a very accurate idea how a demigod plays, but he must play like Paderewski of all folks I have known, or, if you want my opinion of fiddlers, like a combination of Ole Bull, Vieuxtemps and Wieniawski. Mr. Meyer was succeeded, for some years by Mr. Bouis, brother of Mrs. De Coppet, whose husband founded the Flonzaley quartette. Daniel Wade, the viola, the last survivor who played with White, died a couple of years ago, well over seventy; and I hope to see his grandson in the quartette, if I hang on a few years more.

I have told you all this partly because I believe music will tend to keep you young. But I grieve over the probability that I have merely bored you: for so few English-speaking people keep music up after their youth, and probably addiction to it is regarded askance in the business world. My father paid my teachers' bills when I was a boy, with some reluctance, because he had a tenant who, though he kept a hat store, played the trombone in a band — and was generally behind-hand in his rent.

As music and Nature have helped me grow old, so especially has the best thing in nature — the human being, and perhaps more especially the best of human beings — the women. I've always been fond of my clubs, especially the Century and the Authors, but I've always been equally fond of my women friends, in whom I have been greatly blessed. I know I could not have lived as long or kept as well without their kind toleration, and the older I've got, the kinder they have grown. Of all the influences somewhat under my control that have lengthened my life and kept me young, perhaps the chief outside of home, has been having more friends and better ones than I deserved.

Such effective octogenarians as I recall have had progeny to enliven their youth and cheer their declining years — the youth of their children, as it waned, being reinforced by grandchildren. I just think, however, of Count Greppi, who is a centenarian, and who says that the first essential of longevity is avoidance of trouble, and that means avoidance of matrimony. On the other hand, however, was the friend who lived till ninety-four, and to whom I have already alluded and am glad to allude again to enforce his lesson. He had a large progeny, and more trouble than any other man I have known, but instead of avoiding it, rose superior to it.

So many men give up and go to seed at sixty or seventy, even if they are more fortunate than a suicide in New Haven of whom Professor March told me that a friend remarked: "What could you expect? He didn't shoot, didn't play cards — hadn't any resources within himself!" Even if an old man has plenty of "resources within himself" I suspect he's better off if tied to a job, at least if he is not tied to specific hours. At seventy I told my chief assistants: "In a few years you'll have to get along without me, and you may as well begin practising. I'm not coming to the office any more." The business improved: They depended on themselves instead of running to me with every

little question, and they used the ways in which the world had grown past me. The "few years" have already extended into ten. During the first four I worked hard on a big book I had already begun, and before it was through the press, I started this REVIEW, which never really lets up on me — won't give me time to get sick or die, and so, I suspect, has had much to do with the extension of the years. I couldn't have held on, though, without occasional assurances from the highest sources that it is worthwhile.

The wisdom of working late at night always has been a matter of question, and probably always will be. It, like too many other things I do, is a bit against my principles—not on the score of health, however, but because it puts one so out of gear with one's family and with practical affairs. Of course it's entirely out of the question in one's active business years. But when there is no insuperable objection to it, the freedom from interruption is strongly in its favor. Moreover, possibly owing to that circumstance, many people's tides seem highest at night. I've often thought that mine are, and yet I know that some of the least regrettable things that I have written were done in the morning in my gazebo overlooking Lake Champlain. I don't associate any such with morning work in town, however.

I am generally at my desk between ten and eleven, and seldom leave it before half past one.

Dr. Jacoby once said to me: "My office is full of newspaper men broken down by night work." I answered that I didn't believe that they were broken down by night work, but by doing something wrong after it — eating or drinking too much or the wrong things, or not sleeping, perhaps not being able to sleep late enough in the morning, etc., etc. In the courage of my convictions I worked all night through the ensuing winter, and gained twenty-three pounds. I took care of myself though. I believe

I am naturally a nocturnal and (before gout came) carnivorous animal, while some folks are diurnal and gramnivorous. Dear old Mr. Bigelow once remonstrating against my night work, said:

"The natural unspoiled creatures, you know, go to bed with the sun and get up with it."

I had to say: "I'm afraid I *don't* know: those generally considered the King of beasts and the bird of wisdom are credited with just the opposite habits."

"But they are wild," he answered. "The civilized ones keep good hours."

And I had to admit that perhaps I am not civilized.

The advice based on my long experience would be: Don't be afraid of night work for spurts, if you'll eat a little when your stomach calls for it, and get sleep enough at other times. But don't cultivate the habit: for, I repeat, it will interfere with your domestic relations, your friendships, and your practical affairs.

If I work very late, and feel a call from the stomach, I answer it with a scant glass of milk and five or six oatmeal crackers, always taking a sip of milk with a piece of cracker, and trying to blend them in chewing, so that the milk will not be solidified in big chunks by the gastric juice, as it is when drunk separately. That splendid worker and splendid man, General Frank Walker, who was about as broadly effective as any one I ever knew, always ate something before going to bed, even when he went at the usual hours. Yet he died before he was sixty, though probably not on that account.

After I get through work, and just before going to bed, I drink another glass of water, and take half the calisthenics that I do on getting up, and I've made the wonderful discovery that to do it I needn't sacrifice the last sweet whiffs of my cigar or pipe. I haven't yet however, found any way to smoke while brushing my teeth. If you find one please let me know. I've kept all my teeth but those

that, under the primitive practise of my prime, were filed to fit. But I've never given them time to get ahead of the dentist, and since I've got ahead of the gout and used pyorrhicide, the gums have taken care of themselves.

Pardon my taking the liberty of saying that you are apt to live longer if, when bedtime comes, you say your prayers. Whether you're a Thibetan with a praying machine, or a Catholic with a rosary, or a Jew groveling before the vindictive tyrant you've set up in your temple, or a Protestant given to the public recitation of monstrous creeds you don't believe, and begging for things you know no begging will ever bring; or whether you're an humble searcher in the new mysteries of energy and soul, and live in clearer and stronger light than man has before known, the quiet meditative hours of the night are better for communion with the gods, than are the jocund hours of the morning. Whatever gods you worship, your beliefs are the bases of your character and conduct, and however feeble and neglected they may be, they are, next to the affections, the best things about you, and the best you have so far been capable of. But you are capable of better, and if, at the close of every day, you will for a few moments meditate over them seriously, and try to bring your soul into sympathy with all the soul there is, your faith will grow, and so will your strength and usefulness and happiness and length of days. "So mote it be!"

THE EDITOR.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Shantung Question

Editor of The Unpartizan Review.

Dear Sir —

Mr. Johnson's objections in the October Unpartizan to the Shantung sections of the peace treaty are perfectly typical because they are based upon an imaginary foundation. He wishes to know how you can "explain or justify the robbery of Shantung, the handing over of millions of people," etc. Senators say this sort of thing, not because they are misinformed, but because they desire to misinform the public.

The province of Shantung has, I believe, about 56,000 square miles, and one authority says a population of 26,000,000 and another says 38,000,000. Mr. Johnson supposes the province is involved, and Senators opposing the treaty seek to give that impression. The lease to Germany covered 117 square miles, outside of which is a zone in which the Chinese Government will not exercise authority without the permission of Germany. Including this zone, where the lessee has only a veto power, the protectorate covers 193 square miles. It does not include the city of Kiao Chau. It does include Tsing Tau, which was only a fishing village in 1897. In recent years it has had a population of 34,000. The native population of the ceded area was recently given as about 60,000, but this includes the population of Tsing Tau, nearly all of which has come in since the lease was made. These 60,000 are the millions Mr. Johnson champions.

The lease was made in 1898 and no question about its validity was raised till after the beginning of the world war. It is as valid as any lease made by one Government to another. The leasehold was conquered by Japan, whose title is as good as that of any conqueror, and most of our territory we obtained by conquest. By the peace of Portsmouth the Chinese leaseholds of Russia were transferred to Japan. China offered no objection. China offers an objection to the transfer of the lease it gave Germany to Japan, but it has no rights in the leasehold until the expiration of the lease at the end of 99 years.

China asserts that by declaring war against Germany it voided the lease to Germany. But the declaration of war cannot

be retroactive and it can have no bearing on Japan, but only on Germany. When China declared war Japan had already conquered the German leasehold and China had already agreed, in May, 1915, to assent to any arrangement effected between Germany and Japan.

In reply to this China urges that the lease of 1898 and the agreement with Japan in 1915 were obtained under duress. Many treaties are. France consented to the peace of Frankfort under duress. Germany has just assented to the treaty of Versailles under duress. Great Britain acknowledged our independence under duress.

Is China a minor, or an imbecile, or *non compos mentis*, that it is not bound by treaties or leases that it does not like? Is not Spain bound by the treaties ceding Porto Rico and the Philippines to us? The title of Japan to the German leasehold in China is as good as any Government's title to any of its possessions. China made no effort to recover Tsing Tau when Germany went to war, because it preferred to leave danger and expense to Japan. It seemed to be safer and cheaper and easier to let Japan drive out the Germans and then get Tsing Tau back for nothing from the peace conference.

For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar, which the same I am free to maintain.

If China is not bound by its lease to Germany and its agreement with Japan in 1915, then it is incompetent to make a contract, or to sue and be sued, or to exercise any of the rights of a free nation, and is a ward of the world, whose duty is to see that nobody takes advantage of its incapacity. If China can make no binding contracts it had better be partitioned at once among nations that can. No American raised any question of the validity of the lease to Germany till it became important to certain men to discredit the President and defeat the peace treaty, and especially the League of Nations.

Fred. Perry Powers.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28.

EN CASSEROLE

The League of Nations

THE League which has been the aspiration of the ages, for which so many generous souls have labored and prayed, which was expected to be born from the most tremendous agonies that ever convulsed the world, is in gravest peril. The principal objections urged against it embrace five points.

Some obstructed it because they could not yield any of our sovereignty, or independence as they generally called it.

Some opposed from fear of our people having to contribute force to maintain the league's decrees.

Some from insisting that the British Empire is one nation, and should have power to vote as but one.

Some from unwillingness to concede to Japan any rights over Shantung.

And some, as Senator Lodge confessed a couple of days before this is written, because they have schemed to keep the world in starved and staggering impotence for half a year, and wish to keep it so a year more, that out of its misery they may provide their party with an issue in the next presidential campaign.

To argue against such an infamy as this last reason, would be to address only those whose support of such an infamy places them beyond the reach of reason. No others need any incitement to abhor it.

No cause, however, which has the benefit of such opposition as this, can be regarded as wholly lost; and to such as can respond to reason or decency, it may be worth while to suggest a few considerations regarding the other objections. One can hardly hope to say anything new on the subject, and yet sometimes a phrasing of old ideas finds its way to a new response.

One good suggestion has been that anything short of unqualified acceptance of the treaty should be shaped if possible as interpretation — that we should read our wishes into it — that we should not admit them to be at variance with it — to be amendments or even modifications.

The first objection — to contributing part of our sovereignty to the new aggregate power, is fundamental, and those who hold it are blind to what shines forth from every act which has contributed to civilization. We have yielded some of our independence every time we have made an agreement of any kind. Every step in civilization, from the coming together in amity of two solitary savages, up to the welding of the United States, involved each, for the greater good of all, giving something of its sovereignty. In the assemblage in comity of the congress at Versailles, — indeed from every voluntary marriage which generated every individual concerned in all history, and every transaction which provided him with nourishment and shelter, — from these effects on individuals up through the evolution of laws and all peaceful aggregations of communities, something of independence has been voluntarily subordinated for the sake of something believed to be of greater good. One who cannot see this cannot see anything. A general argument against giving up independence is impossible. The only room for argument is regarding the degree. That touches every proposition made, underlay the whole conference and of course cannot be discussed here.

The last of the objections cited being as far beneath argument as it is beneath contempt, there remain the second, third and fourth.

Cannot they all be met by mere interpretations without amendments as reservations or even modifications — by merely reading our wishes into the agreement, without admitting or even suggesting, that they differ from it in any respect?

The second objection is to the famous article ten, and probably would not have carried much weight if Ireland's difficulties had not existed. Why could not they be met, and even a way out of them be opened by our acceptance stating that we understand that article to leave open an appeal to the league by any people who claims that its territory is wrongfully occupied by another power?

Why could not the objection to the multiple vote of the British empire be met by saying we interpret all provisions regarding voting to imply that no power is to vote in any case where it is interested?

Why could not the case of Shantung be met by saying that we understand Japan, as she has specifically stated, to succeed to Germany's claims to transfer them to China?

But on this subject see a letter printed a page or two back.

Plagiarism?

THERE are said to be only four plots in existence — or is it four jokes? We have been reminded of it as to plots, by the receipt of three letters saying that the story "Unto Others" in our Number 24 is identical in plot, though very different in setting, with a play produced sometime since in Paris.

If the author, who is abroad, was aware of this similarity, we should be better pleased if we had been informed of it, though we are not at all certain that that knowledge would have prevented our printing the story as it was — adding of course the explanation regarding the plot.

One doesn't have to know much about Shakespeare to be aware that he helped himself to plots wherever he cared for them, and we suspect that all writers of fiction do more or less of the same thing.

If anybody wants to work up for us a good story on the basis of any existing plot anywhere in literature, we should like to see it; but we'd also like to be informed of its source.

The Curse of Capitalism

In view of Mr. Frick's magnificent bequest to the metropolis, or rather to the nation and the world, not to speak of what Mr. Carnegie did and what Mr. Rockefeller has done and is doing, wouldn't it be worth while for the yowlers against capitalism to stop and take breath for a little time before beginning again?

The High Cost of the Printed Word

Whatever may be the other causes of the high price of paper a very powerful one must be the mad rage for advertising. Probably more paper, twice over, is used in it than in all other agencies, education, culture, news — unless it be paper boxes. "Publicity" has become a profession, the writing of advertisements a branch of literature, and "commercial art"—all the way from the pretty girls on the magazine covers to the wooden cows along the railroad tracks — a special, and probably the worst, branch of aesthetic education. All this literature and all this art uses up paper or boards out of which paper could be made. This waste is among the vulgarest and most sordid features of what one is sometimes tempted to believe the world's vulgarest and most sordid age, and probably the most active agency in obstructing the culture by which the vulgarity and sordidness could best be checked.

Tearing the heart out of the Sunday paper to find a nugget of news in a mountain of advertising is a sport calling for more patience than intelligence. One emerges discouraged if not defeated after an hour spent combing the variegated sections, with the refuse from the search covering furniture and floor. Progress is reckoned not in pages but in pounds. The reader of the 17th century pamphlets or the ascetic old *Spectator* and *Saturday Review* would be staggered by the obesity of the American

Sunday paper, with its hundred or two pages, invented by Mr. Brisbane and Mr. Hearst. Mere bulk is not impressive and it is wasteful. We venture the belief that one-half of the paper is thrown away unread, even in a family where tastes are varied. A comparison between the total bulk of the average Sunday (so-called) newspaper and those parts which are actually read, including the pages hastily scanned as well as the fewer columns which are carefully perused, will demonstrate, to the satisfaction of most folks, the enormous waste for which this elephantine institution is responsible.

Farther examination shows that one-half the contents, at an estimate, is given over to advertisements, — without which, the publisher declares, no edition at all would be forthcoming. But even with the newspaper publisher indignant at any proposal to cut down his revenue from advertising, we like to let our imagination dwell on a Sunday paper — or a daily — stripped of advertising matter, and on venturing to hope that it may some day be achieved. Such an edition — note that we do not insist that the whole issue be without advertising — would of course bring down advertising space rates, but the saving in print paper made possible by the thinner edition would tend to equalize the loss which such a lowering would entail. The abbreviated edition should be sold at the same price, and plainly marked as such, so that he or she who demands "ads" will not be deluded into buying a paper devoted wholly to news. The *editio expurgatorius* would be a boon not only to the lazy reader but also to the busy one — the commuter who must struggle with his morning paper in a crowded car.

To supply the very real demand for advertising, we suggest an edition composed entirely of display advertising, features, comics and pictures. In families where the bargain-sale announcements and the comic supplements are the most acceptable mental fodder, such an edition would be popular.

Another avenue of waste is the habit people acquired during the war of buying three or four newspapers, where before a single one, or perhaps two, was considered adequate. The surprising variety in the press accounts of the same occurrence makes it advisable to strike an average by comparing reports.

The newspaper publishers, who have suffered more than any other group save the book publishers — by the shortage they have helped to create, have been the victims of circumstance. If their advertisers wanted to insert a full page "ad" where formerly a two-inch announcement was deemed sufficient, their's not to object. If their subscription lists grew longer because everybody with a feeling of the general unreliability of the press bought more and more papers — their's not to protest.

While we are willing partially to exonerate the newspaper men, the government is a champion paper-waster less easy to justify. The effectiveness of its pleas for paper conservation during the war were considerably lessened by its example in reprinting congressional speeches and useless bulletins.

Today, according to reports, twenty per cent more paper is being used than produced. At this rate the available reserve cannot hold out long. Forced curtailment may be regarded as an undisguised blessing if it results in an emaciated Sunday paper, in an abatement of the circular nuisance, the confiscation of billboards, and in a new economy in the federal printing offices.

A Universal Language at Our Service

Suppose, for the sake of argument, that six boys of as many nationalities were cast together on an otherwise uninhabited island: How would they communicate?

A few of them may have studied some foreign language — French, German or English — so if there chanced to be any English, French or German youths in the crowd,

little halting duets or trios might be carried on, but no general conversation.

A universal language like Idiom Neutral would help if all knew the same one, but there are so many of those manufactured jargons, and they are all so good, that they have destroyed one another's usefulness. Why should I pore over Spelin, if you are concentrating on Myrana? We might as well misunderstand each other in Sanskrit and Eskimoan. Better. You will find Eskimos in the Arctic, but where will you find a native Volapuk?

What we need is a universal language that is already generally taught in all civilized lands, that everybody has an opportunity of studying when at school, and that thus requires no extra tax on the time, attention or pocket book.

Fortunately we have a tongue that approximates those conditions and seems destined to approximate them nearer, in — Latin.

I know a woman who obtained water in fourteen countries by asking — partly as an experiment — for *aqua pura*. She was older than the boys on our supposititious island, though, and had been a teacher. Those boys would no more have thought of dragging out their Latin than of reciting the multiplication table. They had not studied it for that purpose. If they thought of it at all, it would have been to bewail the time spent on it instead of on some other lingo. Think of it! Lamenting that they had studied Latin, instead of pitching in and using it!

And what other language would have simplified the case? There are so many others! An ordinary mortal cannot learn them all, and what good will French do in Mexico; or Spanish, in Japan? No more good than English!

Latin, if taught and studied with a purpose, would solve the problem. We should need a text book, however, that would give us Cæsar's phraseology for, "Walk two

blocks and cross the street," "Is my hat on straight?" "My soup is cold," "Thank you," "You're welcome."

If *used* Latin would make its possessor a citizen of the world, at home in every nation, able to travel without a guide, and speak without an accent that anybody has a right to laugh at — except the ancient Romans — who are dead.

Another point: The war is going to leave some prejudice in its wake. The Teutons will not relish the vocables of the Allies; or the Allies, of German. Nobody, though, has any hard feelings against the old Romans — not any active grudge, that is: so with their speech all may meet on neutral ground.

If Latin were not already being taught, this scribe would not suggest resurrecting it, but the instruction is even now going on. Boys and girls are conning their *amos*, *amases*, *amats;* the books are bought, and the pedagogues drawing their pay. No special legislation is needed. Nothing! We need only use what we have.

Even the utilitarian will not object to this, and idealists are in favor of the study already, but for less practical objects.

The greatest advantage that Latin has over other languages suggested for universal use, is that nobody has to study Esperanto, for instance, while doctors, lawyers, priests and college professors have actually to know something about Latin; and there is a lot of it lying around loose. Why, I have picked up a little myself! Listen:

Alias, *appendicitis*, *habeas corpus*, *omnibus*, *interurban*, *te deum!*

Nearly everybody has some to build to, and bringing it into service might start a classical revival. We have always been told that Latin would unlock the doors of the past. Why should it not open certain closed gates of the present as well?

Interpretation of a D'Indy Quartette

Unless you have lately heard a D'Indy quartette, or expect to hear one soon, don't read this. We didn't bring home the programme, so we don't know which one this was. But perhaps our interpretation may lead you to recognize it.

There was no explanation on the programme. This is simply the way it struck us.

First movement: He is dying of a complication of disorders, and naturally is in a state of mind, and the rumbling in his insides is something awful.

Second movement: He is not dead after all, and the doctor and the nurse come in and make him quite comfortable and a little hopeful, though he still has spasms of the rumbling.

Third and Fourth movements, given without interval: He has become well enough to get out of doors and enjoy the sounds of Nature. As the doctor and nurse (who are falling in love) take him around, they come across a cheerful rustic dance. He expresses a good deal of quiet satisfaction with the outlook, but there is still an occasional spasm of more than merely reminiscent rumbling. Yet the situation on the whole is not nearly as oppressive as it was at the start, and the auditor's responses get as far as a distinct feeling of relief.

Concerning Porcelain Temples, Priests and Crows, with Especial Emphasis on the Last

Across the crowded river from Bangkok, the capital of the kingdom of Siam, stands the temple Chang Wat, like a porcelain diadem for some Titan mandarin. Its halls and towers are all flowers of plaster or china, as bright as an old-fashioned bouquet, as fresh as a tea-cup, as great as a cathedral.

At sunset time the sky is a flush of pulsing gold reflected in the river with its craft that might have sailed

out of a sandstone hieroglyph of the Pharaohs. Against the yellow glistens the humming-bird brilliance of Chang Wat. In its gardens walk the Buddhist priests dressed in different tones of yellow. Like the little sheep of the little poor man, Brother Francis, they are supposed to beg their food each morning in the early dawn and live in preaching and contemplation. Within the temple are the golden images of Buddha whom they serve, golden priests beneath a golden sky. The rooks caw about the galleries and wheel, massed and clangorous, across the gardens. Accursed and mocking, yet they have a black wistfulness beneath their savage irony. They may be the same birds whom Brother Simon of Assisi, at prayer in the woods, bade begone forever that they might no longer disturb his devotions. Even under the hand of Buddha they are not at rest. Only Odin, the fierce god of blue, cold skies, snow-storms, wolves, and white-maned, lion-hearted men ever sheltered them, raising them to stand before his throne. Valhalla is long since overthrown, and they are whirled like black leaves over the world, masterless, a dark pattern across the serene gold of the tropic sky.

The dragon streams have cut deep chasms in the sacred Diamond Mountains. The cliffs are incredibly wooded with pines among which the gray mist hangs, and on the flats where the wild roses and sweet purple violets grow in the late spring, are the old painted monasteries and the monks, gray-robed and rosaried, living before the eyes of their golden Buddhas. Late at night the bronze bells decorated with the figure of the sacred virgin Kwanyin call the brethren to prayer, and the sound of droning litanies at noon fill the gray-tiled temples like the hum of bees in a sun-lit hive.

Here year by year pass the lives of the monks under the shadows of cliffs and silence so vast that the Buddha himself seems to stand beside them. On the lonely rocks they carve his likeness, set, like the crosses of Christendom, along the paths, And as Saint Anthony preached to the

fishes, and Saint Francis to his little sisters the birds, so do the Buddhist monks claim kinship to the very grains of sand, which too are striving for perfection, and by their love soften the royal tigers that in the winter come down across the snow and carry off the cattle and children of the villagers.

"When they see our gray robes," they say, "the tigers know we are their little brothers and go their way."

But for all that, on cold nights with the snow shutting off even the cliffs that circle them, surely they put more pine boughs on the fire, and crouch nearer together as they hear through their wooden walls, painted with strange hells and gods and the angels of the constellations, the purring growl of a tiger outside, his burning black and gold smothered beneath the whiteness of the whirling snow.

"Why is she cursing at us?" we asked as the old woman stood by the side of the road calling out angrily.

"She is not," answered the friend who spoke Japanese. "She is scolding the boys for not calling out sooner. As it was, she didn't hear anything until so late that she delayed you while getting her hand cart out of the way, and now she is afraid the honored foreigners will think that the people of her village are without courtesy."

O grim, stately brocaded past of Japan! When the samurai knelt with smiling lacquered face, receiving the daimio's order to kill his own son with the swords whose silver-patterned hilts were thrust into his belt; when the philosopher drank tea ceremonially before the kakemono in the alcove; when the lady tied her knees together with her butterfly obi, and writing a matchless seventeen syllable poem of farewell, cut her throat before the family altar that no love for her might lay its hand on the sword-arm of her young husband going forth in a hopeless cause; when the merchant, denied all political outlet, patronized the arts, and cultivated iris in his pools, dwarf maples with perfect scarlet leaves and shaggy

great-headed chrysanthemums, applauded the gorgeous masked actors, and bought the color prints of Kyonobu or Hakusai to keep a draught from the kitchen lantern; when the peasant, planting rice in his terraces bowed his sun-shielded head to the ground, like a mushroom broken in the wind, at the passing of his lord's palanquin, and answered his questions if called upon with an exact deference, any slightest slip in which might cost him life itself.

Beautiful stern composure of old Japan, sword-taught and delicate, your intricate pattern is wearing thin and breaking beneath the push of Western thought and custom. The shoguns have passed to their glorious tombs among the hills of Nikko, and with them the soul of the samurai. Only on the stage shall we see that passion never shattering through its patterned mold of calm; only find the simple exaggerated courtesy in old people along little used roads, where the small broken stone Jizos, like elves dressed as priests, guard the field-corners. . . Our kuruma boys laughed at the out-land interruption and the pad-pad of their sandalled feet on the road that Hiroshige once walked was like the hurrying of years.

Inflation and the H. C. L.

The *Post* suggests that the inflation of credit, and hence indirectly of currency, is rather a consequence of high prices than a cause. Isn't each a cause of the other, as happens in so many pairs of things?

Aunts, Afternoon Callers, and Their Hats

It is the little things which not only count, but revolutionize the world! As the network of railroads which join and unify the four corners of the earth flowed forth from a tea-kettle, and as an apple, simply by dropping at an opportune moment, gave weight to the world and

everything thereon, so the sudden appearance of a contemporary adorned in a middle-aged hat shattered my dream of almost thirty years' duration, and opened a path through forty more, if the three score years and ten come true.

For a middle-aged hat is not necessarily a hat in a state of partial dilapidation; it is not a summer hat in September, nor yet a winter hat in March. In fact, the adjective applies not to the hat itself, but to the wearer thereof. It is simply a case of synecdoche or metonymy or one of those delightful old mouthfillers. Is there anyone not engaged in the teaching of English grammar who knows offhand which it is? The term arose in those far off days when lacking Humpty Dumpty's contemptuous superiority towards words, we were only too glad to pay them extra "of a Saturday night" if they would not lead us into ridicule — the days when we were being constantly and boisterously awakened to such fact as that an "automaton" was not a sort of a housekeeper, and that "several" was not a synonym for seven reserved for the use of grown people — when we were even in church still devoutly imploring the "rocks of Asia" to cleft for us, and wondering what concern it was of theirs!

Therefore when the necessity appeared, we did not launch forth into the treacherous unknown, we simply seized a word which meant in our vocabulary something very definite and unchanging, and applied it to that certain type of hat worn by those two great species, Aunts and Afternoon Callers! For to us their age was a static thing, it was no more imaginable that they had ever been such as we, than it was conceivable that we should ever become such as they.

Though alike in some respects, these two varieties were vastly different in others. They were alike in always appearing and wanting to see us when we were particularly interested in something really worth while — something demanding a costume the very existence of

which was theoretically unknown to "company"! Nothing would do but that we must be hastened into a state of brushed and washed discomfort, which they made great pretence of assuming to be natural, and taken to them to be told once again how much we had grown (We suspected them of furtive glances at the tide-water marks around the hems of our skirts) and how much we looked like some relative whom either we knew only as a faded and all too truthful daguerreotype, or whom we did not have as our ideal of beauty! They also had a distressing mania for seeing their children, those puppets dressed in party clothes whom they sometimes brought with them, in juxtaposition to ourselves — that back-to-back business which was bound to cause even the most patient to resort to pinching or head-knocking or some form of concealed and vicarious reprisal!

Up to that point you could not have told an Aunt from an Afternoon Caller. From there on, they were as different as the fabled East and West! Whereas the Afternoon Callers would notice only those things which were obviously meant to do credit to our appearance, the Aunts would see with unerring eye, and note with unfaltering comment, such trivial matters as bitten finger nails and significant bruises! Whereas many a cake or other delicacy found its way into our anatomy through the kindly offices of an Afternoon Caller, not the very slightest unconcerned movement in the direction of the tea table passed unnoticed by the Aunts! Whereas the Callers could always be trusted to leave after so long a time — even the one known to our circle as "Miss One-Minute-Ten-Hour Davies" because of the relation between her promises and their fulfillment — the Aunts had a way of staying for dinner and even spending the night on such occasions as our parents deserted us for some stupid theater or concert!

Those were the people we had in mind when we thought of middle-aged hats. And now here was one of our-

selves— one who had been among the keenest eyed in spotting those sartorial nuisances afar off and sounding the general alarm — wearing a middle-aged hat as naturally as ever she had worn a round sailor with ribbon streamers! What Spinoza did for Kant, with slight variations, that vision did for me. I awoke from my "dogmatic slumbers" to find myself at one blow both an Aunt and an Afternoon Caller! I shuddered as I thought of the secret estimates of the ever increasing numbers of innocent-seeming Peters and Barbaras whom, in the last few years, I had become accustomed to disturbing and comparing and conversing with. Had they already learned to recognize the middle-aged hat, and on seeing mine approaching down the street, did they, too, seek some secluded spot in hopes of escape? I faced the question boldly, and remembered that no longer ago than yesterday I had told Peter that he looked like his grandfather, and commented on the long legs of Josephine! It is cruel of life to steal on us thus unaware, and transform us while we dream, only holding up the mirror after the transformation is complete. There was only one thing to do, and as I looked at that hat of doom riding serenely on the head of my friend, I resolved to do it.

Cannot we — all those who are beginning to pass under its shadow — save the middle-aged hat from the contumely which it suffered in the last generation, and make of it a badge of honor? Cannot we, by understanding, soften its hard outlines, by wisdom dim its glaring colors, and by tenderness make of it an unobtrusive part of ourselves, so that toward the end of the forty years, it shall fade gently into the little black bonnet of old age? And then by Heaven's help, and with no jarring note, we shall find ourselves transformed once more, but this time into Grand Aunts, those sweetest and, by children, most beloved of all things! Is not that a consummation not only greatly to be desired, but even worth passing through "middle-agedness" to attain?

The Circular Nuisance

HERE is how one friend struggles with the circular nuisance homeopathically — by a circular.

Dear ————

Kindly remove my name from your mailing list and oblige

Yours truly,

—— ——— ———

P. S. A word of explanation:

I am an artist, relying on my brush to make both ends meet. I cannot afford a secretary — I am honored with a large daily mail, much of which is carried out of my studio by the basket-full, unopened. Both of my tables are covered deep with unanswered letters, so also is the top of my piano. The sight of this overgrown mail sickens me. I crave the opportunity to work. I therefore take this means of advising those who are about to give valuable time and labor in appealing to me, to kindly desist, not only for my sake but also for their own. This request is issued in a kindly spirit and as a last resort. It is worded for general use, but, specifically, I desire to state:

To Real Estate Agents: That my present home is satisfactory.

To Brokers and Vendors of Securities: That, if ever I get any money to invest, I will do so through my brother, who is a broker.

To All Automobile Companies: That I never owned an auto. and never expect to.

To Tailors and Outfitters: That, as my tailor has at last consented to cut my clothes large enough for comfort, gratitude prevents me from leaving him.

To Tree-Movers: That my three maples are in the right place now, and can't stand any more pruning.

To Life Insurance Agents: That I am still paying on my one and only policy, with a growing determination that it shall be my last.

To Art Dealers: That, instead of asking me to buy the works of other artists, why not buy mine?

As to "Tours Around the World" — Not now.

In regard to charities, benevolent organizations, missions, settlements, southern colleges, lying-in hospitals, old people's homes, etc., etc., I wish I could help all,— but owing to a limited income I am forced to restrict my donations to a selected few. I cannot possibly read the volumes of printed literature on deserving causes which are showered upon me, and must save my eyes for my work. I am saddened by the thought of the cost of all this needless waste.

Failure to answer this will not offend me.

RAPHAEL PUMPELLY'S REMINISCENCES

"Two volumes of the most exciting, amusing, and enchaining narrative of recent years."
—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Two more intensely "human" volumes than these can hardly be conceived. The cheeriness, brightness and good nature of the author break out everywhere. And this is not at the expense of the more weighty matters of excellent historical and scientific information that really "informs."—*Literary Digest.*

"Covering a period of eighty years, and recording experiences in all parts of the world make a very unusual contribution to the literature of travel, exploration, discovery and adventure . . . the human interest is strong; he recalls incidents of his early childhood, of boyish adventure and paternal discipline, of his home life in later years, and of his friendships formed in all parts of the world and among all sorts of people. His story has a flavor all its own, and is full of life and humor."—*Living Age.*

"A fortunate and useful life in which the usefulness and the good fortune are so mingled that one does not know which to call a cause, which a result, and in this especially fortunate that it nowhere waned in vigor and toward its end walked nearest to "the shores of old romance."—*The New Republic.*

Two Volumes. Profusely Illustrated. $7.50 net

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY 19 WEST 44th STREET NEW YORK CITY

The Unpartizan Review

No. 26 MARCH—APRIL, 1920 Vol. XIII

THE NEW NEED OF PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION

WITHIN a week after the armistice with Germany was signed, French radicals began a vigorous campaign for proportional representation in parliamentarian elections. Shortly following, announcement was made in Berlin that the first constituent assembly under the republic would be elected by proportional representation, and that for this purpose Germany would be divided into thirty-eight electoral districts, to each of which would be allotted from six to sixteen seats, according to the population.

For sixty years this reform has been persistently advocated throughout the Western world. In one form or another it has been adopted by several of the smaller nations. It now appears to be on the eve of acceptance in several of the major nations. Through sheer conservatism, the United States and England will most likely cling to the single-member district longer than will countries on the continent of Europe. The dominance of two parties in this country and in Great Britain has obscured, although not lessened, the need for electoral reform. A great many Americans scarcely realize that the plan of representation which we employ, and which may be broadly characterized as election from single-member districts by relative majority, is only one of many feasible plans. The American plan has one substantial merit: it is simple both for voters and for election officials. Outside of this, little can be said in its favor.

The defects of our present method of electing representatives, both in State and nation, have often been disclosed. For example, the fifty-first Congress seated 164 Republican representatives and 161 Democratic representatives. The popular vote for that Congress was 5,348,397 Republican and 5,502,581 Democratic. A Republican majority in the House was elected by a Republican minority in the country. This is not an isolated instance. Even by chance, it sometimes happens that one party has small majorities in over half of the electoral districts when the opposing party has large or overwhelming majorities in the remaining districts. The minority party then controls the larger number of legislative districts. Politicians have not been slow to realize the partisan advantage of such a distribution of votes, nor backward in creating those artificial and unfair apportionments known as Gerrymanders. There are few States that have not been subjected to Gerrymanders by first one party and then the other. Furthermore, our system of election from single-member constituencies, when it does not result in an absolute reversal of the people's wishes, frequently magnifies the legislative majority of the successful party out of all proportion to the popular vote.

An even greater evil lies in the exclusion of the minority parties. A minority party might conceivably control a fifth or a fourth of all the votes in the country, and yet not have a single representative in Congress. Minority parties are able to secure representation only when they are sectional. Whenever their adherents are not bunched geographically, but are spread thin throughout a large number of districts, they are without voice or vote in the councils of State and Nation.

Election by plurality from single-member districts shows itself to best advantage when two well-matched parties dominate the field. Each district may then resemble a prize ring, wherein two candidates fight a fair

battle. But where three candidates contest the seat, and each has strong backing, the *least* popular candidate is sometimes returned. That is to say: a man could be elected by 40 per cent of the voters in a district, although all of the remaining 60 per cent of the voters would have preferred either of the defeated candidates. This majority renders itself powerless to elect by splitting its vote evenly between the two more acceptable candidates. Were there four strong parties in the race, say, Republican, Democratic, Progressive, and Labor, a misrepresentative result would be even more likely.

The single-member constituency prevails generally in Europe, with a few notable exceptions, such as Belgium. But scarcely any country, except those that are English-speaking, permits election by relative majority. If no candidate receives an absolute majority on the first ballot, a second election is held after an interval of a week or two. Usually a candidate may be elected on the first ballot only if he obtains an absolute majority of the votes cast. In some countries all of the candidates who stood at the first election are allowed, if they wish, to stand at the second; but more frequently all but the two highest on the first ballot are eliminated.

One plan which has been devised to correct the uncertainties of three-cornered and four-cornered contests in single-member districts, is the alternative vote. This device is used in Queensland and Western Australia. Under it the voter is asked to express his first choice, and also his alternative choices. He indicates the order of his preference by placing the figures 1, 2, 3, . . . against the names of the candidates. Should no candidate receive an absolute majority on the count of first choices, the least popular candidate is eliminated; and the later choices on the ballots are distributed among the other candidates, and so on, until an absolute majority is obtained. This method corrects, in a measure, the evils of election by relative majority. However, when the

number of candidates runs above three, the alternative vote does not reflect so clear a popular verdict as when the voters have an opportunity to record judgment on a shortened list of candidates through a second ballot. The alternative ballot should not be confused with the transferable vote, which it resembles, and which will be explained later.

Of course the chief remedy proposed for the defects of the single-member constituency is the creation of multi-member constituencies. Three or eight or more single districts are thrown together. These larger electoral units return three or eight or more members each. This grouping permits minority and proportional representation. Proportional representation seeks to accomplish two good ends, (1) to secure for minorities, even dispersed minorities, a voice in legislatures, and (2) to apportion seats accurately in accordance with the strength of parties and factions.

Thomas Gilpin, at Philadelphia, published the first systematic discussion of proportional representation in 1844. His scheme resembled the ticket vote now used in several Swiss cantons. In 1857 Thomas Hare published, at London, a pamphlet which in 1859 he elaborated into a book on the election of representatives by the "Single transferable vote." Hare wished to convert all of England into a single constituency. In 1861 John Stuart Mill vigorously endorsed proportional representation, as advocated by Hare, in his "Representative Government." Although in many details Hare's plan has since been modified, in Anglo-Saxon countries his device of the transferable vote has come to be usually associated with the idea of proportional representation. About the time Hare was writing, a similar plan was independently elaborated in Denmark. Since these earlier proposals, innumerable books and articles have urged the reform. In 1891 a scheme of proportional representation was in-

troduced in the Canton of Ticino, Switzerland. Several other cantons have adopted it since. In 1899, after a painful experience with the "general ticket" (scrutin de liste), Belgium instituted a thorough-going plan of proportional representation. Several other of the smaller European countries, including Ireland, have embraced the plan for certain constituencies. In 1907 Tasmania adopted the transferable vote for all elections. Altogether over 300 plans of proportional representation have been proposed, although most of them are simply variations or refinements of the standard forms.

Proportional representation requires for its operation the creation of constituencies returning three or more members. Advocates usually insist on seven or eight members; Lord Courtney declared he would not hesitate to form constituencies with fifteen members. The largest Belgian constituency returns twenty-two members. An electoral "quota" must be determined anew at each election. Any candidate who attains the quota is elected. It is usually found by dividing the total number of votes cast by the number of seats to be filled. If there are five places to be filled and 100,000 votes cast, the quota is 20,000. D'Hondt in Belgium, and numerous others have suggested ways of improving this method of finding the quota.

Speaking generally, the following major plans of voting may be employed where constituencies return several members: the general ticket, the cumulative vote, the limited vote, the single vote, the alternative vote, and the party list.

Under the *general ticket* the voter has one vote for each place to be filled. Each of his votes is of equal importance. The total popular vote is multiplied by the number of seats. That is to say, if there are five seats to be filled, and 50,000 persons voting, the total number of votes cast is 250,000. This method permits a majority, voting solidly, to elect all of the members of their ticket. The plan has been tried and abandoned in France and Belgium.

With the *cumulative vote* the elector has as many votes as there are places to be filled, but he is given the privilege of bunching several votes on one candidate. If there were six places to be filled, he could "plump" all six votes upon one candidate, or he could give three votes to one candidate, and three to another; or distribute them in any other fashion that he pleased. This method enables minorities, by pooling their ballots, to secure representation. It was formerly used in England for the election of school boards.

Under the *limited vote* the elector has fewer choices than there are seats to be filled. For example, if there were four seats the voter might be allowed two choices. This enables a substantial minority to win representation. The limited vote is used in Portugal and Spain.

The *single vote* is the limited vote pushed to its logical extreme. In Japan, where constituencies return eight members on the average, each voter is allowed one choice. Any candidate who can muster one-eighth of the votes will be returned.

Under the *transferable vote*, the elector has one first vote and is also asked to indicate his second and successive choice in the list of candidates. If any candidate receives more than the necessary quota on the count of the first choices, the second choices on the ballots are distributed to the other candidates. If this does not complete the quota of enough candidates to fill the seats, the lowest candidate on the list is struck off and the second choices on his ballots are distributed to the other candidates. This process of distributing the later choices on excess ballots and on eliminated ballots goes on until the quotas of the required number of candidates are filled. This method, often called the Hare System, is intended to secure minority representation, and at the same time guarantee to large parties their due weight.

The *list system* is employed in Belgium. There each party or group puts up a string of candidates. The voter

records his preference among the lists. He may vote for either one list as a whole, by marking a circle at the top; or for a candidate in one list, by marking a circle before the name. In the first instance, he votes the straight party ticket; and in the second, he votes both for the party and for a particular candidate of the party. Votes given individual candidates in a list also count for the list itself. Usually each party puts in nomination as many candidates as there are seats to be filled. The seats are divided among the lists in proportion to the number of votes that each list obtains. For example: suppose that in a district entitled to ten seats, each of four parties puts forward ten candidates, and that the total vote cast was 100,000. The quota for each seat would be 10,000. Suppose farther that the votes were divided among the four parties in this proportion: A, 51,000; B, 30,000; C, 18,000; D, 1,000. Five candidates would be elected from the A list, three from the B list, two from the C list, none from the D list, ten in all. The candidates whose names appear at the head of the list are given preference for the seats secured by that list, unless overridden by individual choices farther down the list. This method places great power in the hands of the managers who make the lists and arrange the order of the nominees. Furthermore, the list system obviously puts a high premium on party regularity.

The several methods of voting in multi-member constituencies, mentioned above, by no means stand on the same footing. The general ticket permits a majority using the "block vote" to capture all seats. It does nothing for minority representation. The cumulative, limited, and single vote aid minorities to secure seats, but they fail to distribute seats proportionally. Under each of these plans the voters tend to bunch their preferences on one or two popular candidates. The other seats are captured by minorities not entitled to them. Since these

plans are confusing in their operation, they invite manipulation by party managers. A powerful party can capture its due proportion of representation only when the electors submit to rigid party discipline and divide their forces as directed. The advocates of multi-member constituencies have come to agree that the cumulative, limited, and single vote are faulty instruments. The transferable vote and the list system, in their various forms, are open to less serious strictures. In over a half century of discussion, these two plans have come to be recognized as the best means, so far proposed, for securing minority and proportional representation. They appear to offer a real remedy for most of the typical defects of election from single-member constituencies.

Experience with proportional representation has shown that so far no system is free from practical faults. Although the task of the voter is not greatly complicated, the task of the election official is made much more intricate. Furthermore, none of the systems has been successful in securing an absolutely mathematical balance of representation. On the other hand, these systems have undoubtedly achieved the main end aimed at, the representation of minority parties. And they have broken through sectional majorities. In Belgium, the Catholic party was formerly practically identified with the Flemish-speaking districts, and the Liberal party with the Walloon districts. Under proportional representation the Flemish districts have returned a few Liberal members and Walloon districts a few Catholic members. Belgium restored will undoubtedly retain proportional representation in some form or other.

A professor who teaches a course on government and politics in one of our American universities is in the habit of holding mock elections in his classes, to illustrate the operation of proportional representation. He has found that practically the same candidates are returned whether

the class uses the list system or the transferable vote. Yet of course these two major plans have each their own merits and defects. The value of the list system is greatest in a country where there were more than two large and independent parties; the value of the transferable vote greatest where persons were more important than parties. The list system solidifies party organization and party management. Unless coupled with some plan of popular nomination, it does not give the electorate complete control over the selection of representatives.

The chief merit of the transferable vote lies in the fact that after the transfers have been made and the count finished, each individual candidate has mustered nearly the exact numerical vote to which he is entitled. Yet the plan is open to a few valid criticisms. If the second choices on the surplus ballots for successful candidates are transferred "from the top of the pile," an element of chance enters into the result. If all the second choices on the ballots of the successful candidates are counted, and given a fractional weight according to the number to be transferred, a task of mathematical intricacy is put upon the election officials. Again, the later choices of those who voted for the least popular candidates are given more weight than the later choices of those who voted for more popular candidates. In other words, the crankiest voters are accorded more than their due share of influence. Lastly, since this plan is complicated for the scrutinizers, it precludes the use of voting machines.

Even the best of the plans for proportional representation reveal minor flaws. But these flaws do not condemn the principle. They merely point the need for farther invention or modification. Above all they fail to justify a stubborn adherence to the single-member constituency, the evils of which are glaring, and demonstrated.

Taken as a whole, the American electoral system is one of the worst in the world. It combines a number of

defects. (1) It relies purely on relative majority, and therefore sometimes results in the election of the least popular candidate. (2) It uses single-member constituencies exclusively, and sometimes reverses the popular verdict. (3) It excludes minorities from their due share of representation. (4) It narrows the field for candidates to their local constituencies, and thus diminishes the supply of political talent. To these a fifth should be added: it combines elections for representatives to the legislature with elections for executive positions and thus lengthens out the ballot to an unmanageable extent. Each of these defects may be found in other countries. But America takes the first place by embracing them all. In England, members of Parliament are elected, for the most part, from single-member constituencies by relative majority; but candidates may stand in what constituencies they like; and the ballot is short. In most countries on the Continent, the single-member district is in vogue; but the candidates have a choice of constituencies; and provision is made for obtaining an absolute majority through the second ballot. The whole system in America needs improvement, and above all simplification.

The rigid restriction of the field open to candidates is peculiar to America among great nations. In England and practically all countries of Europe, a candidate for the national legislature is free to stand in any constituency that he chooses. This arrangement has tremendous advantages. It enables candidates to stand where they think their chances of election best. And it enables the party leaders to apportion candidates to electoral districts so that the abler members of the party will be practically certain of return. Because of this, the seat of a distinguished member of the House of Commons is almost as secure as that of a member of the House of Lords. Great party leaders like Gladstone and Disraeli are assured of a continuous tenure of position.

In the United States the Constitution itself requires that Senators and Representatives be residents of the State which they represent. Custom, furthermore, has decreed that representatives be residents even of the local districts which send them up. The result is doubly pernicious. Able young men often find an aspiration to a Congressional career hopeless in their own districts, but are unable to seek support elsewhere. Again, even the ablest man in Congress is liable to lose his seat by a reversal of opinion in one district. In fact, parties sometimes put forth unusual efforts to defeat an able leader of the opposition in his own district. He is barred everywhere else. American legislatures, both Federal and State, are to an astonishing degree made up of men with little or no legislative experience. Often as many as half of the members of a State legislature will be green, and perhaps another fourth will be only in their second terms. Experience and training are lost. And insecurity of tenure discourages good men from making politics their occupation.

The Constitution should be amended so that it would allow a man to stand as readily, say, in the second Congressional district of California as in the tenth Congressional district of New York. Of course the people would be free to choose a local man if they preferred. But they should not be confined to that narrow range of choice. It has often been observed that our Congress is locally minded to an almost disastrous degree. Our national representatives spend a disproportionate amount of their time in intriguing for local advantages. They seek to flatter their districts by securing for them new public buildings, river and harbor improvements, and tariff rates that are locally popular. Our whole legislative process is vitiated by the compromises that our legislators are forced to make in order to get through their log-rolling schemes. Every national issue tends to become a counter on which local pork is traded. The European practice of nationalizing legislatures is far preferable.

Nowhere in the world has the party manager acquired so powerful an influence as in America. He has maintained his grip chiefly through his power to control nomination. On account of the large number of elective offices, nominations have a peculiar significance: they have become almost the center of political strategy. Under the convention system the great parties have ruled the electorate through their machines. The voters have been given merely a choice between two long strings of dubious nominees: and sometimes scarcely that in those sections of the country where the predominance of one party made nomination equivalent to election. So soon as the connection between party nominations and invisible government was perceived, there began movements looking to public control of political parties. Direct primaries, attempting to wrest the power of making nominations from the hands of the boss, have been widely adopted. But they have not met the sanguine predictions of their advocates. The direct primary assumes three forms: the closed primary, the open primary, and the non-partisan primary. Only duly registered members of a party can participate in a closed primary. It has been found to promote internal strife. The open primary is sometimes captured by the enemies of the party masquerading as friends. The non-partisan primary is in effect a preliminary election, placing the regular election in the category of a second ballot. Indeed, all forms of the direct primary practically set a preliminary election, and double the burden of the conscientious voter without safeguarding his rights to the extent that a second ballot would do.

In any general modification of the American electoral scheme, attention must be paid to methods of nominating and electing executive officials as well as legislative representatives. The European problem is simpler. In most European countries only the legislature is elected. A good electoral system will combine many merits. It will render

the task of the voter easy and understandable. It will not impose intricate tasks upon the election officials, nor invite manipulation of ballots. It will afford the widest possible field for political ambition. It will consult the preferences of substantial minorities. It will make certain the return of those representatives and officials whom the people really want.

Proportional representation has proved its superiority at many points to election from single-member constituencies. Some form of transferable vote would probably best suit American conditions. Under this plan the preference of the voter always counts at full value. His vote is never "wasted," -- not even when he votes for a candidate who has no chance of being returned. His second and successive choices make his suffrage count. The transferable vote protects minorities and it also protects the majority. Constituencies in the United States, should this reform be adopted, ought to return three or four or, at most, five members each. When each constituency returns many members, the task of the voter grows too complicated to be discharged intelligently. The expenses of a campaign, and the territory to be canvassed, become too large. There is danger, furthermore, that small non-political groups, with racial or religious affiliations, would be too much encouraged to elect representatives. Particularist politics might be fostered if any one-fifteenth of the electorate in, say, a large city, could seat a spokesman in the State or national legislature. Four-member constituencies would achieve the ends sought, and would not require too radical a transition from familiar methods. The ballot should never, under any system, be lengthened so far that the voter loses sight of persons, and thinks only of lists of candidates, or of party tags. The short ballot and popular control go hand in hand. And proportional representation, when combined with the short ballot, clears the road for political talent.

ROLAND HUGINS.

SUPERNATURALS IN FICTION

THE mind of man is a very curious place. It is a place in which it appears entirely logical to turn the professional ghost raiser, at a dollar a ghost, over to the police, and the same evening pay two dollars to see the Ghost of Hamlet's Father walk, by way of uplift. It is a place in which one may be nourished on tales of Talking Heads and Magic Carpets, and look with deep suspicion on the time- and space-exceeding marvels of modern invention.

There never was an age that spent so much intellectual ingenuity as this one in proving that there never were and never could be any sort of beings but men. But among the stories most enjoyed by human kind and longest in circulation, about one character in every five is a Supernatural, or one in every five incidents originates in a supernormal contrivance or attribute. Measured against the history of human society, any doubt that the world is crammed full of non-human, unordinary beings, is almost as new as electricity. The farther back you go into good and popular fiction, the fewer humans, the more gods, genii and fairy godmothers, the more elixirs of life and instantaneous transportations.

After an examination of the world's fiction which has been enjoyed long enough to be called classic, one inevitably concludes that if a story is to survive more than four or five generations, a liberal proportion of its elements must be non-natural.

Begin, for example, with Cinderella, beloved of the world's childhood: There is Ella herself, the proud sisters, who for structural purposes are to be treated as one, the stepmother, and the Prince. And for supernaturals, there are the Fairy Godmother, the pumpkin coach, the magic transformation, three to four of the humans.

Aladdin gives us five humans against the Slaves of the Lamp and the Ring and innumerable magic happenings, and this proportion holds throughout that universal favorite *The Arabian Nights Entertainment.* In the story of Joseph, making one element of all eleven brothers, and three of all the dreams since they figured on three occasions, we still have only five to three in favor of the natural. In the *Iliad* and the *Odessey* we have the whole Olympian family so placed in juxtaposition to Trojans and Greeks that their mutual contacts furnish practically the entire machinery of the story.

So the proportion stands until after the collapse of Greek culture, when story making suffered an eclipse for several centuries. It did not rise again until the commonality had provided itself with a complete new set of Supernaturals, saints, angels, the whole Heavenly Host. Within the next five or six centuries the body of European fiction was increased by the addition of the Scandinavian, the Gælic and British story cycles, each with its appropriate cast of superhuman characters. Apparently there were no important fictional inventions for some twelve or fifteen centuries except where Supernaturals could be found upon which to hang them.

It was the Greeks, however, who gave us the clue to the inevitableness of the not-man elements in every really treasured man story. They had to be there to satisfy man's invincible desire to see the wheels of the universe go round.

That is an academic and wholly unreliable bias which explains the long life of the Joseph and Aladdin and Ulysses tales on the ground that they were literature. It would be far truer to say that they became literature as a result of being liked: for whatever the ethnologists say of the origin of these stories, there is no doubt whatever that they have been popular.

Tales of Troy existed generations before Homer enclosed them in the clear amber of his verse. It is the best

stories of any age that get the attention of the best stylists of that age. Few people read the original Mallory nowadays, but any one who will take the trouble to compare that version of the King Arthur legends with a modern Tennysonian rendition, will see the process of decanting a popular story from the "literature" of one age to another visibly going on. The test of a really popular story is the number of times it will survive such rebottling. The point at which these metamorphoses inevitably stop is the point at which the Supernaturals are turned out of it. Because, as the Greeks discovered, the Supernaturals are necessary to make the story hang together.

I do not suppose that, at the time Greek literature was at its best, the Greek authors believed in their Olympians any more than Will Shakespeare believed in the ghost of Hamlet's father. But the Greeks, like ourselves, had a hankering to have the Universe explained. They must know why, as well as how, things happened. And, as knowledge then stood, without the intervention of the gods the story would not hang together.

Precisely as we moderns go peering and poking under the dramatic and spectacular phases of the European war, to put our finger on the forces that would make it seem less of a delirious nightmare, so the Greeks and Trojans must have sought for some sort of reasonableness under the monstrous folly of a ten years' struggle. Clearly, something bigger than Greeks or Trojans had been at work here. Otherwise there was no logic or dignity in human living. Why should an Achilles sulk or Ulysses waste himself at the court of Circe? Happily there were the Olympians with a known propensity for meddling in human affairs.

Unfortunately for Greece, however, the shoving of responsibility back upon the gods reached a point just a little beyond the capacity of the average intelligence to follow. As soon as the gods began to stand for abstrac-

tions, in the mind of the Greek writers, they ceased to be interesting to Greek audiences.

No sort of literature can go on for very long, produced outside the popular concept. When there were no more credible Olympians, and the laws of social evolution had not been offered in their places, there was nothing left but an unrelated jumble of incident. The end of the Greek gods was also the end of Greek fiction.

A few centuries later, the rise of Christianity with its collocation of Blessed Personages gave a new lease of life to the story-telling instinct. By the introduction of St. Anthony, the Virgin, or, saving their presence, the Devil, any sort of a story could be rendered logical and sound. For nearly ten centuries longer the world was a place about equally inhabited by humans and non-humans, who got on fairly well together.

But with the spread of modern education the number of Supernaturals who could be credibly introduced into adult fiction, shrunk to the few who still gathered under the wing of Romanism. After the Reformation the Devil himself lost dignity.

Dante and Milton, each in his way did what the Greek Dramatists had done for popular story making, and put an end to the use of the Christian Supernaturals as protagonists in fiction, by taking them out of the region of popular concept. From that time there was nothing left but your honest ghost to loose the springs of human action.

Though he has changed his character, the ghost is still so popular in story that even our remote and sophisticated Henry James could not forbear his own particular *Turn of the Screw*, and I have always believed that if Mr. Ibsen could have named the *deus ex machina* of his masterpiece, The Ghost of Oswald's Father, instead of the Law of Heredity, he would have made a much more popular business of it.

I have omitted the Christs out of their historic location in the cycle of Supernaturals, because, curiously, the Christs seem to have no sequence in time. Always there have been Christ stories, but whether they occur B. C. ten thousand or A. D. one, they differ only in details. All the other Supernaturals shape their behavior to the time in which they appear, but the Saviors of men have one story and one common behavior.

Considered as literary phenomona this is very interesting. All the god and devil stories appear to be efforts to explain the gaps and inconsistencies of human destiny. All the Christ stories are designed to close the gap between the Great God and Man.

We seem to have thought of as many ways of accounting for drouth, disease, sudden wealth and even death as there are tribes of men to think of these things. But in no land have we been able to think of more than one way of being reconciled to the Heart of the Universe. There have been as many Saviors as there have been people to need saving; but there has never been but one Christ plot. The only way we are able to imagine the world being saved is for a man to pay down himself on behalf of a protesting and unappreciative people.

Consider our own supreme achievement in this line, the story of Jesus. Could any fictionist who ever lived have invented anything with so wide an appeal and so long a hold on time? Its humans are so very human and its Supernaturals so far beyond the tarnish of "natural" evidence. We think sometimes that modern psychology has disposed of the "voices" and "visions" that very sparely characterize this story. But who will undertake to set a date at which we shall positively prove that there are no such things as angels, and that men may not return from the dead?

Actually, as a very little inquiry among your neighbors will convince you, the number of people who believe that there are no other sorts of personalities than ours within

the range of our environment, is small. And when you think of the democratic spiritual significance of the Jesus story, who, even at the present rapid progress of democracy, can set a term to its sufficiency?

So it appears that, for the most precious things we have our relation to the Infinite and to one another, as these are expressed in story form, we are still tied up to the Supernatural, at any rate for another thousand years or so.

There is something diverting in all this, and something infinitely consoling. It goes to show that at bottom the human mind is absolutely convinced that life is not the haphazard affair it seems. There is an answer to the riddle, a string somewhere that if properly grasped will pull the whole business into order and beauty. The varied company of Supernaturals that have figured in our fiction are but the masks of a reality felt and appreciated but not known. And because these Supernaturals stood for the really vital things in human story, the rise of the modern novel, constructed wholly within the scope of things recognized as "natural," could not occur until we had developed a philosophy of social evolution.

The beginning of the movement to turn the Supernaturals out of fiction was noticeable almost as soon as the Anglo-Saxon strain began to make itself felt in European literature. It showed itself as a disposition to invest the supernatural element in powers more than in personages. Magic came to take the place left vacant by the gods, the genii and the saints. In place of Hermes and St. Anthony there were Merlin and Morgan le Fay. We had Faust, who acquired his super-normal powers in exchange for his soul, and Cagliostro who got his from nobody was quite certain where. Later we have Svengali and Sherlock Holmes as the most popular figures of current fiction.

Examine any "six best sellers," and the compelling

characteristic of half their heroes, you will find, is the ability to make the unusual happen unaccountably. The explanation of just how it did happen is the obliging author's effort to save our face. It is the marvel which really interests. And if you doubt that the Supernatural has, though disguised, a hold upon our best literature, ask yourself what you will find in modern English fiction which for chances of longevity can be set beside *The Brushwood Boy* and *They*.

The modern problem novel at which every earnest fictionist tries his hand, is the Homeric Epic with its undashed attempt to explain the incidental in man's life by means of the fundamental.

And by just as much as the modern Homer is obliged to refrain from personifying his fundamentals, making laws and abstractions of them instead of Olympians, he restricts his audience to those who are as familiar with laws and abstractions as the ancient Greeks were with their gods.

If you doubt that the non-human elements, which we no longer call supernatural, but agree on as superusual, are still formative in our written fiction, you may easily discover how large a part they play in the tales we tell informally to one another.

I do not refer to the healthy appetite for horror among the unlettered, with its train of "hants" and Walkers of the Night, but to the sort of incidents that any of your acquaintance might easily tell you out of their own lives, or their friends'. Ask, for example, for what the next ten persons you meet honestly believe to be genuine stories of any of the following:

The "hunch."

The presentiment.

The message from the dead.

The "psychic" communication.

You will probably find that the hunch is more widely

believed in than any saint or genii ever was, is much more of a factor in private behavior than any social precept ever succeeded in being.

The hunch is no doubt a universal experience, the core of all the guardian angels, saints and "familiars" known to story. Having outlived all these avatars, it remains in possession of the field.

Remains also the fact that we do not know any better than we did before, what a hunch really is.

A hunch is something that seems to tap you on the shoulder of your sub-conscious being and advise you that a certain line of conduct is the most advantageous for you to take. If it pleases you to call it St. Joseph or the spirit of your dead grandmother there is no proved reason why you shouldn't.

The presentiment probably belongs to the same class of experiences as the hunch. It needs only to be accompanied by a strong faculty for vizualization, or for auto-suggested sense perception of any sort, to become "clairvoyance," "audition" or "vision." As such it might take the place of the Voices, Annunciations and Spirit Warnings of the past. But still we do not know how we happen to have presentiments.

It also seems likely, from what we know of psychology at present, that communications from the dead or from living people at a distance, have common psychic elements. Most people have, or think they have, experiences that come under one or the other of these two classes. Although all the great spiritual leaders of the past attributed these experiences to Beings — Jesus spoke of them as Spirits, Joan of Arc believed them to be Saints and Angels, and Luther reports conversations with the Devil — it is not the fashion to do so now except in very limited circles.

What has happened, however, is that as we have discarded one personal hypothesis after another, there is a growing disposition to treat the experiences which gave

rise to the ideas of gods and devils as veridical, worthy of serious attention.

The mind of man is, as I have remarked, a curious place. Shadows of all the great inventions, telegraphy, telephony, wireless, airships, submarines, have flitted through its dim regions since the beginning of time. Always they have come in the guise of imagined persons or powers. Hypnotism, auto-suggestion and thought transference figured in fiction long before they put on mortar board and gown.

When you come to think of these things, fiction seems the truest science in the world, the truest knowing. Once men told stories of amulets and magic formulas. Then there was a period when amulets and formulas were despised as childish and incredible. Now we understand that the powers did not reside in the charm but in the user, the power of auto-suggestion. Now educators use both medal and formula as aids to the self-residing power.

In regard to all these experiences are we going through similar phases which give rise to the assumption of beings not ourselves? Shall we come to a realization of these experiences as extensions of ourselves and our own powers far beyond our former limited conceptions of ourselves? Is the hunch not so much the advice of a friendly and communicable outsider, as an accidental use of a poorly developed faculty? Do the dead really send us messages, or have we some rudimentary sense by which we become faintly aware of a world filled, as we have always believed it, with other Beings.

Then there are the Christ stories: all the saviors of mankind, Buddha, Prometheus, Quetzacoatl. Why do we never change the pattern in all these reincarnations? Is it because there is something about the pattern as inevitable as the sum of the other two angles in a right angled triangle? Is it possibly, because there isn't any other pattern whereby men may be saved?

I have been thinking of these things rather frequently since the war, seeing men on all sides seeking for a new expression of reality.

I have asked what a fictionist might have to contribute, and I am struck as never before with the prophetic power of fiction in the realm of things that matter most to people at large. I have seen it point the direction of man's exploration of the material universe, the lands under the rim of the sea, the flying carpet through the air. I do not know any reason why fiction should prove any less the prophet in the realm of the spirit. Could we, indeed, have such an appetite for fiction if it were not the first course of the final truth?

It gives at least, a new zest to reading, to think that this might prove to be the case.

Mary Austin.

AS TO SHARING FAIRLY

THE unrest among the wage-earners is largely due to the belief that they do not get a fair share of the returns from their industry. Some of their leaders claim that all wealth is the product of labor, and that therefore labor should have it all. The word "labor" should include the inventor who devises machinery for cheapening production; the scientific man who investigates the deposits of mineral wealth and the sources of agricultural wealth; the engineer who designs the appliances for mining and cultivation and transportation; the captain of industry who organizes and directs the complicated processes of production and distribution. The natural wealth of the earth is useless as it exists in a state of nature. The great coal beds of China have not warmed the shivering Chinaman, because they have not been mined. The oil deposits of the United States, of Mexico, Turkey and Russia, were useless until about sixty years ago, when scientific men studied them, and invented processes by which the crude oil could be refined and its manifold products applied to the use of man. The electric current has always been within reach, but it required the skill of scientists to develop its latent force, and apply it to the transmission of intelligence, power and light. Directive skill is also needed: for want of it in vast countries like China or India famine has sometimes prevailed in one province, while there was plenty in another. The scientists and the captains of industry are just as essential to the production of wealth as the mechanic. The latter is of very limited use without the former. The people of China are probably the most industrious in the world, and yet the Chinese suffer hardship, poverty and cold to a degree unknown in America or Europe.

The researches of the census takers in 1910 put Amer-

icans in a position to judge with some accuracy of the proportion of the product of manufactures which in that census year went to the workmen. The following is a summary of these returns:

Value of product:.....		$20,767,546,000
Wages (16 11/20%).....	$ 3,434,734,000	
Salaries (4 11/20%).....	940,900,000	
Cost of Material (58 14/20%)	12,194,019,000	
Misc. Expenses (9 8/20%)..	1,955,773,000	
		$18,525,426,000
Balance for Manufacturers.....		$ 2,242,120,000

This balance is 10 16/20% of the value of the product. Out of this, interest on capital and wear and tear have to be met. The employees, in wages and salaries, get 21 2/20% net,—just about twice what the manufacturers get.

But this statement inadequately represents the portion of the product that has fallen to the workman. It will be noticed that the cost of material was more than half the value of the finished product. Of this cost, a large percentage went to the workman, just how large the census does not disclose. Again, the cost of transportation is a considerable item of the miscellaneous expenses. Of this a large proportion went to engineers, trainmen, conductors, and the rest. Just how large a percentage this is, the census again does not tell us, but it was very considerable. The amount paid to these men has been steadily increasing. It has doubled since 1910. It has increased to such an extent in New York City that Mr. Shonts, the president of the Interborough, assured us just before he died, that the wages to its employees amounted to about seventy per cent of the operating expense of the road, and that there had ceased to be any profit in its operation.

Another rapidly increasing item of expense to the manufacturer is in taxes. In cities these taxes are very largely expended for the benefit of the workingmen and

their families. The tax reports for New York City, for example, show that in 1917 $44,210,209, or 21½% of the whole, was expended for public schools, colleges and libraries; $3,106,005, or 1½%, was expended for recreation, science and art; $17,405,290, or 8½%, was expended for health and sanitation. For hospitals, asylums and child welfare, $11,362,905, or 5½%. In 1918 the amounts expended were larger; the percentages were about the same. In addition to the amount of these direct expenditures, the amount paid in each year for interest on the city debt, and for its redemption, was very large, amounting in the first year to $59,744,568, and in the later year to $65,590,460; in one case about 29%, and in the other about 28%. This debt was principally incurred for the construction of railways belonging to the city, and for the provision of a water supply. The benefit of this largely goes to the workingman. The rich use automobiles, and could buy water for themselves, if they chose, as they do now in some countries where the public water supply is inadequate.

In considering the share that actually goes to the holders of the capital invested, it must be remembered that wages are paid before there is any return to capital. When steel is manufactured, the men are paid weekly or monthly, but always before the product of their industry is marketed and paid for. Wages are always a preferred claim. This rule has for centuries been applied by the courts in the case of seamen's wages, and in the United States has been made by statute applicable to wage-earners generally.

Another privilege which is given by law to the wage-earner is practical exemption from direct taxation. He pays some tax indirectly when he buys any article whose production or sale has been taxed. All men do this, the rich and the poor alike. But the wage-earner as a rule pays no direct taxes. The income tax law expressly exempts all heads of families whose income is not over

two thousand dollars; the single man is exempted when his income is not over a thousand dollars. If a wage-earner has by industry and thrift accumulated capital enough, his income from this becomes the subject of direct taxation. Even in this case it is exempt to the amount before mentioned. The income tax returns for the fiscal year 1917 show the following in regard to persons having a taxable income (over and above the exemption) of not over five thousand dollars:

Income:	*No. of Persons:*	*Aggregate Income:*
$1,000 to $2,000.....	1,640,758	$2,461,137,000
$2,000 to $3,000.....	838,707	$2,064,977,328
$3,000 to $5,000.....	560,763	$2,115,864,601
Total no. of persons having taxable incomes under $5,000.....	3,040,228	
Total of taxable incomes under $5,000.....		$6,641,978,929

To this total must be added the portions of the income exempted from income tax. Averaging the proportion of persons who are not heads of families and are only entitled to an exemption of $1,000, we find that in the classes just stated the exemption amounted to $5,646,138,000. With this addition the total incomes of persons reporting and having an income of less than $5,000 over and above the exemption just stated, amounted in 1917 to $12,288,116,929 — over twelve billion dollars.

The same returns show that there were in 1917, 441,562 persons in the United States having taxable incomes of $5,000 and upwards, amounting in all to $7,010,224,278 — above seven billion dollars. Making a similar average for the proportion of these who were not heads of families (one-seventh) we find that their income, exempted for the reason before mentioned, was approximately $820,044,000. The total is $7,830,268,278. If this income were equally divided among the 20,880,860 householders

in the United States in 1917, it would give to each only $7.19 a week — about a dollar a day for the average family of five, and about twenty cents a day for each person.*

If such a division were attempted, it would kill the goose that now lays the golden egg. There would be nothing to divide after the first year. The productive property from which income proceeds requires skilful management to make it productive. The executive and inventive ability which alone can make such management effective is stimulated and developed by the prizes which under our present system success brings with it. Under a system which deprived skill and energy of their legitimate reward, they would cease their activity and there would be no surplus to divide. The few great material prizes have gone to the most skilful, the most energetic, the most efficient. But the material benefits they have conferred upon the great majority far exceed in amount and value the prizes they have gained. These dazzle, but their fruit is widely distributed, and gives more happiness than the prizes. The expenditure of the rich becomes the income of their employees. The wages, for example, of the gardener who cultivates the beautiful garden, are paid by the rich man. They are the livelihood of the one, the expense of the other. Often the gardener enjoys the garden more than the employer. The artist shares the price of the picture, the author that of the book. And the artist and the author have real satisfaction in their work itself. The greatest good to the greatest number will be realized only when all citizens unite, each one to do his best, in a spirit of mutual helpfulness and friendly sympathy.

* In the statistics published by the United States Government the Commissioner of Internal Revenue does not apportion among the different classes of taxpayers the income from dividends. The tax on these is paid direct by the corporation. It may fairly be inferred that if they were apportioned the division would be in much the same ratio as that of other sources of income from investments. The proportion, therefore, would not be changed. The total amount of this income from dividends is much less than the amount of the personal exemptions referred to in the text.

It has often been said by agitators that the majority of the wealth of the United States was held by a few people. These income tax returns show conclusively that this is not true. The aggregate incomes of these 3,040,228 persons amounts to $12,288,116,929, whereas the total number of persons having a taxable income of between five hundred thousand and a million dollars was only three hundred and fifteen, with a total income of $214,631,270; and the total number of persons having incomes of a million dollars and over was only a hundred and forty-one, with a total aggregate income of $306,835,914. From the same returns it appears that in 1917 the total of the taxable incomes from personal service and business was $7,607,107,930. The income from property was a little more than half as much, that is to say, $4,469,901,354. If we were to add to this taxable income from personal services the amount of wages paid which were not taxed, which was certainly as much as six billion dollars (twice that paid in 1910) we should see at once that the wealth of this country is in its earning capacity, and not in its investments. Let us take one illustration: The gross receipts of the Steel Corporation during 1918 were twice the amount of its capital stock. We perceive the fundamental error of the statement so confidently put forward by socialists, that the interest of capital is antagonistic to that of labor. The true interest of each is identical. The more productive labor is, the larger will be its share of the product, and the larger will be the dividends of the capitalist. It must be remembered that the word "capitalist" includes all who have savings invested in any form. The man who has a deposit in the savings bank is a capitalist as well as the owner of stock in the steel corporation. The owner of ten shares in the steel corporation is a capitalist; the owner of a thousand shares is no more. When it is said, as it often is, that some men have an excessive amount of property, we reply that government has found a way to reach this by the surtax. If a man's

income, for example, exceeds $52,000, and does not exceed $54,000, he has to pay the government a quarter of the excess over and above the first five thousand. If his income exceeds a million dollars, he has to pay sixty-five per cent, or more than half of the excess. Including the normal tax, which is also chargeable, the total tax payable by the person whose income is a million dollars is $703,030, or seventy per cent. It cannot be said, therefore, that the law has dealt unfairly with the wage-earner, or puts upon him too large a share of the burden which must be borne for the administration of the government. This means the protection of persons and property, and the provision of education, sanitation and the other items before mentioned in the city's tax budget.

It should be noted again that this income tax is paid to the federal government, and is altogether independent of the local taxes in cities, which in the main are levied upon real estate, and not upon incomes at all. In the City of New York in many cases this tax amounts to twenty-five per cent of the gross income from the rental of the property. The same is true in Buffalo, and probably in most cities of the United States. Here again it is levied, not upon the productive end of the property, nor upon its value to the owner, as used by him, but upon what sometimes is called the "unearned increment," that is to say the increase of value caused by public improvements or by the growth of population. A man may build a house for his own residence, live in it thirty years, and find it no more valuable for his own purposes than it was when he built it, but in many cases his tax has been quadrupled.

Enough has been said to prove the initial proposition, that the law of this country does not discriminate in favor of the capitalist. Originally the American idea was that the law should not discriminate in favor of anybody, but that all classes of the community should be the

subject of equal laws. In order to carry out this American principle the Sherman Act was passed, July 2, 1890. The object of this act was to prevent discrimination, and it was general in its provisions, but the labor unions and the farmers succeeded by the Clayton Act of October 15, 1914, in exempting from its operation labor unions and agricultural organizations. The same act limited the power of the Court to grant injunctions in the case of controversies between employers and employees. It is to be noted that this act does not apply to suits brought by the United States or by any individual state, and yet in actual administration until very recently these States have not applied to the court to restrain the members of trade unions from interfering with railroad transportation, telephone communication or the manufacture of necessary articles. Whatever discrimination there is in the law of the United States, is in favor of combinations of labor and against combinations of capital.

The American people ought to ask themselves seriously why there should be such discrimination. Longfellow justly says that "envy is the vice of republics." Is not envy one of the principal causes which has led the leaders of labor unions to promote the legislation which has been referred to? If we look at the subject dispassionately, is it not true that accumulated capital is a great public benefit? It is like a reservoir of water stored up in time of abundant rainfall against the time of drouth. It is put to constant use for the public benefit. Under the American system every man is free to accumulate capital, and thereby encouragement is given to thrift and industry. Our laws forbid titles of nobility, but they do not take away from the individual the stimulus of prizes. The men who have risen to great wealth in this country are mainly men who have risen from the ranks. Carnegie and Rockefeller began their careers as poor men, with practically no capital — nothing but their own skill, industry, thrift and courage. The great works which they achieved

were possible by reason of these qualities, but would not have been possible unless the laws of the country had allowed them to accumulate their profits and use them in works of public utility. The gifts of Mr. Carnegie and of Mr. Rockefeller have been of incalculable public benefit. Who can say that any human being has been injured by the Rockefeller Foundations, or by the Carnegie Libraries? Men who look at these great fortunes should feel as does the private soldier when he thinks that the pay of the General is far more than his. He knows that his own toil and danger would be unavailing without the skill of the commander. But if this contemplation produces envy, hatred and malice, it blinds the observer to the facts: he sees everything through colored spectacles, and is no fit adviser in the affairs of the commonwealth. This jealousy and suspicion have led men like Fitzpatrick and Foster to ignore the fact that different men have different qualifications, and that the best results can only be obtained by giving to each man the place for which he is fitted.

The head of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is advocating the Plumb Plan, which in effect would take the business of railroads out of the hands of the owners, and give a third of it to the men who are engaged in the actual work of transportation. Yet Mr. Stone would think me a fool, as I would be, if I were to undertake to run a locomotive. Does he think that the management of railway business is an easier task than running an engine? The work of each is honorable, but they are distinctly different, and no good results can ever be obtained unless each kind of work is done by the men who are qualified to perform it. An instance of this on a great scale has just been put before the world in Russia. When Lenine and Trotsky set up their revolutionary Soviet Government, they killed or banished the men who were skilled in the management of railway business and in the manufacture of necessary articles. The result was that

the cost of production has increased, we are told by reliable observers, three hundred per cent, and the amount of the product has diminished fifty per cent. On a smaller scale, and with less evil results thus far, the men who have promoted strikes in this country in 1919, were engaged in the same bad business. At a time when the cost of living had greatly increased, owing largely to the destruction by war of many necessary articles, and to the engagement in the war of millions of producers, who were being supported by the rest of the people, the strikers have stopped production. During the late steel strike their bulletins expressed the greatest satisfaction that no more steel ingots, steel plates, steel rails, steel machinery of any kind, were being produced.

Reference has been made to envy and jealousy as a source of social unrest, but another passion equally powerful is the love of power. The leader of a labor union composed it may be of a hundred thousand members, is a very powerful person.

The leader's salary, paid by his union, goes on, although the pay of the workmen whom he leads ceases. His ambition is gratified; he sees his name in the headlines of every daily paper; for praise or blame his name is in every mouth. This naturally turns his head, and he becomes an autocrat. During the recent steel strike, it was frequently said by Fitzpatrick and Foster and their supporters, that Mr. Gary is an autocrat. Let us consider the facts. There are about one hundred and fifty thousand stockholders of the Steel Corporation. Of these seventy-five thousand are employees of that Corporation. These stockholders have an annual meeting at which a report of the business is presented for consideration. Every stockholder has a vote. If the report is approved by the meeting a copy is sent to each stockholder, and it is made public. At this meeting directors of the corporation are elected by the stockholders. These directors elect a president. Surely there is nothing

autocratic about this. The men who have invested their money in the vast property of the company are certainly entitled to manage it. If it is said that they should manage it in the interest of the public, the answer is that in every state where this corporation does business, it is subject to public investigation and direction; its hours of labor, the housing of its workmen, are all regulated by law; it pays taxes for the support of the government and for the education, comfort and pleasure of its workmen and their children. In all this there is nothing autocratic, but simply the performance of an important public function by men who have invested their earnings in the construction of a vast mechanism.

But when we look at the affairs of the union which waged war against the owners of the property, and consequently against the public which depends upon the product, we find absolute autocracy. As has been shown, they are exempted from many of the laws which are applicable to all other men. They are exempt from taxation; they handle large sums of money in annual income without any public responsibility whatever. Mr. Foster admitted that the income of the American Federation of Labor was two million dollars a year. A man with that taxable income would pay sixty-five per cent of it to the government. In point of fact the federation pays nothing. What Mr. Gary objected to was the interference in the business, with the management of which he was entrusted, by men who are not in the employ of the company, and who are not stockholders and have no interest in the welfare of the business. He said at the outset that he would be glad to welcome and to consult with any employees of the company. Mr. Foster's answer gave away his whole case. He said, "These employees are not qualified by training or experience to confer with Mr. Gary." Very possibly that is true. If it is true, how absurd is the proposal to turn over to these unqualified men the management of the complicated

business of the manufacturing of steel in the myriad forms which have become necessary to civilized life.

The report of the Steel Corporation for the year 1918 shows that it had 268,710 employees, and paid them the great sum of $452,663,524. This was an average per day to employees "exclusive of general administrative and selling force," of $5.33, and to all employees, including this force, of $5.38 per day. It is an average per annum of $1,687. Beside this amount thus paid to employees, there was paid for local taxes during the year $23,367,213, and there was set apart for federal income taxes, not adjusted at the date of the report, $274,277,835. The same report shows that the company had set apart a pension fund of twelve million dollars, the income of which was paid to retired employees. About three million dollars were paid as a compensation to injured employees or their families. Mr. Gary testified that large sums of money had been expended for welfare work. It subscribed $7,375,662 to funds for war purposes directed by the Red Cross and other benevolent societies. Is it surprising in view of what the corporation has thus done, and is still doing, that it should object to interference from outsiders who have no interest whatever in the management of the company and the welfare of its employees?

It has often been said by the leaders of labor unions that the right of every man to work or to refuse to work is absolute, and that it ought not in any way to be restricted. To this there are several qualifications. In the first place, a man may restrict his liberty by voluntary agreement. If he makes a contract to work for a particular period, the courts will enforce it. This has been repeatedly held by the Supreme Court. In the next place we must discriminate between a legal right and a moral right. There are many things which are not prohibited by law which are immoral and even wicked. Morally no man has a right to refuse to work. It is his duty to do his part in the production of that which is useful to the com-

munity. Otherwise he is a drone. His contribution must be according to his talent, but to make it in some form is an absolute obligation. When we come to apply these principles in practice, we find at the outset that a strike as commonly conducted is not a mere refusal to work, it is a combination to keep others from working. There are very few strikes in which force has not been used to prevent those who are willing to work from doing so. This denies to a fellow citizen the right to work, and that is opposed to American democracy.

The fundamental error of Fitzpatrick and Foster and their supporters is their assumption that there is a boundless fund of wealth from which they have a right to draw. They ignore the fact that wealth consists in that which is being produced from time to time, and that to stop this production diminishes wealth, diminishes the fund from which wages may be paid, and thereby in the end will certainly diminish wages. It may in the case of a particular strike increase the wages of those engaged in it. But so far as the strike is effective in lowering production or diminishing efficiency, it diminishes the income of the community as a whole.

Everett P. Wheeler.

HEROIC VENICE

I

THE wingéd lion of Saint Mark that mounts guard over Venice holds up an open book on which is written: *Pax tibi, Marce, Evangelista meus.* According to the tradition of the great republic, this book, this evangel of peace, was closed when the nation went to war, its covers held tight together in the lion's grasp until such time as, by the will of the divine beast, the war should be ended and the book reopened.

To a people of poetic instincts whose actions are quickened by imagination, symbols are more than symbols; they are potent factors in the general mind, reacting upon the sentiment that created them. The quaint bronze lion on the column of the Piazzetta is to the Venetians no mere relic or decoration or curio. Whatever may have been the reason for leaving him uncovered and unprotected throughout the war, while the Virgin on the Campanile was wrapped in cloth, and all the saints were hidden away, it was the reason of wisdom. It was no matter of indifference to the crowds of soldiers and sailors who passed that way to see him always standing there, his feet planted firmly, his tail stiff, his wings raised, ready to spring at the foe if the chance came, ready also to drop his wings and be at peace; — a Venetian image of Victory.

No nation ever made war more hotly or pursued the ways of peace more calmly than the republic called the *Serenissima.* And Venice in the World War was true to her traditions. While she prayed for peace she strained every muscle in war. Everything else she cast aside. Like the ships that moved in and out through her lagoons, she was gray and grim and determined. A revelation to those who having known her in former days had never really known her, she revived the Venice of the old re-

public, and gave new meaning to her ancient symbols. The Duke of Aosta's army saved Venice from destruction. There is a sense in which Venice saved the armies.

Tried and tested as she was from that May morning when Austria aimed at her the first blow against Italy, exposed to attack by land and sea and air, two-thirds of her population sent off into exile, and the others living on without means of livelihood, exhausted by raids from the air and by the constant thud of earth-shaking guns, Venice, stripped of her adornments and girt for war, had need of the strength of the lion and the resiliency of his wings. Delicate and fantastic as the city is, — an artist's creation of carved ivory embedded in opals and emeralds — her people knew the hungers and the dangers of primitive existence. The eyes of the world were upon her treasures: her task was more complex than the world knew.

Venice had already closed the book of peace when the Italian government made its declaration of war. She was ready and eager. She had made her plans and taken the measure of her duties, knowing that her position made her a vital point of danger; not knowing that she would become the advance guard of Italy, a centre of heroic enterprise and a fountain of courage to her defenders.

Two events of opposite import are equally to the credit of the Venetians. Weeks and months before the war began, by wise and concerted action, the most precious Venetian paintings were taken from their frames, rolled on wooden cylinders, and transported beyond the Appenines. Then suddenly, in spontaneous reaction, the citizens of Venice openly rebelled. Protests were raised on every hand. The Confraternity of San Rocco passed a vote that their Tintorettos should not be touched, and all the citizens applauded. They would not look on at this rifling of their city. Why should they subject their treasures to the grave risks of damage, and hide them away as if they did not trust the national defense? Besides, Venice would not be Venice if this went on. The

enemy could do no worse. Let them keep their possessions, their symbols, their glory, about them and go down, if need be, with soul and body whole. To dismember Venice was not to save her.

It was a show of spirit easily to be condoned when one thinks of what was happening. In the great Council Chamber of the Doges' Palace, which had glowed with the light and movement of historic victories — scenes of famous audiences of Emperors, Popes, and Doges, tributes to Venice from the Occident and the Orient, imperial fleets conquered in the west and infidel armies in the east, the proud Barbarossa brought to his knees by the intercession of the Doge, — Venice in history and Venice in symbolic legend depicted by the Tintorettos and the Bassanos and Palma the Young and Paul the Veronese — suddenly the splendor has disappeared. Nothing is left but bare walls and empty frames — a lifeless body.

Not all the arguments of Rheims and Louvain and Ypres, not the memory of Metternich and Radetsky, nothing but the actual rain of "Austrian manna" could convince the Venetians of the grim intentions of their enemy.

In the early dawn of the first day of the war, before the declaration had been published in Venice, an Austrian aeroplane dropped four bombs into the heart of the city. On the same day an Austrian squadron off Ancona turned seven large calibre guns on the Cathedral of Saint Cyriacus, a twelfth-century monument of ancient Venice that dominates the sea from a bold height. The Italian fleet had yet to clear the Adriatic of Austrian ships, compelling them to hide in the deep harbors of its eastern shore. And the Venetians, remembering now the bombardment of '49 when in three weeks twenty thousand balls were dropped on Venice, set themselves to labor and endure. The city was placed under marine command, and a double work began. While the aerial defense was

developed into an effective instrument, vast plans of protection from bombs and shrapnel were carried out, despite the unique obstacles of the city of the sea, where the nicest calculation was required, lest the weight that was needed to support and strengthen should crush the frail foundations of the walls.

The lion of the Apocalypse had "eyes before and behind." He would need to use them all if he was to protect the fragile beauty of Venice from the perils that beset her.

On the third day of the war the bronze horses were removed. In twelve hours of anxious labor, under a clear May sky, they were let down with ropes and derricks, and placed in wooden frames for transportation; — the proud Greek horses whose journeys had chronicled the rise and fall of empires. They had traveled from the western to the eastern world at the will of Constantine. At his downfall the Doge Dandolo had brought them to Venice, where, in spite of the boast of Doria the Genoese that he would bridle them, they stood in their matchless dignity until Napoleon bore them away to Paris and placed them in the Place du Carrousel. In a few years Napoleon had fallen, and Francis of Austria had given them back to Venice "as a conqueror would give to a captive queen one gem of her broken crown." Now they were being rescued from a fate worse than capture; and before they should make the journey back from Rome, three powerful emperors were to lose their thrones.

The famous Colleoni was protected for a time by sandbags inside a wooden frame, until later, for greater safety, it too was taken down and removed to Rome. Brick supports were raised between the carved columns of the Ducal Palace, the façade of Saint Mark's and the Loggetta were hidden behind dull walls; places of refuge were built of sandbags under porticoes, inside courtyards, behind stairways; windowpanes were pasted with strips of paper that looked like prison bars. Piles of sandbags were pressed

against arches and arcades and tombs and statues and doorways, never disturbing the universal harmony of color, but marring with their bulk the graceful lines, and contrasting crudely with the patterns of the stones of Venice.

And so the city of gold put on her austere mantle of war. But the greatest test was yet to come.

II

What happened in Venice when refugees from the north were pouring in, and evacuation, partial or complete, was inevitable, and what happened in the ranks when they turned about and held the enemy at bay on the Piave, are two stories of wholly different content. Yet both are heroic sagas, and in both of them Venice performs a stirring part.

The first is a story of a human family reduced to primitive needs and primitive emotions. It is a story of hunger and thirst, of tears and laughter, of hope and terror, of threatened panic and triumphant courage. In the second story, Venice is an ideal of the spirit. She has become a light of leading — an image raised up out of human aspirations to great power; something akin to Athene Parthenos and the Holy Grail.

Venice has often suffered from the misconception of her admirers. Too many clever men and women, powerful with words, have passed days of intellectual relaxation floating through her canals, and have fancied they saw modern Venice, when they saw only their own dreams woven into the fabric of the ancient city. She has indeed drawn to her the dilettanti of all nations, and strange fantasies have put on human guise under the fretted and frescoed ceilings of her palaces. But if, as one has said, Venice is a strange sea-bird, attractive to exotic lovers of rare plumage, the sea-bird loves his young as tenderly, falls by a blow as quickly, craves food as keenly, as the

meadowlark, and in the plan of nature has another function than to shed the influence of her delicate colors on the moods of her admirers.

Venice is the home of a sturdy race. The quality of the race may not be discerned from a gondola, unless the traveler will drop his egoism and spend the hour conversing with his gondolier: and even so, unless he understands the native dialect, he will not advance beyond phrases and attitudes of mind invented, like other wares, for visiting foreigners. But anyone who worked in Venice, with Venetians, in the last twelve months of their resistance, must have learned that the spirit of a great people is not dead.

A poet has told in Venetian dialect the second story, of how retreating armies turned and held, by their own strength and hers, an enemy gorged with victory. He has told it in verses worthy of his theme. And the Duke of Aosta, Commander of the Third Army, has declared it to be "a faithful record of what happened in all our hearts."

Venice sleeps, wrote the poet, under an autumn sky. Not a light in the canals, no chattering of voices on the bridges, not a sound in the once vibrant air. Only at intervals the weird voice of the megaphone letting fall from above the welcome assurance: "Per l'aria, buona guardia." Venice sleeps in sovereign peace.

But inside the darkened houses, what dread, what lengthened vigils, what shocks of fright! Until as winter draws near, hearts grow serene, thinking that winter's storms will drive back these demons of the air. When, one evening, a bulletin of war drives every heart into hell.

For down from the north a mighty wind of madness and plunder sweeps through the doors of Italy. A black storm of ancient enemies, — Turks, Huns, Bulgars, Hungarians, Croats — nearer and nearer they come, till the earth trembles and an arch of fire stretches from the mountains to the Lagoon, and every Italian suffers on Calvary.

And the soldier of the trenches,—the soldier of San Michele, of the Faiti, of the Carso, — standing bravely at his post and wondering at the signs of falling back, receives the command

more cruel than death — to leave the place he has held at such terrific cost, and withdraw before the advancing fire. He sees the enemy planting their feet on holy ground. He sees the army of refugees joining the retreat, leaving behind them all their little world. And something trembles and struggles in his warrior's heart, flames up, flickers, and goes out. His faith is dead.

In deep humiliation he plunges on, bent with agony, the barbarians howling like beasts behind him. For days and nights the heartless, desperate rout continues. He crosses the Tagliamento, passing the scenes of the early advance, when the armies had marched forth singing to conquer a frontier whose defenses had been thought invulnerable, until he reaches the Piave and is dragged across it with the horde. There he stands for a moment, in the mud of the river bank, his forces spent, his teeth set, his soul in torment. Hope has died out of him, and faith is dead. His only desire is to find his home where he can hide himself, where he can lie down like a tired child and cry his heart out. Struggling over the high bank he stops again, suddenly; for a wind has struck his face, and the taste of salt is on his lips. He looks into the keen wind and wonders. What is that gleam of light far away against the sky? He strains to see. A space of water is outlined against the low lands, and the white light above it is like a cloud of incense. He cannot believe what his eyes tell him. He falls on his knees, his voice trembles when he would speak, and all the air breathes: "Venice! Sacred, beloved Venice, bride of the sea!"

Then he speaks and calls the city by tender names, and rejoices that a few more steps will take him to her. But ah, no! if he moves one step farther the way will be open to the heart of Venice. The invader will be upon her.

And the soldier jumps to his feet and turns about to face the arch of fire and the roaring tempest. He feels for his bayonet and his hand-bomb. He looks into his heart for one swift second, and knows that faith still lives; it wakes fresh and strong and blossoms into joy. "Enough, dogs, enough!" he cries. "Woe to him who touches Venice." And the river bank becomes a trench.

The barbarians have seen their prey shining in the lagoon, and they rush on shouting: "Forward with heads down! Attack! We are on them." And a yell replies, "You shall not pass!" And they are hurled back in the mud, and the mud grows red. "So to-day, tomorrow, and forever, you shall not pass!"

And behold a portent! While Venice has rekindled faith in

the soldiers' hearts, and they stand firm on the Piave, on the Sile, on the Grappa, to the people of Venice, whom they have saved, appears a vision. The lion of Saint Mark, the city's guardian, no longer holds the book of the Evangel, but in its stead the shield and white cross of Savoy. He rests one paw upon the shield while he raises the other, showing its claw, as the bayonets are raised against the enemy along the mountains and the lagoons. It is a vision of the strong guardian of United Italy, holding up the symbol of the nation's faith.

III

A row of "dragons" along the sky marked the line of the Piave, and by the sound of guns one could trace the battle front from far up in the mountains, over Montello and Montebelluna and the Grappa and the heights of Asiago. Through the winter and the spring the line held firm. Then came the Austrian offensive, called the second battle of the Piave; called also the battle for Venice, and not without reason, although the Central Powers saw the whole of Italy in their grasp, and the French frontier not far away.

In the meantime Venice, fifty thousand of whose population had remained at home; — Venice, whose defenders we knew were to resist at any cost, went about her tasks as usual. There was a certain tension in the air, as the guns grew louder and louder, and crowds pressed closer around the daily bulletin. But the girls in the workrooms for unemployed went on re-fashioning twelfth-century designs in lace and linen, while in government shops many more were making uniforms or sewing in Red Cross ouvroirs for soldiers and their families. The small children were gathered into *asili* under the care of Sisters whom the Patriarch had wisely ordered to remain in Venice. These children sang their songs and played their games, some of them in houses partly destroyed by bombs, and not one of them but learned to sing, before the day of the armistice, the Star Spangled Banner translated into Italian. Women and old men standing in line before the

soup-kitchens were no less patient and smiling, or vociferous and Goldonian, than before. Most of the industries had been removed. But on the island of Burano, between Venice and the mouth of the river, the lace-makers of the Queen's school "put up their defense" by working on without a break. There were no interruptions anywhere, because Venice had long been ready, knowing the hour would come. The concerts in the Marcello Palace, under the auspices of the High Command, and the popular band concerts in the square were crowded with attentive hearers, and the church bells rang out across the water as if to defy the guns.

Under that first summer moon, air raids had become more frequent. There was an almost constant rumbling overhead, and the defense guns boomed and rattled, and the sky flashed, and one heard a bomb drop somewhere with a sullen roar. Searchlights of marvelous brilliance streamed across the sky. Sometimes they focused on an aeroplane, and one saw it suddenly, a gold insect caught in a web of light.

The broad canals were lined with gray destroyers and torpedo boats — all of them Italian; for no warships of the Allies entered the lagoons before the armistice. Night and morning the ships moved in and out with perfect regularity, an equal number standing always at the moorings, an equal number putting out to sea. Dreadnoughts kept guard at the entrance of the port.

On moonlight nights the swift little motorboats called MAS, top-heavy with their huge torpedoes, slipped their moorings near the doorstep of the old Giudecca palace where we lived, and sped out to keep guard in open sea. In the dark of the moon they were bent on exploits. There was more than the usual saluting one evening as they passed under our balcony, and we spoke of Pellegrini who had gone out from that house a short time before, and, on his little boat of the same squadron, had disappeared in the harbor of Pola. But this time the MAS returned

next day, and Rizzo, its commander, was hailed in the Piazza and feasted and fêted. He had sunk two dreadnoughts in open sea. Less important tentatives were no less dangerous. A sprig of oakleaves brought in to me one morning by a young lieutenant testified to his midnight adventure on the enemy's coast. There was information to be gathered for the Pellegrinis and the Rizzos.

Meanwhile the Venice hospitals were filled with wounded, brought down in the Red Cross steamers through the lagoons. Many more were brought down in ambulances by the straight white road that led to the battle line, and distributed in camp hospitals on the mainland. When we went up the road to meet them, carrying them food and drink as gifts from America, we saw something of the price that was being paid, and we came back humbled by their patience and endurance. We were too far back to see their battle vim. Stories reached us of the *arditi* attacking with bombs in both hands and knives between their teeth. We saw only the racial gentleness toward suffering, which is of the same quality as their tenderness for children. "Shall I give your coffee to these Austrian prisoners?" asked a young Italian doctor. "But, yes" — he answered his own question. "They are wounded, and a wounded man is never an enemy."

We were standing in the courtyard of a cream-colored villa shaded by eucalyptus trees. From the hot white road the camions were driving in through the avenue under cool foliage, and stopping by the garden entrance of the villa. The pavement of the broad hall that ran the length of the house was crowded with stretchers, while from the walls, covered to the high ceilings with replicas of Greek and Roman sculpture, images of the helpless gods looked down on them. All through the villa, odors of blood and antiseptics hung heavy among the frescoes and carved arabesques.

One of the thousands brought in that day was an Italian boy who had been wounded and taken prisoner, and had

lain three days and nights on enemy ground. Then, as the battle swayed back and forth, that ground was recaptured, and he was rescued. His wounds were gangrened, and he might lose both legs. "They gave me water," he said, "but no food." The driver of the Poets' Ambulance confirmed his story. And it was on one of those three days that the Austrian aeroplanes were dropping bread from their boasted abundance across the Italian lines.

Up there on the camion road one heard the news before it appeared in the bulletin, and one carried back details of the fighting for hungry ears in Venice. And on a certain day, when we had gone up to the front by water, while we stood listening to the questioning of prisoners, in the staff headquarters between the Old and the New Piave, a message was brought in announcing to the general that the two wings of the Italian army had joined together, hemming in the Austrians and forcing them back. It was the culminating stroke. The victory was complete. The black two-faced eagle would never rend the lion of Saint Mark, as in the design already published by the Austrian High Command.

And now the sound of guns was fainter, and there was a new sense of security in Venice. When the line had bent back and the Austrians were perilously near, we said to one another, "The line will hold." Nobody sought to prove or justify: it was a blind faith. The line had held, and the tide of war had turned. And those in high places knew that it was a turning of the tide for all the Allies.

Now it was the time for public demonstrations, in the square, in the cathedral, in the Municipal Palace, when the city honored her defenders, and they paid tribute to her courage. These were simple festivals, lacking the magnificence of former days. Yet they were always dignified and restrained, no emotions overstepping the limits of good form. And when the five domes and the gold balls and pinnacles of Saint Mark's rise behind the scene

above the Gothic palace and the Sansovino library; when the sun strikes the flags of all the Allies and the gonfalone of San Marco, and turns the ivory of the Palace to rose-tinted pearl, and moves across the waters until their pale colors join the rich reds of San Giorgio's tower reflected in the Basin, there is magnificence enough for any hero of land or sea or air. Boats and hydroplanes were always in swift motion. At one celebration the whole fleet of little MAS, crowned with flowers, circled about just off the Piazzetta, while gondolas stood on end in the high waves. Launches with officers in blue and gold speeded through the canals without pity for gondolas or foundation walls. And everyone smiled approval, for the whole city was at war.

At night when there was no moon the Piazza was dead black, and the silence of the streets lent weirdness to the cry of the guard, repeated like an echo from roof to roof.

The work of feeding and clothing and comforting went on with dull monotony. Yet all the time the very air seemed stirring with adventure, with risks and escapes, with sacrifices that ended in triumph or in death. While the hard work of war was carried on in plodding persistency, one looked at this or that destroyer every morning to see whether all her colors were flying, or whether she had a battered side. An enemy plane brought down near the Giudecca was towed through the Grand Canal. Two English aviators were brought in from far up in the lagoon, where they had fallen, overpowered by the great number of the enemy planes, thirty against three. It was whispered one night: "Tomorrow morning D'Annunzio will fly to Vienna." And the next day, messages dropped in Venice announced the accomplished feat.

Meanwhile a grave anxiety settled down over the Venetians. Their unity of purpose, the essence of their courage, was troubled by a sense of helplessness which was akin to fear. Hopes rose high at the good news from France; but with that joy contended a great impatience.

Why did not the Italian offensive begin? Was Italy not to do her part in winning the final victory? She had only partially redeemed Caporetto. To fail now would be an irretrievable disaster.

Suddenly, after breathless days of waiting, the sound of the guns changed. Instead of intermittent blows, there was a constant stream of firing. It could be nothing less than a barrage to cover the crossing of the Piave. And so it was. The roar and grumble rolled away into the distance, and there was silence.

IV

The book of peace was opened quietly, without a shout, with no show of exultation, with no delirium. An orderly procession carried the banners of the city and placed wreaths on the statues of Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi and Manin. The great bell Marangona pealed out from the Campanile for the first time since the war began, and all the bells of all the islands broke forth together, and the Te Deum was chanted in Saint Mark's.

The cloth covering was removed from the angel on the peak of the Campanile where it shone like a golden Victory. Piles of sandbags and lumber cluttered the Piazza, as the protective covering was swiftly removed, and the sound of hammers in the air gave the semblance of a new birth to the ancient city.

"Do you see?" said the man at the newspaper stand on the first morning. "Everyone is smiling. Because all hearts are happy." That was the temper in which Venice received the news of the armistice. Hearts were too happy for noisy demonstration.

Then, too, there was the shadow of the starving population beyond the Piave, to temper the rejoicing. From the first day of the advance they had been coming into Venice begging for medicines and food. The problems of the authorities grew more complex, and the people were called upon for new sacrifices day by day.

Yet there was whole-hearted rejoicing on that first evening when the Piazza was illuminated. There were lights in the streets, light in the canals, — the waters were alive with light. Nothing gave such pleasure to the Venetians as this liberty of light.

Venice had been bombarded many times, and many houses had been destroyed. Churches and palaces had been injured; huge pieces had been blown out of the city's foundation walls; hardly a glass window had been left whole. Yet there was no irreparable loss except the Tiepolo fresco in the Scalzi, and on that memorable night when the bombardment lasted for eight hours, although three hundred bombs were dropped, only one life was lost.

It is not strange that the people think their city was preserved by the intercession of the Virgin Mary, and that they have vowed to her a temple at the Lido. But there will always be those who give the honor to the Duke of Aosta's army and see the greater miracle in the transformation of the ancient into the modern symbol, — the *Pax tibi, Marce* into the White Cross of Savoy.

Gertrude Slaughter.

THE JURY SYSTEM

GOOD MEN AND TRUE

WE are picked men; the Police have investigated us and found that we have no criminal records; and for this very reason we have been haled into court. What has happened to us — the undesired event that assembles us in one room, and sets us regarding each other with annoyance and suspicion (for we are evidently not all in the same set) is likely to happen, with local variations, to any honest adult male citizen in the United States. We have, in our own State, been "drafted, selected, and returned" to serve as traverse jurors at a Superior Court for the Transaction of Criminal Business — or, as one might put it, for the Discouragement of the Transaction of Criminal Business. We include more occupations than a Correspondence School prospectus. We are a plumber, an author, a plasterer, a galvanizer, a florist, a teamster, a carpet merchant, an automobile salesman, a clerk in a hardware store, etc., etc.: collectively we are the Social Order, or "these Good Men," as the Clerk of the Court will presently call us. Or again, we are forty odd names, to be written on forty odd cards, which the Clerk of the Court will shuffle and deal, twelve at a time, to "this defendant," he or she having the right to discard some of us and draw others. And for our services we are to receive three dollars a day, with something over for traveling expenses.

Now this is a situation in which any good citizen might find himself; yet concerning which the ideas of most good citizens are somewhat vague and misleading. Some of us had believed that if the unlikely event ever befell, and we found ourselves summoned for jury duty, we would get excused, and that would be the end of it. Most of us

have not thought about it at all. Herded together in this antechamber to the Court Room, each with his summons in his pocket, we regard each other distrustfully; mutter into such ears as seem most likely to sympathise our disrelish of the situation, our indignation at the interruption of our own private affairs, our cheerful acceptance of the Jury System as a great, necessary, beneficent Idea — until we are thus put to considerable personal inconvenience by it. This morning many of us are by no means sure that it amounts to much. The inconvenience itself varies. It is real to some of us, and, to put it gently, not unlike a blessing in disguise to others. The citizen whose three dollars will be a fraction of what he is paying somebody else to take his place in his business, and whose business is going to diminish without his oversight, is pardonably disgruntled. The citizen to whom three dollars a day is a good wage is naturally more philosophical. Not yet used to each other, we judge by outward seeming, estimating man by his clothes and manners, which, we shall find later, are no sure criterion to his intelligence. Our very hats and coats, hanging from pegs, seem to express this uneasy lack of certitude concerning their neighbors. But our first surprise, when we have been led from this antechamber, some of us economically leaving half-smoked cigars on the window ledge where we can recognize and resume them, is that the very men whom we select as the more substantial citizens are not the ones who ask to be excused from this onerous duty.

We sit in rows during this ceremony, sensing in our different ways the atmosphere of the Court Room, in which the cage for the defendant is still merely an object of unsatisfied curiosity, and the air, thus early in the day, has not turned slightly mephitic with criminal degradation and unwashed human beings. The first man who goes up to be excused, whispering his reasons to the Judge, probably settles the question for a good many of us. We don't like the grim amusement in the Judge's eye as he

listens; and we feel, looking at the petitioner as he hastily and rather sheepishly leaves the Court Room, that this Jury, as a body of intelligent, duty-performing citizens, is just as well off without him. We are already, it appears, beginning to take a certain pride in ourselves as jurymen. Anyway we are *not* quitters. We have that in common, as we sit on our hard settees and stare at the stage setting — a long, high desk for the Judge, smaller desks for the Prosecution and the Defense, a cage for the prisoner, and the empty jury-box with twelve seats for the jury. Those seats have cushions! Some days later, when we have got used to things, there will be morning rivalry among us as to which can nip into the Court Room first, and sit on those cushions until driven to the unsympathetic settees by the empanelling of a jury.

Presently the Judge is addressing us, somewhat drily, very directly, and with a twinkle as of one who knows our composite state of mind better than we do. That twinkle, and his hands humanly in his pockets, reassure us a little; but we are subconsciously afraid of him. We regard him so intently that an imaginative observer might think of him as a serpent addressing a gathering of rabbits. Magna Charta to the contrary, we have a strange helpless feeling that he can do anything he pleases with us, and, if we make any objection, imprison us indefinitely for contempt of Court. And the man knows it! There is, he tells us, much work ahead: the docket is full, and yet the number of cases that come before us will depend somewhat upon the way we discharge our duty. If our first week shows us to be an intelligent, fearless, truth-seeking jury, there may be less work for us than would otherwise befall during the second. There are, we gather in our fascinated intentness, juries *and* juries: professional wrongdoers, now in durance, will reach conclusions as to whether ours is a jury with which they care to do business. Also we shall hear much about "reasonable doubt" — which is, simply, the degree of doubt we should consider

reasonable in any important decision touching our private interests. We are uncertain whether to applaud this speech. We feel, apprehensively, that perhaps we ought to — but — we — don't — dare — do — it.

Before us, not as if we were spectators of a play, but rather as if we were "supers" not yet familiar with the performance, attorneys consult in what seems rather an aimless fashion. Policemen and Court officers come and go mysteriously. The Clerk of the Court finds on his desk a little mahogany barrel, pops a bunch of cards into it through a little trap door, gives it a thoughtful spin on its horizontal axis, — although we don't know it, he is mixing us up — and turns his attention to a sheaf of papers that we guess represent so many criminals.

A fat bald-headed man in a shabby fur overcoat, sullen, worried, and self-conscious, is brought in by an indifferent Court officer, stands in the dock, pleads "not guilty" to an abominable crime, and is marched out again. His case will come up later, and we regard it momentarily with mingled disgust and curiosity. The air certainly is not improving: for the seats set apart for witnesses and spectators are silently filling, and it is not what the dramatic critics call a fashionable audience.

We are, however, to begin, like Koko, with a guinea pig, and work up to a second trombone.

A youth stands in the cage, stupid, with little eyes restless under a bang of thick hair, pleading "not guilty" to some crime apparently known only to himself and the Clerk of the Court. But the Assistant District Attorney is also in this important secret. The Clerk consults him and turns again to the prisoner, who leans forward, both hands on the rail, to hear better.

"Your case is about to be tried," says the Clerk, "and these good men whom I shall call shall pass between the Commonwealth and you upon your trial." The good men realize that at last something is about to happen, and learn also that the prisoner has the right to challenge any

two of them without assigning a reason. The Clerk rolls the mahogany barrel, few if any of us realizing that this apparatus is the actual Jury Box; he extracts a card, reads a name from it, and the first juror marches diffidently to his seat in the box. Later we shall get used to this publicity, but just now we are more like schoolboys under a new teacher than the Social Order about to confound Guilt and protect Innocence. Sworn with uplifted right hands to do our duty by the youth in the dock, the complaint that brought him there is at last read to us. An aging, white-haired gentleman is this Clerk of the Court: and he adds impressively —

"To this complaint the defendant pleads not guilty, and for trial puts himself on the Country; which Country *you* are. *You* are sworn to try the issue. If he is *guilty*, you will say so. If he is *not guilty*, you will say so, and no more. Gentlemen, hearken to the evidence."

Carefully undoing the wrappings of sonorous phrase in which he comes to us, the criminal at the bar is accused of being drunk and beating a horse. Well, there are the witnesses being sworn — "so help them *God* " says our Clerk, lowering his voice impressively at the Great Name. Another Clerk later will voice the phrase differently — "sohelpyouGod" — and lose that fine touch of reverence, a little worn, like old lace, with much handling. And here are we, good men, to decide what we think of it.

That twelve good men, lifted reluctant from their workaday employments, and paid out of the County treasury, should proceed through so much ceremonial to the settlement of so small a matter — an intoxicated mote indulging its bacchantic fury on the nearest available object: to wit, a horse, seems, we feel, a good deal like expensive red tape: and yet, as the impartial working out of a sound principle, we admit that it has a reason. A lower court has passed on this matter; the youth, falling back on inalienable right, demands trial by his peers; we are his peers, barring, so far as that preliminary police-

man found out, that we don't get drunk and beat horses; and we bring him in guilty, just as the lower court had done. In our young innocence (as jurors)we mourn somewhat over his habits; but in examining testimony we prove ourselves a "good" jury by sternly repressing sentiment. Some of us look at the thing from a practical angle, and decide that these small cases are like the dead mice Mother Cat gives the kittens to play with: Government is putting us in training for more serious business. Take this fellow as he stands, and twelve good wooden men, prettily painted and operated by an electric push button, might go out and in and return a verdict with equal justice. Yet that we are not wooden men has a vital importance. All along the preceding line it has prevented carelessness and injustice. The composite of our twelve human equations is a check on human liability to error. In this case, typical of many others that will come before us on appeal, the fact that we are *not* wooden men is what makes it seem as if an automatic jury would be just as efficient.

So with our next guinea pig, a Drunk, shaking unsteady forefinger at the policeman who arrested him, and exercising his legal right to question the witness. How many times, asks this defendant, *has the policeman been drunk?* Answer him that! The policeman's clear eye and healthy complexion "answer him that." Our foreman, taking his place of honor at the head of the table in the Jury Room, voices our general sentiment: "Gentlemen, it strikes me that all we have to do with this case is to sit here long enough for a short smoke." "Plumber" moves to make it unanimous without balloting; "Carpets" seconds; "Automobiles" recommends a new brand of cigarettes to "Literature;" the Country is unanimously of the opinion that the defendant *was* drunk.

Even on a more complicated question, the machine works sometimes with a pleasing precision. Reasonable doubt seems possible; the Country is undecided — feels

the need of talking this evidence over. For half an hour we talk it over, each reaching a conclusion, but each in doubt as to what is happening to the others. Just to see how we stand, we take a preliminary ballot, and find ourselves unanimously agreed that the defendant is guilty.

Late in the afternoon, however, we are mortally afraid of that Jury Room. Once there, the door locked behind us, and no good man can say when we shall come out again. Has not the Jury Officer, with the key in his pocket, given his solemn oath to "take charge of this jury and keep them together in some convenient place until they have agreed"? But suppose we don't agree! Four o'clock — five — seven — nine — eleven: there are mattresses in this convenient place, on springs, without sheets or pillows, visibly meant for jurors who can't reach an agreement! And one good man can do the trick for us! Perhaps the Man with a Theory will do it: his Theory being no verdict until each good man has thought to the limit of his individual capacity; and his Practice to vote "not guilty" until quite certain (in his own presumably infallible judgment) that the rest of us have fulfilled the requirement. Thus we learn to work, like the schoolboys we are, with our eyes on the clock. School closes at four. Send us out on a case at three, and out we stay, though we have settled the affair in five minutes, until satisfied beyond that reasonable doubt that we are not likely to be again empanelled and sent out till tomorrow.

Yet do not imagine that these good men are not taking their work seriously. We are simply getting used to it. Some of us, those first days, were nearly invalided, crossing the channel that separates crime as a matter of common knowledge, from crime made living by a prisoner in the dock, witnesses on the stand, and ourselves sitting in judgment. Only as we get used to it, do we realize that practice makes cheerful, even in bringing in verdicts of

guilty. The vileness, too, of some of these criminal doings! We all knew that such conditions somewhere existed, just as the reader has perhaps smiled at the possible accuracy of that quaint, suggestive definition,

'First a currant, then a fly
'Neath the crust alternate lie.
Alternating currant pie!'

But our first sensation, as tender unfledged jurors, is akin to what the reader's would be if he actually lifted the crust of that unspeakable dessert. Good, but not seriously over-refined men, some of us delight in anecdote of so classical a flavor that, without suspecting it, we borrow from Chaucer what Chaucer borrowed from Boccaccio. All of us, graduates of the Public School, can assume the Corinthian. We are no mollycoddles! But, inured as we are to an inferior kind of humor, we have most of us never before been in a Superior Court for the transaction of Criminal Business.

But it also happens, collectively, that we good men are practical, capable of soon grasping the fact that when Sentiment comes in through the door of our Jury Room, Expedition will try to fly out through the barred window. In most cases we are sorry for "this defendant" — and bring him in guilty because really there is nothing else to do with him. It may take us several minutes or several hours. The good men on one panel hearken two weeks to the evidence; are locked up twelve mortal hours discussing it; come out of the Jury Room naming each other by their first names; and return a verdict so profound in its wisdom that the newspapers publish editorials in praise of them. Another panel does not go out at all. There we sit, in our two rows, our feet on a rail suggestive of another rail in front of another bar (not in this Court Room) where good men and bad occasionally assemble for informal discussion. The prisoner is in the dock. An Assistant-District Attorney, who it always pleases us to

observe is thin, grave, scholarly, with eye glasses and a pendant unruly lock of hair exactly like the young lawyer in a Book, informs the Court that this time the Commonwealth has no evidence against the defendant. We may, says the Court, bring in our verdict without leaving our seats. It is all very sudden. We stand up together, intent and serious, while our foreman, a good man rattled by the unexpected, clears his throat and responds to force of habit.

"G–guilty!" he says: and everybody stares at him, Judge, attorneys, prisoner against whom there is no evidence, policemen, court officers, and spectators, until he gulps, blushes, and reverses it.

Shall we ever wholly forget some of these defendants! There is the portly successful-looking, white-haired prisoner, physician by occupation, criminal by practice says the indictment, winding his portly gold watch with a frequency that no watch can possibly require. Never before saw we a man so interested in the flight of time, nor one who found it it such warm work to wind up his watch. Where he sits in the cage, the sun, through the high window, falls on his right temple, just under his thick curly white hair, and flames on the gold chain that passes from his gold-rimmed eye glasses back behind his ear and so to the white waistcoat over his ample stomach. A full-bodied, pompous, hearty man, we fancy, before the Law got him, laughing loud laughs and mighty fond of a good dinner. And now on his fat temple the sun makes a high light, which grows and grows with the accumulation of perspiration, until, every little while, his glasses slide slowly off his small nose, and he mops himself carefully, brow, neck, cheeks, and chin, with a big white handkerchief. Mopping perspiration and consulting and winding his watch keep him quite busy; but all the time he listens intently. Perhaps he is trying to persuade himself that he has just dropped in out of curiosity.

Guilty or innocent, he fairly sweats his way into our sympathies. We are again sorry for "this defendant"; anxious, when we come to pull the evidence to pieces, to find that "reasonable doubt"; and unable to find it. Some of us think we have found it; sentimentality, and the feeling that many other men commit the same crime and are not caught and punished, having got into our Jury Room. We think of the penalty — which is none of our business. Time passes in discussion that is largely ethical and has nothing to do with what is really a Yes or No matter: did this defendant commit this crime? Answer us that! One part of our composite mind must be told by another that we are not making laws, but deciding on evidence. Expedition tries to fly through the barred window, but some of us have her by the heels, and she can't get away entirely. We take ballots; break up into groups; argue in corners and a cloud of tobacco smoke. Inarticulate brothers are compelled to express their opinions. We resume our seats and try to bring order out of chaos.

"It is like this," says one of us, "Imagine a hole in the table. It is against the law to fall into the hole. Imagine a little man walking along the table. He falls into the hole. We may be sorry he has fallen into the hole. That has nothing to do with it. The only question for us is whether he is or is not down there in the hole."

More ballots. More discussion. Gradual decrease in the number of soiled pasteboards with the hopeful words "not guilty": at last a dozen all of the same opinion, and there is only one word on each ballot.

It is a sealed verdict, to be kept in our foreman's pocket! till the next morning. Court has long ago adjourned till tomorrow.

Aside from everything else in this strange atmosphere that every day loses something of its strangeness, there is always a sporting interest in the performances of the mahogany barrel. Some mornings it doesn't roll at all.

The good men sit waiting, those who are quick enough having dodged in early and got the cushions. The Court Crier repeats monotonous requests for this, that, or the other defendant to "comeintoCourtandprosecuteyourappealoryourdefaultwill berecorded." He sounds like quick-firing vocal artillery. Apparently the reputation of these good men is having an effect on these defendants: we produce verdicts of guilty with such discouraging regularity! Cases that might have come before us are being wriggled out of our reach by attorneys for the defense (and concerning attorneys we have developed a useful habit, out there in our mysterious Jury Room, of cutting the oratory and getting down to the evidence); other cases are pleading guilty and letting it go at that. There are days, as one good but waggish man suggests, when it would enliven matters and relieve our ennui, if we all shouted together: "WE WANT MORE CRIMINALS! We discuss the idea — although many of us do not really enter into these flights of fancy — of drawing lots to decide which of us shall commit a crime: for we are by now curiously acquainted, and yet not acquainted; and the rolling of the barrel, when a criminal is found for us, has the added interest of curiosity as to which twelve good men Fortune will this time toss together. Our luck varies. Some good men almost invariably come out of the barrel; others rarely. "Carpets" can hardly sit in the room when a jury is being empanelled, without being selected; "Hardware" sits through the session, and does next to nothing for his daily three dollars. And thus each panel is likely to contain units that have met already under similar conditions. "Baker," first out of the barrel, knows whether or not he is pleased when "Author" follows him; "Author," again, knows the degree of welcome that his heart and mind extend to "Plumber." "Plumber" may easily have a preference as between "Galvanizer" and "Real Estate." Baker, Plumber, Author, Galvanizer, Real Estate, Leather,

Carpets, or Automobiles — we watch the Jury Box nervously lest the Man with a Theory shall come popping out of it. And pop he may, even when there are twelve of us; for there is always the chance that some good man may be challenged.

Why we are challenged we are never quite able to determine. The fact remains a mysterious blessing. Always with something of the schoolboy about us, a challenge is not unlike an unexpected generosity on the part of Teacher letting us out of school early: for it is one of the ameliorations of our lot that we are dismissed when we are not needed. One explanation, at least, is consoling, if modesty could accept it: keen-eyed attorneys for the defense are thought to eject us from the panel because we look so intelligent; but we may guess for ourselves that a keen-eyed examination of our records as jurymen, and the discovery that every jury on which this individual has served has found for conviction, may have something to do with it. Under our various occupations and outside environments, we good men have much in common; perhaps one of these characteristics is a willingness to admit that some of us look more intelligent than others (just which being a matter of individual judgment). But we have come also to hold considerable respect for the aggregate intelligence of any dozen. When we go away from this business we shall not speak slightingly of the intelligence of juries. There will remain with us, always, the conviction that if *all* juries were as intelligent as ours —

So we assemble, morning after morning, trying such cases as the little mahogany barrel selects us for, always (or nearly always) seriously intent upon the immediate business, and a little afraid of doing something that might be construed as contempt of Court. Not smiling when Guiseppe Macaroni passes before us with bent head, and shows us those cruel scars which, we shall later decide between us, represent an accumulation of many years, and not altogether the dire result of one recent meeting

with a policeman's billy. Nor do we smile when Guiseppe, being discontented with our verdict, curses us richly in Italian: for it had been a strong point against him that a man of such volcanic temper should not go into places of public entertainment with a loaded gun in his pocket. For the time being it is better for everybody, himself included, that Guiseppe shall go where he will have no pockets. We have passed judgment on the scowling button-eyed person, really more practical than eccentric, who was captured wearing four suits of clothes; and on the smiling broken-nosed young man who (as one good man whispered excitedly to his neighbor) stole a whole butcher shop! This defendant! We have seen him so often that we no longer remember his individualities: thief, burglar, abortionist, potential murderer, drunkard, confidence operator, pickpocket, embezzler, sensualist — a Painful Pageant (as the circus poster might phrase it) of Predatory Proletarian Pursuits and Primordial Promiscuous Passions. And "this defendant," with one unimportant exception, has been uniformly masculine. We wait in vain, with various degrees of anticipation, for the advent of the "beautiful prisoner," and Miss Jones, being colored as well as a pickpocket, is no satisfying substitute.

Once more we sit in rows, just as we started, listening intently as the Judge thanks us for our services, somewhat drily, very directly, and with that eternal twinkle as of one who knows us better than we know ourselves. We have been, he tell us, a good jury, one that it is a pleasure to work with. He would like — but here, flattered as we are, we cannot agree with him — to see us all back again. Seriously inconvenienced, we have done our duty like men; and we have had a rare opportunity to see the workings of the machinery of the Law. We have observed that the Prosecution is not *anxious* to convict defendants (We good men who have so persistently brought the defendant in guilty!) and that the

Judge is not *anxious* to pronounce judgment. We have seen the care taken to safeguard the defendant's interests. And as we go out again about our own occupations, we can bear with us a report of how this great necessary machinery operates, that will itself assist Justice by making the process of the Law more understandable to those who never come into our own close contact. This time we applaud bravely, wishing in some way to express our thanks to the Court for the way he has so often made up our minds for us when he charged the Jury.

So we get our hats and coats and separate, most of us never again to meet in this world, for which we have stood temporarily as the Social Order. We are no longer the Country. School is over. And as we go, we hear the voice of the Crier, more and more remote down the long corridor where the sign "No Smoking" is almost hidden by smoke:

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! All persons having anything to do before the Honorable the Justices of the Superior Court . . . draw near, and give your attendance, for the Court is about to be adjourned."

And what, finally, going our separate ways, do we think of the jury system? We have been a good jury (the Judge says so himself), capable of weighing the evidence and reaching a just composite conclusion. And I think we think that the jury system answers its purposes as well as may be at the present stage of human evolution, a necessary nuisance to jurors and a necessary evil in civilization. We do not see how to improve upon it. We wish we did. Probably when we are evolved beyond crime and stupidity we will be evolved beyond juries — and not before.

Ralph Bergengren.

MEN NOT SO GOOD AND NOT SO TRUE

IT is not given to every active practitioner at the bar to sit in the jury box and take part in the decision of cases; but, fortunately for me, I have recently undergone such experience by refusing to avail myself of the exemption which the statute gave me the right to claim.

For upwards of 35 years, and while in the active practice of the law, covering the trial of cases in numerous States, I have, during all these years, had the privilege of talking at juries, but not of being talked to as a juror. I have been curious to see whether or not the theories which I have heretofore conceived, and the conclusions at which I have often arrived, would be borne out by an actual experience as juror.

The following leaves from my mental diary may throw some light upon the efficacy of the jury system as now constituted.

Perhaps a word in retrospect may not be inappropriate as a sort of prelude to my observations and conclusions.

Like many an old institution, the jury system as such, is supposed to have about it a sort of aura of sacredness which should make it exempt from criticism, but the time has come when, if this system has lost its potentiality, and no longer serves the purpose for which it was created, it should be abolished.

That it is exceedingly expensive, a tremendous burden upon the tax payers, and very frequently fails in its purpose, goes without saying; and if an equally satisfactory result, and certainly a more expeditious and economical one can be secured through a trial by competent judges, then this antiquated machinery should be consigned to the judicial scrap-heap.

Some curiosity has been excited as to how it happened that a jury as a rule consists of 12 persons. In a Guide to English Juries, published in 1682, and attributed to Lord Somers, the following is stated:

> In analogy of late the jury is reduced to the number of twelve, like as the prophets were twelve to foretell the truth; the apostles twelve to preach the truth; the discoverers twelve sent into Canaan to seek and report the truth; and the stones twelve that the Heavenly Hierusalem is built on.

In the very early days of this system, which in England has been ascribed to Alfred the Great, juries were selected from among persons who might be familiar with the facts, and who were privileged, therefore, to take their own version of these facts rather than those of the witnesses produced; but in later years, there has been evolved the modern jury which is supposed to know nothing of the facts, but to decide the case according to the evidence as adduced upon the trial, and under the instructions or charge of the court as to the law governing such facts.

Changes have been made in the petit jury system in a number of different States, and, where formerly in civil cases, as in criminal, unanimous verdicts were required, in a number of States verdicts can now be reached by numbers ranging from a majority to 10 of the 12, and in some jurisdictions a thirteenth juror has been added to provide against the contingency of a mistrial by reason of the death or incapacity of a juror during the trial.

In some of the larger cities of the country, and most generally in the Federal Courts, a better class of jurors is secured than are to be found in smaller communities; and yet in a little volume called *Moral Overstrain*, George W. Alger in 1906 collated certain statistics with respect to the record in the City of New York alone for the year 1904–5.

It was there found that the records of the Commissioner of Juries in that City indicated that there were some 1,500 fines imposed on men who refused to serve, and who thought that their time had better be devoted to their private interests rather than to the public; that, during that year, in New York City alone, 33,500 men were required for jury service, and of which 60 per cent tried to dodge such service.

The number of men required is probably proportionately the same in other communities, and, at every term of Court, especially in the larger cities, the best men attempt to evade this duty, thus leaving upon the panel an undue projection of men of limited business experience, often of meager intelligence, and who are totally unfit to pass upon the important questions submitted to them.

Two instances in my recent experience, I think, will suffice as examples indicating the manner of deliberations of the ordinary jury in a criminal case and in a civil one.

I was permitted to sit in the case of a Greek charged with a felony, i. e., perjury in the second degree, wherein a conviction meant imprisonment for several years.

When the jury was impaneled, each talesman was carefully interrogated as to whether or not he or she had any prejudice against a foreigner, and especially a Greek, and whether his witnesses, if foreigners, would receive the same measure of credit as others, and, in fact, whether any prejudice of any kind existed in their minds.

Each juror answered that he would give a perfectly fair trial to the defendant.

The Attorney for the State, and the defendant's attorneys as well as the Court, frequently referred to the fact that the defendant was on trial for perjury, and the judge in his final instructions defined the crime of perjury very simply, so that a grammar school child could have understood the nature of the offense, and what it was

necessary for the State to prove in order to secure a conviction.

Perjury was not proved against the defendant, but there was some testimony to indicate that, in order to avoid an attachment, he had attempted to sell a partial interest in a business, and it was out of this that the perjury charge arose.

When the cause was finally submitted, the first ballot showed that the jury was evenly divided upon the question of the defendant's guilt.

The six who voted for conviction were each of the opinion that the defendant was guilty of attempting to defraud a creditor. I finally tried to explain that this was not the charge for which he was being tried. Subsequent ballots indicated a change to eleven for acquittal, and one for conviction, and the juror who stood out proved to be a railroad contractor of considerable experience in material affairs, but who very frankly stated that he had no use for Greeks, that they were all dishonest, and that he had never employed one whom he could trust, citing several instances wherein they had tried to take advantage of him; and yet this juror had, under oath, stated that he would give this defendant a fair trial, and had no prejudice against him or any of his nationality. He was finally shamed out of his indefensible position, and voted for acquittal.

Two of the ladies serving in this particular case had absolutely no conception of its nature, and did not seem to know what perjury was, and yet they were willing by their vote to send this defendant to State prison.

In Kansas, Nevada, and Washington, women are permitted to serve as jurors, though they can claim exemption if they desire. In Idaho they occasionally sit, and in other suffrage States it is still a moot question whether the word "homo" in a constitutional sense includes "females" as competent for jury duty. In Arizona, Alaska, Colorado, and Montana, women are held to be

(legally) constitutionally excluded; and California, Wyoming, Illinois, and Oregon have excluded them.

It is related that in Wyoming a male prisoner demanded the right to have women jurors, but the Court held that the question could only be raised in case a woman demanded trial by her peers. Evidently the calumny on the male sex did not avail him anything.

While, in all the States but Washington, very few women have served, I am able, from personal observation and experience, to state whether the service has added any improvement to the jury system in the State of Washington.

I can say with ample support for the statement that women as jurors are an absolute failure.

I was later allowed to sit in what is commonly known as a "personal injury" case — something I had desired to do for a great many years, because of the frequency with which I have defended these cases for corporations and others; and, although I had formerly been a counsel for this particular defendant railroad company for many years, the attorneys for the plaintiff nevertheless permitted me to remain as a juror, and I intended to be, and believe I was, doubly careful on this account, to weigh the evidence carefully, and to give the plaintiff the benefit of any doubt that I might have had in my mind.

The jury was composed of ten men and two women, one of the latter a professional nurse, and a woman apparently of more than average intelligence.

Briefly, the facts were that two men riding in an open car, which could have been stopped within 4 feet by applying the brake, rode deliberately in the face of an approaching train, which had given ample warning of its approach.

The Court instructed the jury, as a matter of law, that the plaintiffs were guilty of contributory negligence in

thus driving upon the track, but finally submitted to the jury a single question under what is known as the doctrine of "the last clear chance" whether the engineer or fireman might possibly have seen them going across this dangerous place in time to avoid the collision.

Upon the first ballot, the jury was nearly equally divided, although all of them finally admitted that neither the engineer nor the fireman, owing to the topography of the ground and the nature of the crossing, could have seen the car in time to have avoided the collision; but the women more particularly, and some of the men as well, were anxious that the widow who had brought the action, should receive a substantial verdict because they felt that the railroad company could afford to pay her something; and they even suggested certain amounts at which they thought the railroad company would be glad to compromise, and perhaps not appeal the case, if a reasonably small verdict were rendered.

With but few exceptions, the jury was ready to disregard the instructions of the court, and the views of one of them, who voted for the defendant, may throw some light upon how much attention is paid by jurors to such instructions. This particular juror was a much traveled man. He had sailed before the mast in oriental waters, and had been engaged in various occupations. He was a ready talker, and informed us, with great gravity, that a lawyer had once told him, when he lived in the Dakotas, that it was the duty of an engineer and fireman, particularly the engineer, always to keep his eyes upon the track, so as to see that there were no obstructions on it, and that it was in good condition; and that he was not called upon to look on either side for people approaching the train: therefore, the engineer and fireman had performed their full duty.

In another case tried at the same term of Court, the plaintiff sought to recover for mal-practice on the part

of a prominent surgeon, who is a specialist in bone diseases. All of the jurors answered the qualifying questions fairly, and among them was an avowed Christian Scientist, who qualified. When the case was finally submitted, she was found to be favoring a verdict for the plaintiff, notwithstanding all the others were for the defendant, and she gave as her woman's reason that, being a Christian Scientist, she did not believe in doctors, and therefore the defendant ought to pay.

Some years ago a conductor employed by a traction company, aged about thirty, claimed to have been injured while walking on its right of way, and, as a result of such injury, that he had a broken spine. He made a partial recovery, and secured employment as a bailiff in one of the courts. He was greatly emaciated, wore a steel collar to support his head; and the other bailiffs in other departments, as well as the lawyers and attendants upon the court, vied with each other in rendering him assistance and in extending sympathy.

On almost the last day on which he might bring an action, he sued the railroad company and recovered $3,000.00.

A very intelligent juror who was convinced that the injury did not occur as the plaintiff claimed, got the jury to compromise on this amount.

If the plaintiff was entitled to anything, he was entitled to a very large verdict, because the testimony of his physicians indicated that he could not live six months, and he, in fact, was sent out of the court room at the request of his attorneys while the physician was testifying, so as not to unduly affect him.

Immediately upon the payment of the judgment, the steel collar was removed. The man later was elected to the State Senate and has even aspired to the governorship.

The physician who took the X-ray photograph by which

it was proved to the satisfaction of some of the jury that the spine was broken, is one of the most disreputable men in the entire state and has absolutely no professional or other standing, while the plaintiff is to-day apparently as well as any man can be.

This, of course, is only one of the thousands of such cases where a jury either should have given a large verdict or none at all, and where it was swayed by sympathy and not evidence.

The various conclusions at which juries can arrive from the same state of facts, the following will illustrate:

A gas car and an electric came together, with the result that the gas car was damaged to the extent of $115.00 and the electric about $300.00. The testimony showed that when the collision occurred the electric was on the wrong side of the street, and the driver of the gas car within his rights, and hugging the right hand curb.

The owner of the gas car brought an action in Justice Court, the jurisdiction of which was limited to amounts below $100.00, waiving the other $15.00 to which he thought he was entitled, in order to secure a speedy and inexpensive decision.

The justice, after hearing numerous witnesses and viewing the premises, rendered a judgment for plaintiff for $99.99. An appeal was taken, and the counterclaim of the defendants increased in the appellate court to nearly $300.00.

A jury upon the same testimony given before the justice found a verdict of $1.00 for the defendants, carrying costs to the defendants, and it must be manifest even to a layman that either plaintiff or defendant was right and free from negligence. If the former, the verdict should have been for the full amount. If the latter, he should have recovered all his claim.

The court set aside the verdict. The next jury found a verdict of $50.00, although it was conceded if the plaintiff

was entitled to anything, he was entitled to the full amount prayed for. This verdict was set aside. A third trial was had. In each instance the jury was composed nearly equally of men and women, who were apparently "mixed" in a double sense, for the third verdict was that neither side should recover anything, and each should pay his own costs, a verdict not permissible in Washington. The court finally rendered judgment for the full amount for the plaintiff, notwithstanding this verdict.

Only a few years ago, a woman, who conducted a lodging house, brought an action against a city to recover damages to her furniture and her business because of the negligence of the officials of the city in placing in front of her premises huge and noisy appliances which were being used in the making of a public improvement, and she was given a very substantial verdict. Shortly after, upon the same state of facts, the owners of the property brought an action to recover damages to their abutting property, and also for deprivation of rents which tenant had refused to pay because she claimed the premises were uninhabitable, and she was unable to carry on her business. But the jury found for the city upon exactly the same state of facts as the previous jury had found against the city.

As a matter of curiosity, I asked one of the women jurors on the following day, how she happened to arrive at the verdict. She seemed to have forgotten all about the case, and did not know who the plaintiff was, although he had frequently appeared upon the witness stand, and his name was mentioned almost constantly, and he took an active part in the trial of the case both as litigant and attorney. Yet within sixteen hours, she had absolutely forgotten his name or what the case was about; and, finally, when reminded of its nature, said that a former city official, who had been permitted to serve as

one of the jurors, and was then drawing a pension from the city, but who had willfully permitted himself to qualify, and claimed he would be impartial, had insisted on their bringing in a verdict for the city; and although she wanted to give the plaintiff a verdict because, she said, "he was such a good looking man, she did not want to be given the horse laugh by the other jurors." This was her exact language, and still she qualified as a juror!

She was not much worse than the two women sitting as jurors in the case of Hansen *vs.* Lemley, 100 Wash., 444, where a new trial was asked because two witnesses for the defendant overheard one woman juror say to another, "I just hate that lawyer with the moustache," to which the other replied, "I do too."

Now coming for a moment to a criminal case, of which I had personal knowledge:

A young man was accused of highway robbery. He was caught in the very act of robbing a young child. He started to run away from the officers, who, however, stopped him by threatening to shoot, and among other means of identification, the officers stated that the accused wore heavy concave glasses.

The defendant's counsel rang the changes upon the cicumstance that this was one of the means of identification, and called attention to the fact how easy it would be for one particular member of the jury who wore glasses to be arrested sometime because some one who also wore glasses had committed a crime, and, upon such slight identification as that the wrong man might be punished. This pernicious doctrine evidently took root, this particular juror brought about a disagreement, the prosecuting officer finally consented to a plea of guilty with a very short term in the county jail, although within a month after the release of the prisoner, he again committed the crime of highway robbery in a neighboring State, and was given his deserts.

Some years ago the Great Northern Railway Company was acquiring a right of way through a city and business-seeking lawyers immediately sought out many of the property owners and made contracts with them upon a very liberal percentage for such recoveries as they might secure in condemnation cases. In one of these a witness placed the value of a certain piece of property at over ten times its actual value. He was asked, on cross-examination, upon what basis he fixed it, and he answered with great promptness and frankness: "Because Jim Hill wants the property;" and, although he was the only witness who thus testified, and all the other witnesses attempted to fix a fair value — at least fair in the sense of his outrageous mis-statement — the jury promptly found a verdict for the excessive figure.

In another case where a fractional part of an acre of land was wanted upon the banks of a river, which were so perpendicular that they could be used for nothing except, as Sol Smith Russel used to say about his perpendicular farm (?) that he could "drop down on mother," and which was to be used only for the purpose of anchoring a small pier for a trestle, the range in values as testified to by "experts" before the jury ran from $25.00 to $40,000,00; but it appeared that there was a mortgage of $500.00 upon this and a number of other adjoining acres, and so the jury gave a verdict for enough to pay this mortgage, although not one member of the jury would have paid to exceed $25.00 for the land.

Jurors serving upon the same panel with me have given me the benefit of their experiences. In one case where the jury was pretty well divided, and it finally came down to the vote of a single juror who happened to be a woman, she stated that, as the only chance to agree was to have her vote with the majority so as to make the vote 10, she would vote for a verdict, but it was against her convictions, but she was forced to because she had

left her baby with a neighbor who could not keep it beyond a certain time.

She, however, was no worse than a juror in Seattle, who was called in a misdemeanor case, and who heard one of his fellow jurymen ask the Court whether he could be excused from sitting in the case because he had a very important engagement with his lawyer for that evening, and wished to prepare papers in opposition to an application for the appointment of a receiver for his hotel, one of the largest in the city; and he stated, if the case could be finished on the day in question, he would be glad to serve, but not otherwise. Another juror in the same case also informed the Court that he had a personal engagement, which he did not wish to ignore, and that he would like to be excused unless the case could be tried and a probable agreement reached without being detained all night.

He was assured by counsel for both the State and the defendant that the facts were simple and brief, and that a verdict ought to be arrived at by noon. The case was submitted by noon, and upon the first ballot, the jury stood 11 to 1 for conviction. This one juror refused to have any intercourse with the balance of the jury; would listen to no argument and gave no reason for his attitude. He held the jury together until midnight, when he finally announced that he was ready to vote with the others, and find a verdict of guilty.

He was then asked by the hotel keeper why he held out so long and thus prevented him from attending to his important matter; and the young man who had been forced to forego his engagement, which happened to be the celebration of his first wedding anniversary, also asked the same question, and they were then informed that it was his understanding that if they did not arrive at a verdict until after midnight, the jurors were entitled to an additional day's pay.

When that juror appeared on the following morning —

they were kept out all night — he had two black eyes, and various other contusions on his person, which he did not disclose.

Every person who has ever served upon a jury, understands that there are always men upon the panel who hold out until after they can secure a meal or two at the expense of the city or county in which they are serving, and this is not confined to the men alone, for, in a certain case, one of the ladies, although willing to agree upon a verdict during the middle of the afternoon, suggested that we withhold our verdict until after the dinner hour, so that we could have another meal at the expense of the county, which allowed the munificent sum of 40 cents toward it.

I have seen women sitting in the most salacious cases, qualifying as jurors with the idea that they were going to be entertained, but with no conception of the responsibility resting upon them as jurors. This unquestionably is true of the male juror also, but at least he is not supposed to possess the inherent modesty of the female.

In a recent criminal case, where the charge was robbery, but a single witness testified for the State or prosecution. The defendant, who was an unusually fine appearing young man of previous good character, denied the robbery absolutely, and attempted to prove an alibi. There was no corroborating circumstance shown by the State, but the jury found a verdict of guilty, whereupon the defendant completely collapsed. It was no studied fake but the shock was too much for him. The newly appointed assistant prosecuting attorney, who had this particular case in charge, not unlike older men who occupy similar positions, and who are unnecessarily zealous in their attempts at securing convictions, made such an earnest appeal that it evidently carried conviction to the minds of the jury, who, notwithstanding a lack of corroboration, and that the burden of proof was upon the prosecution, found this defendant guilty. He has since been discharged with the consent of this very prose-

cutor, after the judge of his own volition had granted a new trial, because he said he believed the defendant was absolutely innocent, although his counsel, who had worked diligently, had failed to ask for one.

These are but a few instances of matters coming within my own immediate observation, and I know many similar miscarriages of justice in other civil and criminal cases. I have not even referred to the many successful "temporary insanity" defenses, to the "unwritten law" cases that are, unfortunately, piling up each year, particularly in the city of Chicago where it seems impossible to convict a woman of murder; to the many verdicts that are constantly set aside by the courts as being excessive or the result of some slight error; of the additional verdicts that are held for nought because of some indiscretion on the part of a juror; and of the thousands of verdicts that are yearly overturned by courts which have tried to give them a dispassionate and impartial review, and where, too, in many cases the defendants go unpunished, or the litigant in civil cases is deprived of his rights. Neither have I referred to the fact that it frequently takes longer to secure a jury than it does to try the case, and that the professional juror is much in evidence.

I have not confined myself to the more important cases, but have attempted to give just the ordinary grist as it is turned out daily.

While these comments have been confined to the petit jury, there is even more to be said against the present grand jury system, which is but too frequently made the agency of special spleen on the part of some disgruntled person or official, where a defendant never has an opportunity to be heard, and where, under the guise of a mere investigation as to the probable facts, many men are left with an undeserved stigma by an indictment afterwards dismissed; or where, upon a trial, the defendant was found not guilty.

Every active lawyer who tries jury cases, can multiply these experiences many times, even as I can, and probably give even more flagrant examples of the weakness of this ossified, useless, cumbersome, expensive, ineffective, and dilatory system.

In civil cases, the man who has a weak case wants a jury. The litigant with a just cause is willing to submit it to the court. Men trained in observing the conduct of witnesses, in the weighing of facts, in searching of motives, are certainly better qualified to administer justice than such people as have been described in the preceding pages.

If the time used in securing juries, in arguing questions tending to prevent the submission of cases or questions to juries were used in the trial of cases before judges alone; if many senseless rules of evidence were more readily disregarded, and the practice in other countries more freely indulged in, — that of permitting the court greater freedom in its enquiries into the truth, a custom I have personally observed not only in France but in countries like India and Ceylon and as eliciting the real truth and merits of controversies, our courts would not be so congested, and much more satisfactory and speedy decisions would be arrived at. Many court bailiffs and jury commissioners, and convenient talesmen and other supernumeraries might lose their jobs; less money might be paid for mileage and per diem; hotels and restaurants might miss the patronage secured through pull or favoritism; "easy money" might not be secured by willing jurors and more willing talesmen; but, if economy is the watchword of the hour, here is an opportunity for applying it.

Samuel R. Stern.

THE CASE AGAINST JURY TRIALS IN CIVIL ACTIONS

IN the strenuous times through which we are now passing, it is eminently desirable that we seriously consider whether the system of trying civil actions with juries is sufficiently beneficial to litigants to justify its retention, or whether it has outlived its usefulness and should be abandoned.

In criminal cases the jurors have only one question to decide, viz: the guilt or innocence of the accused, and it is possible that the employment of a jury for this purpose, may, at present, be the most desirable method of reaching a conclusion. The questions involved in the majority of civil cases are far more intricate and technical.

The jury system exists chiefly in the United States, in Great Britain, and in countries under British control. Instead of being the usual method of determining matters of fact among the enlightened nations of the world, it is the exceptional method. It has not been adopted by the nations of continental Europe, although some of these countries have attained a high degree of civilization, and are engaged in most of the numerous industries of the age, both commerical and agricultural. As a result, the controversies in their courts are as varied, and as complicated, as are those of the English-speaking world, where trial by jury is the almost universal custom; and as they are apt to arouse the same passions, as well as to excite the same prejudices, they demand an equal knowledge of the practical affairs of life. Continental Europe, however, appears to have found little need for the jury system, in spite of its operation for centuries in the neighboring country of Great Britain, and for over a century in the United States. Moreover, it is undeniable that nearly all the nations of continental Europe, which have adopted trial by jury in

criminal cases, have rejected the requirement of unanimity, which is considered of paramount importance in the Great Republic, and in the British Isles. These conditions show that trial by jury is not essential to the decision of important questions of fact, and they also furnish some evidence that it is not the best method; otherwise it would, in all probability, have been incorporated in the judicial systems of all nations.

The absence of experience in the functions of a legal tribunal, under which most jurors necessarily labor, is of itself a complete disqualification for dealing with cases of an involved character, such as occupy a great part of the time of the courts. Any case containing a complication of facts, with contradictory evidence, requires both natural sagacity and the habit of weighing and comparing conflicting arguments and rejecting plausible fallacies. The latter qualities are beyond the capacity of men of mediocre education, who, in a vast number of instances, never decided a case before, and who, as might be expected, are often unable to agree upon a verdict. Upon the other hand, it not infrequently happens that when they have succeeded in coming to an agreement, they have drawn wrong conclusions, and the injured party is compelled to incur the expense and delay of a new trial.

The judge, seeing the bewilderment of the jury, occasionally suggests in a covert manner what the verdict ought to be, but most judges are very reluctant to do this, lest they be charged with usurping functions reserved for the twelve "good men and true." But, if decisions of juries are to be, in reality, the decision of the judge, or, if they are to be revised when erroneous, by a higher court, what object can there be in putting litigants to the trouble, delay and expense of a jury trial?

The law proclaims its distrust of juries by denying them the right belonging to every other judicial body, of deciding their differences by a majority, and by exacting a unanimous decision. In effect, it says that the verdict of a jury

unlearned in the law must be valueless unless all twelve jurors agree, while the decision of a majority of judges, who are trained lawyers, is sufficient to determine the most complicated questions of law that reach the courts.

The assertion, so often heard, that jurors are better fitted than judges to decide all matters of fact, is not correct. A verdict is supposed to be the result of reasoning. The power to reason accurately is not possessed in a higher degree by farmers, by mechanics, or by storekeepers, than by judges, who are usually men of ability and learning, whose previous education and training peculiarly fit them for the task. There may be some cases in which, owing to rules of trade, or other unusual circumstances more within the knowledge of laymen than lawyers, the decision of the former would be, of the two, the more correct. But what is needed in these cases, is not twelve men utterly ignorant of the technical questions before the court, but one skilled assessor, to aid the judges. Even if a jury be considered essential in such a case, that is not a valid argument in favor of trial by jury in all cases.

Jurors are not required merely to decide the disputed facts; they are required to decide them according to the law and the evidence. It is an error to suppose that all that is necessary in order to do this is to listen to the testimony and to receive the propositions of law from the court, with such assistance as may be derived from the argument of the lawyers. When the jurors have listened to the speeches of counsel, and the charge of the judge, they have only commenced their work; their most difficult duties are yet to be performed. They are now expected to weigh all the testimony which they have heard, and thoroughly analyze it. To do so properly and profitably, conflicting assertions must be reconciled, where reconcilement is possible; and where it is impossible, a wise discrimination must be exercised in selecting from this testimony whatever seems most worthy of credence.

From the mass of evidence — often from a maze of contradictions — the facts which establish the truth must be extracted; and to accomplish this successfully, there ought to be a clear understanding of the points at issue. If these various steps are executed in a thorough manner, a demand is made upon the reasoning faculties greater than the average man is accustomed to; and while it may not absolutely necessitate mental training and discipline in similar work, yet such training will be of great assistance. It is obvious that the man who has had a wide experience of trials in court; who, as a part of his profession, has been compelled to listen to the testimony of witnesses, and carefully to consider not only their testimony, but their demeanor while on the witness stand; whose mind, both by education and experience, has become trained to logical processes, and to ready detection of fallacies in the arguments that are addressed to him upon the testimony, is far better able to arrive at an accurate determination of the issues involved than is the man who has no experience, and no such training.

But the juror's duties are not yet concluded. When he has weighed and sifted the evidence, a function of paramount importance and serious difficulty remains. He must now apply the law, as given him by the judge, to the facts. To do this intelligently often requires much clear-thinking and a more-than-ordinary exercise of the reasoning faculties, for the instructions of the court are often numerous, as well as lengthy. Some of them, in addition, are likely to involve more than one proposition. Moreover, however lucid the judge's charge may be, it is very difficult for minds unfamiliar with legal principles to apply the law to the facts. In a vast number of instances, instructions are not mere directions to the jury, if they find the facts to be so and so, to give a verdict for plaintiff or defendant. Upon the other hand, they are quite frequently a series of legal propositions, one having its bear-

ing upon another: and, when this is so, it is not only necessary that the whole series, but also that each separate instruction, in its relationship to another, and to the whole, should be clearly comprehended.

If the jurors need the guidance of the disciplined mind of an impartial judge in the matter of weighing the testimony, and also in the application of the law relating to the case to their finding of the facts, their incompetence for the duties required of them can hardly be denied. Under the jury system, where the charge by the presiding judge is recognized as essential to the proper performance of the functions of the jurors, it must be regarded as an anomaly in the very constitution of things that the judge shall be considered incompetent or unfit to reach a decision upon the facts, and yet shall be recognized as fully competent to deal with all the more difficult matters essential to the reaching of that decision; capable of acting as guide to the jurors through all the numerous obstacles and intricacies that attend their duties; competent to point out to them how to arrive at a correct conclusion, yet incompetent even to express his own opinion, much less to give a verdict. The judge, as a result of his vocation, and of the experience he obtains upon the bench, as well as by reason of his previous training and that habit of mind which the exercise of judicial functions begets, is less susceptible to improper appeals to either prejudice or sympathy, and is more alert to reject untenable arguments than a jury is likely to be.

The unnecessary employment of juries to try cases which could be better and more rapidly disposed of by a single judge, or by two or three judges, is one of the chief causes of the delay and expense of legal proceedings. A part of the few and precious hours during which the court sits is consumed in calling the jury, in hearing various excuses for unwillingness to serve as jurors, in disposing of challenges, and, at last, in swearing the jury.

But a far greater waste of time takes place in trying to make a case of any difficulty intelligible to men of comparatively little education, such as are not infrequently found as jurors, and in the efforts of learned counsel to work upon their prejudices, to enlist their sympathies and to win their verdict. After the counsel on both sides have finished, the judge is required to go over the ground again carefully, partly to undo what the lawyers have done, and partly to make sure that the jurors understand the law and the evidence. The effect of all this repetition is that innumerable cases occur which a judge could decide in a few hours, but which, when tried by a jury, occupy several days or weeks.

The compensation paid to jurors is adequate only to men of very moderate capacity, and it is consequently difficult to secure jurors really able to reach proper conclusions.

Lawrence Irwell.

THE RIBBONS OF LIFE

I

I LIVE alone, in a little gray shingle cottage on the top of a high green hill. It is a mile from train or trolley, and sometimes people say, "Are you not lonely there?"

And I do not try to answer them; I only smile. For as I live here, the world comes — as fast as I can focus my eyes upon it, in greater, greater volume than I can understand, and deeper, deeper than I can see — the world comes, and passes, not by me, but through my heart.

Sometimes I hold it in my hands and let it run through my fingers like myriad ribbons, black like the bat's wing, blue like the sea, rose as a rosebud, crimson as a scarlet letter. And sometimes my heart laughs at some sweet ribbon like a little brook, and sometimes at some swarthy ribbon my mouth searches for words that swing like an axe.

And all the time I question: "Why, when I thought I was retiring to a removèd spot, when I thought I was detaching myself from the world that I might better serve the world, why does the world pass more than ever, not by me, but through my heart?"

And sometimes I am sure I have the answer; that the ribbons of life may run through my hands, and I may see that though the world is quick as a stiletto, cruel as a saw, the big thing, the bright thing, the omniscient thing it is, that the world is sweet, that among all the ribbons, deep dye them as you will, in one slender white strand lies all the kingdom and the power and the glory.

This lesson of the ribbons comes to me in chapters like a book, each leading on to some great dénouement I do not now quite see, yet each complete within itself, each rounding out, enlarging upon the one point — that

is meant for me to know, and to repeat, that the world is sweet. Each chapter shapes itself with consummate craftsmanship into the same familiar pattern — so much of sorrow, so much of song, so much of blazing injustice — then the sweetness that wipes out all, that someway is the lighted fuse leading on to the great event at the end of the book of life.

It is Monday morning now, at ten o'clock, and I realize that since Saturday noon the world has come, and on the walls of my little gray cottage so removèd from the world, has written a new chapter for me to read, and to repeat; a chapter with the motif of sweetness running through its sordidness and agony, as the main theme runs through a nocturne, — comes, and goes, and comes again.

And here is this latest chapter, without rearranging, or editing, or juggling for effect with words, just as it wrote itself.

The beginning of the chapter was that I asked one girl to stay with me on Saturday night. She asked another girl, and the other girl asked a man. Then my brother's ship came in unexpectedly from the Argentine, and he was added to our party, and on Sunday morning a girl and her mother came, and on Sunday afternoon another woman came.

And these people came literally from the ends of the earth, in fact, in thought, in every circumstance of life, as opposite as the world is wide. Well here they are, — judge for yourself — a Fashion Editor, a Corset Demonstrator, a Sailor, a Printer, a Shopkeeper, a Stenographer, an Author — and I a sort of string to tie them all together. And what they thought, and brought of incident, and were of themselves, makes this latest chapter of my book of life.

To begin with action, as all good chapters should, the first three guests had an adventure with a brigand, a real live highwayman, who lacked nothing of the insouciance of a Robin Hood or the incongruity of a Friar Tuck.

My friends were in a smart little car driven by the girl who owns it. Five miles back on the road a "motorcycle cop" began to follow the car; they were later than they had expected to be, and were coming along pretty fast. The policeman hung back for about four miles, then, in a secluded green country road, he came alongside the car and said, "Stop when you get to the top of this hill, I want to talk to you."

The hill was, needless to say, a long one, about a mile long, but as the policeman kept alongside, they did stop.

"You were exceeding the speed limit when you passed through the square back at ———" the policeman said.

The driver's eyes opened wide. "Why didn't you stop us then?" she asked, "That was almost five miles back, and we passed the city limits of ——— some minutes ago."

"Yes, I know you did," he answered, shifting his eyes.

"What do you want us to do?" the driver asked.

"Appear in Court on Monday morning."

"Oh, I can't do that; I've got to be in ——— Monday morning."

"Well — then — "

Something in his manner made all three of the people in the car understand what he meant. None of the three had ever in person been present before at such a "greenwood" scene. But doubtless by much practice the highwayman had learned a peculiar sort of telepathy, for at one and the same time the three passengers in the car reached for their purses. The driver looked into hers in dismay; nothing but a one dollar bill and a twenty dollar bill; and she made a mental decision that she had rather pay $30 in court on Monday, than give him $20 now.

Wordless, she put a hand back of her, palm upturned: the man in the back seat thumbed over the bills in his wallet — oh, for a five! But ten was the least he had, so he laid it on the rosy altar of that upturned palm. And disdaining even to cast her eyes downward upon it, she passed it to the officer of the law. Politely he tipped his

cap, remounted his motorcycle, nosed it in the direction of the aforesaid city limits, and rode off.

And this is but the spotlight on a detail of an event now taking place in the labor world, an event fraught with telegrams to governors, delegations to state capitals, much pomp and circumstance, but apparently no effect. Just outside the city limits in which the highwayman in question plies his trade, is a great factory in which such dangerous, powerful, "ultimate-death-by-occupational-disease" work is done that American labor is not employed there. Americans cannot stand the work long enough to pay the company to employ them. Therefore, in this factory are employed our foreign born — those for whom we have made our boast of fighting — the imported Pole, the Ruthenian, the Slav.

During the past two weeks, the Aldermen inside those city limits voted to allow the street car company operating out to the factory to double the fare. And now the great hulking workman pays double fare in the morning and double fare at night. This, though his hours of work have been so curtailed his wages are at "pre-war" status, while the cost of his living has risen to "post-war" price. "They say" that the Aldermen who voted this increase in fare were paid $2000 each for their votes. Until Saturday I did not believe this; I thought it was a sort of bugaboo tale, such as the superstitious use to frighten their children. But since a policeman under the jurisdiction of these same Aldermen took a ten dollar bribe from my friends — I believe anything.

And this ribbon of exploited labor is one of the swarthy ribbons of life which trickles through the fingers of all of us who make use of the products of labor.

II

And here is the next ribbon, hard upon it, one that is strange, and startles and attracts.

I had never before met the man who came with the

two girls in the car. He turned out to be a member of a printing firm in a city of another State, and a most thoroughly pleasant week-end guest. He was slight of build, and wore an unconventional walking suit, khaki breeches and black leggins.

The first thing I thought about him was that he had the appearance of being a successful business man, a practical man. But the dominant "feeling" that came to me was of his being far-traveled, of having seen much of distant lands, of long ways, and picturesque experiences. When I asked him if this were true, he laughed oddly; "Why no," he said, "I have never traveled. In fact, I have been more than usually home-keeping. But I am in appearance very like my father, and he was a sea captain."

I was curiously interested, for should I have passed him on the street, I should have set him down in my mind as a sort of globe trotter. He told me farther, afterward, that his earliest and keenest memories were of the return of his father's ship, bringing chests of red cedar from Florida, chains of "Job's Tears," from South America, shawls from India, fine linens from Dundee.

And being this particular type of man, all the stranger was the ribbon of life he passed into my hands.

During the dinner conversation, he said: "Ten days ago, I was riding a spirited horse, and was thrown. I was carried in a fainting condition, to a drug store where a doctor came in and gave me first aid treatment. He said my ankle was broken. I was taken to my hotel, expecting to call in a surgeon."

"I had been riding with a young woman who was a Christian Scientist, and she insisted that I have Christian Science instead of a surgeon."

"'Oh, no!' I said, 'I must leave this city the first minute I can. I can't afford the time to try anything I do not understand.'"

"The fact was," he continued, "I had always had rather a contempt for the sort of thing I had heard people

claim as Christian Science. But I could not say this to the young woman, whom I knew to be sincerely convinced of its worth. But someway, I did allow her to persuade me to do as she asked. I suppose it was the confusion and the pain; for my business was pressing, and I felt that even with the best surgeon's work, I should be much delayed — a week anyway, much longer if the ankle were really broken."

"When I consented, the young woman telephoned for a Christian Scientist to come to my hotel to see me. The woman was 'too busy' to come at the time. And, having promised, I lay there for six hours cursing my unaccountable consent to try this thing. I was in great pain, too, and wondering whether my ankle was really broken, and if I should be lame for life if I did not have it properly set, and so forth."

"Finally, the woman did come. And I am not familiar with such matters, and I do not know what kind of thing she did to me, but, by George, it worked!"

"She was hardly out of my room before I went to sleep, and I walked right out of that hotel the next morning and went on my business trip."

He lighted a cigar. "Don't ask me how she did it," he finished. "I don't know anything about Christian Science. But I'm a practical man, and time means money to me, and if I ever get hurt again, it's Christian Science for me."

And there is the ribbon, make of it what you will. At least there is as much of it as ran through my fingers; of course it leads on somewhere, as they all do. Only time can tell where, but as the man who owns this particular ribbon is "a practical man" I dare say he has not stopped, and neither shall I, to puzzle over where it is leading him to.

III

As we were talking around the fireplace after dinner, the telephone rang. It was my brother, just arrived from

the Argentine. He had come as far toward us as train and trolley would bring him, and we ran down in the car to get him, arranging for him to meet me in the village drug store.

The village streets were dimly lighted, and I stood blinking a moment in the flood of brightness at the drug store door. Over there, with his profile turned to me, was a tall gaunt figure in a sailor suit.

It couldn't be that was my brother! That oldish man, so tired, the flesh drawn tight over his cheek bones, and sunken in below them.

Then he turned, and his eyes were big, and clouded. I cried out, a queer feeling caught at my heart. He did not seem happy to see me; he seemed in a sort of lethargy.

I was sorry the people were with me. I wanted to find out what so strange was wrong with him.

At our first moment alone, I said, "What is the matter, what is wrong?"

And not in any ordinary way, but in a way I can not describe, he answered, "I'm hungry."

His gaunt frame, his strange big eyes. "You are hungry?"

My heart leaped, I could scarcely speak. Someway the thought of our mother came to me, she who had gone, confident that I would take care of the younger children, and here was my mother's son, starved gaunt for food, and I, I in the largess of our land. I refused to allow my lips to acknowledge what my eyes told me. I said lightly, instead: "Why didn't you stop down town and get something to eat?"

"I did," he said. "That's not what I mean. I don't like to tell you, but I've not had anything to eat but rotten fish for twenty-five days."

I couldn't say anything. I had read such things, had heard of such things, had made myself disbelieve them, and gone complacently on my way. And now, my own brother's starved eyes were before me, to haunt me forever and forever.

I hurried, I ran, I made something for him to eat. And when it was ready, and my trembling hands set it before him, with the table pretty, and the linen and silver decorously arranged, and the candles lighted, he sat there a moment, still, and looked at it all. And his broad bony shoulders drooped under his sailor blouse. "You have made it all so nice," he said, "but I can't eat. I haven't had anything I could eat in so long — that I can't eat now."

I insisted, and he took a little, but I realized that I was only making matters worse. "I — I'm sorry," he said, putting back on his plate the food on his fork, "I'm sorry, but I can't forget that fish."

And he left the table, the supper I had arranged so carefully hardly touched. And he so gaunt and tall — and starved!

I wanted to go off alone and cry, and cry forever, but there were the other ribbons lying in my hands, and so I could not. Fortunately, no hostess may go off alone to weep when her house is bulging with guests, so I put off weeping until a more convenient season.

Then, when all the rest had gone to bed, I asked my brother more explicitly how it was that he had had no food.

It seems that the war being over, my brother's ship was sent to carry a cargo to South America for a Chicago meat packing company. My brother, against his will, enforced, compelled to carry hides! How or why this thing could be, I do not know. The ribbon runs through my hands such a little way.

He made application months ago to be released from the navy, having joined because of the war, and the war being over. Yet, so far as he can learn, he is to be kept two years more — to be held by force, enslaved, apparently, to carry merchandise for American millionaires. My brother, my youngest brother, he who was one of the very first American boys to cross the sea when we entered war

— again and again through the submarine zone when the menace was at its worst, nerves set like a trigger to the shiver of ships, merchantmen torpedoed before his eyes, coal and men and timbers catapulting like geysers, depth bombs dropped, oil upon the waters, and legs and arms of men. All, all — ! And when at last the task is done, when the tender, hurt heart turns home to rest, turns home to beat warm with the welcome of a grateful country — chartered to carry hides for packers! Held, forced — and fed on rotten fish. And my hands are heavy, heavy with the ribbons of life, and not all the tears of Job could wash this swarthy strand.

And how could I turn, bruised and weeping, to any other ribbon? How could I learn still that the world is sweet? Ah, that is the miracle I am meant to tell, that instead of ribbons such as this, I feel even yet that through my hands shall one day run one great white sheet of shining ribbons, white, all white.

IV

It was Eva's mother who next day brought the sweet white ribbon — Eva's mother, so little, so artless and so wise, so generous and full of sympathies and blames and praises. If, indeed, human love can be so sweet, what other of good can we doubt in our hearts?

I had never seen Eva's mother before. She was much younger to look at than I had thought she would be, and birdlike, and first to last so full of love, and criticisms, not calculated and cruel like worldly criticisms are, but someway sweet.

I am sure she doesn't know all this about herself. That is what makes Eva's mother the sweetest, the very sweetest, person who has come to see me in my little gray cottage so removèd from the world. She was as unconsciously herself as the mother bird who is this moment making herself at home in my dogwood bush by the window.

She brought with her the whole atmosphere and aura

of her little shop — the friendly gossip of the neighborhood — "Oh, woolen leggins in spring! Now think of that." "Her boy's got back from France; yes, her Jamie." "She made that cake with one egg; now think of that." "Such a fine girl, my Eva."

And she brought with her, too, the sense of a community reputation for baking days, apple pies, and a bit of onion browned with the roast a new way, and chicken stuffed with dressing.

As soon as I could manage it, I had a long visit with her alone, while the others were filling window-boxes. I wanted to hear what she had to say about so many things.

And, oh, talk! Her tongue stacattoed like a tripping rubber ball.

"Yes, that is the way I always feel when I go to buy my goods. You don't know how I started in business!"

And how should I know? The "I started in business," was most interesting to me: for I had often wondered who made all the money Eva spent, hundreds of dollars for hats and exquisite silken underwear a princess might envy, soft sweet blouses, and so many things that seemed a part of Eva herself. Yet Eva is only twenty years old.

Ah, now I find out at last where all the money came from. So many times, I had said to Eva, whom I love, whom every one loves, in whom every one finds a recompense, "Eva, it is all right to spend money, if you have it." "To be sure, spend over a hundred dollars for six inches of fur, if you have it to spend for that."

One day I asked, "Eva, darling, what does your father do?"

And with a delicious, sweet giggle, she had said, "Oh, father — father wears purple." And I had my asking for my pains. But now I was going to know!

I had planned to go over to that little shop and see. I fancied that father had inherited money, and started the shop, and —

But it was not that way at all. It was this way. As

Eva's mother and I sat on the rug, on the green grass, in the sun, she told me;

"Oh, I was not always in business, no. Just nine years. Papa, he used to go out to work. You didn't know? Yes. Oh yes, my husband was an electrician."

"Really!" My eyes opened wide, and my heart opened wide, too, so as to hold all of this wonderful little dear. She was so pretty at that moment, her hair wavy, and only the merest strand or two of gray, and her face as dear and soft and round as her Eva's.

"Yes. I made such nice little clothes for my Eva. That's the way it all started. Out of nothing, I made her so pretty — if she had only two pairs of socks, one pink and one blue, you would think she had a dozen. In the morning when she started to school, if she had on pink socks, she would have on a pink dress, and a pink ribbon. And the next morning if she had on blue socks, she would have on a blue dress and a blue ribbon. Yes. My Eva was dressed better than anybody's girl on the block. And all out of nothing, little scraps that, you know, cost me nothing."

My eyes were off on the hills, greening far across the river, but I did not see the hills. I saw instead, little Eva's chubby legs trotting schoolward, in blue socks, in pink socks, her curls tied at the nape of her neck with a fresh riband.

And then the scene changed.

"So I thought one day, I thought, why can't I make pretty things for other children out of scraps — just out of scraps, like I do for my Eva?"

"You know, I made a big mistake, a big mistake only to have the one child. I could have had two or three more, and me such a strong woman, and my Eva so fine. But it was, you know, the fashion, like, around my neighborhood then to have only the one child, yes. Only one child. Now people have more, they have three or four. But then, they only had the one. Yes. But I made a

big mistake. I often tell people now, with my Eva to keep up, and my goods to buy, and the customers to wait on, and Eva's meals to serve — and my Eva is so particular, so particular, a clean napkin every time, no stew or anything like that, always it must be something fine — with all that to do, I could take care of a baby right now, yes. I could."

"But then, there's Papa to be looked after. I don't know what he is doing this minute. I feel a little worried about him — having a card party and all tonight, all the men in the neighborhood — women, too, maybe, I don't know."

"This morning he said, 'Havn't you got a chicken for today?'"

"'Why should I have a chicken when I'm going away,' I said, 'You eat your dinner out.'"

"Then again he said, 'Didn't you get any spinach for today?' He likes spinach."

"And I said, 'Of course not, you eat out.'"

"Then another time I saw him looking in the bread box. 'No bread, no pie,' he said. I always make him an apple pie for Sunday. Always. He like it. Once the cat ate it, got right in the middle of it, and ate it all up except the side crust, yes. And do you know what I did when I saw it — "

"Cried!" I interrupted, for I knew the dear did cry.

"Yes!" she said, surprised that I knew. "Not that I cared for myself, but I wanted it for him, it was his pie I made for him, and him sitting there at the table waiting for it. And I cried."

My own eyes were filling with tears, and I looked away.

And she went back to the card party; "And I said, 'what is the matter with you? Don't you know Eva and I are going away today? You eat out.'"

"But I could tell something was on his mind. And it was a party! All the men in the neighborhood, he had invited to a party, and nothing to eat."

"'Spinach and chicken,' I said. 'That's not for a party. Why didn't you tell me,' I said, 'And I would have made you a big cake with frosting on it, and got you some wine from Bernstein's.'"

I was smiling all I could inside, but she did not seem to think the party was funny, so I did not smile outside. She looked serious, and a little puckered between the eyes, and I looked serious and frowned a little, all I could, between the eyes. But inside me, I could see the party.

Papa, a rotund little Jew.

"Papa's not much taller than my Eva," she had said.

Papa, clad in purple, his cheeks ruddy from eating a long succession of Sunday pies made of ruddy apples — wearing a diamond ring, doubtless.

"He's fond of jewelry, my husband. Oh he's a sporty looking man, and good looking. Oh yes. He wears his clothes good, too," she had said.

Papa, troubled about how his guests should be fed, sitting there playing cards, wondering how, when his guests waxed hungry in the wee sma' hours, how they should be fed.

But this latter I could have spared myself.

"I went over to Bernstein's" Eva's mother said right in the middle of my picture, supplementing a more vivid picture of her own. "I went over to Bernstein's and Bernstein was out, but I got his wife to open up the store — many times I've opened for Bernstein — and I got fine tea for him, and wine, and those rich cakes, you know, that come so expensive. Oh, there's plenty for all of the party to eat."

"And I said when I left this morning, 'Now, papa, don't sit up so late you will sleep, and not open the store on time.' And he didn't complain, no. Oh, he knows he has got to wait on the customers until I get there tomorrow. Like on Thursday, my day off, he never complains, never. He knows he has to stay there."

Now, what *do* you suppose papa does, besides wear

purple silk shirts, and ruddy cheeks? He evidently doesn't "go out to work" any more. He evidently doesn't buy the goods. He evidently doesn't stay in the store. Now whatever does he do? He evidently is, in any case, a thoroughly satisfactory husband and father. That is plain from Eva's and her mother's adoring solicitude. And I have perfect faith that father fills his place in the triumvirate successfully and well — but how?

I shall soon see. For as she left the next morning, Eva's mother called over her shoulder, "We will send papa out next week to paint the porch for you. He's so handy at everything like that. Oh, yes."

And far, far back somewhere, as she did, I have left the story of how she started the little shop.

"And so," she broke in on some unnecessary observation of mine, just as though she had not been talking steadily about something else for two solid hours, "and so I said to my husband one day, I said, 'let's take that little house — just a private house — on Eighth Street, and open a little shop. And I'll make dresses for all the children in the neighborhood, like I do for my Eva.'"

"And we did. And then, when women came in to buy the little dresses, they said, 'Ain't you got socks to match, like your Eva's?' So I got socks. Then they said, 'Don't you keep blue ribbons, that nice wide kind like your Eva wears?' So I got ribbons. Then it was straw hats like my Eva's, with a bunch of periwinkles on the brim, and little white mittens, and coats. And my business got so big, we took the store on ——— Avenue, where we are now, with the house over it, yes. Just making little clothes for my Eva."

And now she no longer makes the wee white and pink and blue frocks with her own small hands, and buys two pairs of socks for the chubby legs, and washes one pair every night so you would think she had a dozen pairs, when she had only two. Now, the shop is to buy sophisticated satin slippers for little Eva's slim feet, and sable

for her round white throat, and shimmering evening gowns that make her look more beautiful than even a happy child such as she can really be.

"And Eva's Papa, why he would work all day for Eva. He would run out a dozen times anywhere she says, yes! She can do *anything* with that man."

And may it be forgiven me the sacrilege, should I by word of mine add to or take from this sweet white ribbon, which running through my fingers a little way, has blessed me, and kept my heart from bitterness, and my lips from harshness?

Claudia Cranston.

ROUSSEAU AND BOLSHEVISM

ALTHOUGH one of the most pronounced characteristics of the very extensive discussion that Bolshevism has precipitated is a tendency to regard it as something absolutely contemporaneous and novel, there has been a considerable effort by the scholarly and philosophic to trace its doctrines to their originators, and some such investigators have pitched upon Rousseau as the modern source of the social and political theories of the leaders of the Russian Revolution.

Rousseau has much to answer for. He has been accused of responsibility for all sorts of excesses, from the horrors of the Reign of Terror down to the absurdities of futurism, cubism, and free verse; but while there may be a certain amount of apparent justification for such charges, they cannot be fully sustained before an impartial jury that takes into consideration all the evidence in the case. Certainly to regard Rousseau as the originator of Bolshevism is to misunderstand both his doctrines and the significance of the social upheaval that has prostrated Russia and threatens to overwhelm the entire civilized world.

The proximate cause of Bolshevism was the incompetence of the Russian government. Whatever may be thought of the justice of M. Faguet's indictment of democracy as inevitably and intentionally incompetent, it is unquestionably true that seldom if ever in history has a political organization shown itself as ineffective as the Romanoff autocracy during the past three or four generations. Corruption was everywhere apparent to the most casual and unobservant glance, and weakness and viciousness constantly increased. During the last reign the conduct of the Japanese War was disheartening; the suppression of the Revolution of 1905 was disgusting in its

brutality, and then followed proof that the government was so utterly conscienceless that it maintained its own agents to incite revolution, and through them had been party to the assassination of its own high officials. A record such as this, followed by the terrible experiences and disclosures of the first years of the war, is sufficient to account for much of the hold of Bolshevism on Russia, but to explain its spread to other and better-governed countries we shall have to find a deeper and more general cause.

This more general cause is the weakness of human nature. Bolshevism is the embodiment of fallacies that flatter the perennial hope of the unthinking that life's unpleasant exactions and restrictions may be abolished by a process no more laborious than thought. It reflects the ideas that are satirized in the mediæval compositions describing the Land of Cockayne, where the rivers are of wine; the shops supply goods for nothing (as they do in William Morris's socialistic Utopia), and roast geese wander around inviting people to eat them. Such pleasing dreams appeal to the ignorant and selfish in all lands, and it is the seductiveness of such dreams that imparts to Bolshevism its greatest danger.

Now it is not possible to maintain that a man of Rousseau's achievement is guilty of such thinking or lack of thinking as ideas of this sort imply. His faults are much more subtle and his fallacies are much more deeply hidden than those of the contemporary demagogue. The very fact that he has exerted an immense influence on the literary, political, and educational practice of western civilization for over one hundred and fifty years proves that there is something more fundamental about him than an ability to formulate a philosophy including only premises that are comprehensible and conclusions that are attractive to the modern proletariat. His intellectual vision, restricted though it was, extended much beyond that of the nineteenth-century agitators who promulgated

the materialistic conception of history, the doctrine of surplus values, and the other corner stones of Bolshevik conviction. It is undeniable that the Bolsheviki appeal to much that is in Rousseau just as they appeal to much that is in the Bible and the multiplication table while showing themselves irreconcilably opposed to both, but a very superficial consideration of their aims and Rousseau's teachings will demonstrate as great a difference between the two as between, let us say, the believers in perpetual motion machines and Sir Isaac Newton.

In the first place there is a great difference because Rousseau believed in discipline, and the Bolsheviki aim to remove all restrictions on the appetite for material enjoyment. Duty has a meaning for Rousseau, but to the Bolsheviki selfishness is the only law. The foundation of Rousseauism is the worship of nature, and though there is much that is false and artificial about his theory of the perfection of primitive society, his exaltation of nature acquired much of its appeal and influence from the fact that it is an insistence on the finality of objective truth. It recognizes fact and experience as the proper guides for human action. It postulates that man is the creature of his powers, his environment, and his destiny; and that he cannot be what he likes, but must be what these things permit or enjoin. His glorification of nature was therefore due to a belief in the need of being directed by possibility and practicability rather than by mere desirability. It was a recognition of a control over existence external to the ego, a stressing of necessity if not of obligation, and an insistence that reality and not philosophic theory or religious dogma must be our guide. He may have used many arguments and cited many facts that were false, theoretical, and subjective in support of his thesis that the law of our being and the conditions under which we exist cannot be subverted by our inclination, but this does not affect the validity of his conviction nor in any way place him in agreement with the Bolsheviki, whose doc-

trine is the exact opposite, for in effect they claim that all things desired by the working classes are possible, and they are busily engaged in trying to realize a condition similar to that in Artemus Ward's proposed army, in which nobody was to be lower in rank than brigadier general.

And not only did Rousseau recognize external restrictions placed upon human powers and desires, but he advocated the voluntary imposition of restraints by the individual upon himself, which certainly is not in accord with Bolsheviki notions of liberty. Whatever may have been his weakness in indulging in pleasures of imagination, he preached, and for the most part practiced, abstemiousness in the matter of material enjoyment. His ideas more than his practice are important here, but his conduct betrayed his ideas. He acquired a reputation for sensuality, but his weakness was neurotic rather than erotic, and he certainly showed self-denial in other respects. When the brother of his consort stole the greater part of his rather elaborate wardrobe, he decided never again to possess anything but the simplest clothing; for, though unlike Dr. Johnson, he confesses to a passion for fine if not for clean linen, he concluded it was a weakness, and he resorted to all sorts of fantastic means — like the adoption of the Armenian costume — of emphasizing his opposition to luxurious living. His Émile was to be educated by privation and made to despise the artificial requirements of an advanced material civilization, and one of the things Rousseau most frequently professed was a stoic-like contempt for creature comforts and bodily ease. Now it has been well said of the social movement of which Bolshevism is the extreme vanguard, that its main impulse is the materialistic aspirations of the masses. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1919, discussing "The Problem of the Age," points out that the present day demand of the apostles of Marx and Engels is for comfort alone, while earlier spokesmen of the masses

demanded liberty as well as comfort. The goal has now become purely economic, whereas it used to be spiritual, or at least psychological, as well as material. This is an important difference between Bolshevism and Rousseau, for not only does he recognize the psychological as well as the material, but he makes the former infinitely more important. It was for juster personal relations between the rich and the poor, the governing and the governed, that Rousseau strove, and if this could be had he was ready to allow the rich their luxury and their idleness, and to count the poor well rewarded for their toil and privation by the dignity and virtue these things impart — a satisfaction not likely to appeal to the Bolsheviki even their apologists will admit.

But where Rousseau's ideas were most obviously and vitally opposed to those of the Bolsheviki is in the matter of the class war. Rousseau's sympathy for the poor may seem to some equivalent to the Bolsheviki doctrine that only those who work with their hands deserve to exist, but this is assuming a great deal and overlooking more. He constantly recognizes the value to society of others than artisans. He acknowledges that a governing class is necessary, and he even found a social value for those purely parasitical economically, who add nothing to the common store of wealth and consume much. In his *Social Contract*, Book III, Chapter VIII, he says: "Those lands in which a rich and fertile soil yields abundant products with little labor will be better governed by the monarchical system, in order to consume by the luxury of royalty the surplus of the subjects; for it is better that the surplus should be absorbed by the government than dissipated by individuals." Here we have a number of ideas in conflict with Bolshevism. We have a recognition of the justification of a form of government that is not that of the people acting directly; we have an acknowledgment of the utility, if not of the commercial, of the political, bourgeoisie; and we have something that

is even more unbolshevik in the fear of the corrupting influence of luxury and idleness on the masses. Besides this we have his theory of the "general will" (volonté générale) as a proof of other anti-bolsheviki convictions. He insists, again, in his *Social Contract*, Book II, Chapter III, that the general will does not exist when it expresses only the desire of one element of society, and any one who studies this part of his political gospel will see that it condemns very explicitly the thing our superradicals insist on as most essential to social justice, that is, the dictatorship of the proletariat.

In his belief in the necessity for discipline and the beneficence of it, in his insistence on the recognition of personal dignity and individual rights rather than on satisfying the material desires of the masses, and in his opposition to class rule, Rousseau can be plainly seen to be in opposition to Bolshevism, and an exhaustive study of his works would show many other differences almost as fundamental. This is certain to be the case, because, whatever its pretensions and its platitudes, Bolshevism in action is a stupid and a vicious thing, and Rousseau, though he may have been mistaken, was sincere and by no means lacking in either knowledge or intelligence. To give a movement which owes its impulse to appetite and its guidance to ignorance the sanction of the support of a man of Rousseau's intellectual standing is therefore wrong, not only because the facts do not justify it, but also because it gives a prestige and a dignity to Bolshevism that it does not deserve, and that adds to its power to deceive and destroy.

Sidney Gunn.

Perhaps we owe Rousseau an apology for recently, in these pages, calling him a fool. He was certainly not an unmitigated one.

Editor.

REALITY

THE attempt is hereby made to take two different excursions toward a region so remote that few care to journey thither, and yet so near that one is always touching its boundaries. The first trip is so conditioned by the character of the country traversed and the means of locomotion at hand that it has to be pedestrian and slow-footed. The second venture, if it could appropriately be termed an overland flight, might be said to justify itself. It is to be hoped that, in either case, the scenery will be judged good, and that the adventure, in the end, will be regarded not altogether futile, even though the terminal will land the passengers nowhere in particular, except, peradventure, in a novel state of mind. Can anyone be supposed to have enough fortitude to brave the tedium of the enterprise?

I

For it is — is it not? — a source of tedium to be told that the essence of Reality is a matter worthy of investigation. Anyone fully awake is likely to resent vigorously the imputation that he is not aware of his whereabouts: that he doesn't know exactly where he is nor what, precisely, he is after. Yet from the time of Descartes — to go no farther back — who, it will be remembered without the impertinence of this reminder, deduced the fact of his existence and the more refined conclusion of the reality of his Maker from his ability to doubt all things, there have been persons who have been puzzled over their environment and its outlying territories. What is the Is-ness of the Is, what the Not-ness of the Is-not?

As the Editor of THE UNPARTIZAN REVIEW has shown in his *Cosmic Relations*, the answers to these queries depend tremendously upon the alertness and the endow-

ment of the inquirer: not so much upon his acuteness in solving puzzles, or his sense, as upon the sharpness of his senses: his five wits; of which, for the purpose of these excursions, only three — touch, sight, and hearing — need be taken particularly into account. But before taking stock of his capabilities in these respects, it will be well to show a serviceable way — perhaps the only one — of making up the ledger and to indicate the reason for so making it up.

At once, an apt line turned by a more or less forgotten poet of something over a generation ago, comes to mind: "Heaven is not gained at a single bound." And, alongside of that, one naturally — unless one is so biased by the convictions of the newest guild of verse-makers as to discredit altogether the work of the Lake School — places this sentence: "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." The notions thus suggested are central to the present purpose: the attempt to state the idea of the existence of Heaven, together with its implication that it is to be achieved, if at all, through struggle; and also with the assumption of its presence with life in the very earliest forms of animal, including human, development.

The balance-sheets have to contain items gathered from the distant æons when the amœba was the only tenant of the animal kingdom, and to exhibit entries concerning the heritage bequeathed by him to his descendants and by them to their successors. The columns under view will indicate, also, one or two conclusions as to the sort of heaven Heaven is: that it is largely a place or source of happiness just beyond the reach of the candidate for entrance thereinto, and that its joys are shaped in character and amount by the capacity he has for seizing the pleasures offered by his immediate surroundings. For him, be he amœba or human, both what he knows and what he expects to know, what he experiences and expects to experience, will be conditioned by the sensitiveness of his skin, his eyes, his ears — in short, his senses. This

knowledge and expectation will be Heaven or Hell: and both Heaven and Hell as so discovered will constitute his world of Reality. For the amœba, Is-ness will signify what he senses; Not-ness what he does not sense. For man — the same, with the data of memory and expectation superadded.

Between amœba and man, there lies a long stretch of Reality acquired, of Heaven invaded and expropriated. Upon the basis of this observation, may it not be reasonably maintained that the Reality-to-be for man — or his Heaven — is of a piece in quality and scope with the Reality that came, slowly but certainly, to the descendants of the amœba in the long march of evolution? If so, then Reality and Heaven are here and now, partly seized by hand, eye, and ear, but, in vastly greater proportion, waiting to be acclaimed by finer organs of touch, sight, and hearing.

The evidence upon which these assertions rest has long been the property of the laboratory, and to do more than hint at it here would be an affront, a piece of supererogation. Perhaps because of its familiarity, perhaps as much or more by reason of the prosaic light in which the material of the laboratory is popularly regarded, this evidence has lost for the world at large the atmosphere of otherworldliness, that suggestibility of Reality-to-be, which still invests cathedrals and the more provincial accessories of worship. What outsider, for instance, looks with the same wonderment and perhaps envy upon the investigator bending over his microscope to study the formation of a pseudopod from a formless bit of protoplasm, as that with which he views, every seventh day, the devotions of the pious maiden kneeling before the crucifix? Yet the protoplasmal limb is, in kind if not in degree, as much an expression of Reality quested for as is the Pater Noster told over with the gauds of the beads. What novitiate of Science would expect to "build a ladder by which we rise from the lowly earth to the vaulted

skies" on so unlikely a foundation as the light spots which, in response to an age-long impingement of solar force upon plasmic tissue, have, after other long ages, grown to be the eye?

From the point of view of the jelly-fish, would not the splendors of the rainbow, of sunset and evening star, — not to count in the processes by which the distance, the weight, the composition of the very Sun himself are determined, — be, could they be sensed by it, however dimly, regarded a heaven? Would the chambered nautilus, dreaming of but a harmony of Beethoven's sonatas, not spread his sails to a diviner breeze? What, then, can hinder that votarist who peers through a lens, whether at stars or star-fishes, to see a light that never was on sea or land from beyond the boundaries of present reality, and count it in within the scope of all things that are? Why should he not say with him who declared that "poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," and say it rapturously, that "Heaven lies about us in our infancy?" Yes, he might go farther and assert, also, that it lies about us even now in our prosy adulthood, but is only less observed because of the hardening ways of daily use and wont, and of the numbing effect of outgrown theologies still adhered to for the purpose, largely, of spreading somebody's bread more thickly with butter.

But it is time, now, to return to the starting-point of this journey, and crank our machine to essay passage, if possible, a little higher above the ground.

II

In analyzing our consciousness and the mental content of others, we are wont to follow the line of cleavage drawn by the most modern school of the mental scientists, and say that, in regard to mental habit, men fall into two divergent categories: those who *dream* and those who *do*. The dreamers, we say, are forever fixing their vision upon an object beyond the pale marked by the horizon; the

doers, on the other hand, are constrained by stress of circumstance to point the focus of their gaze at the things that lie immediately under their noses. The latter will cross no bridges before they come to them. The former have no thought of bridges, but fly on wings like those of the eagle or on aeroplanes propelled by no principle known to mechanics, to the outer bounds of fancy. And both will vigorously resent the imputation that they are chasing chimeras. Neither will consent to the allegation that he is busy on a quest other than the achievement of Reality.

It is with no notion of gainsaying the contention of either that these reflections on impressions are committed to paper. It is, rather, with the intention of yielding with what measure of good nature is at command, to both claims. Reality, in truth, is a thing that, ever since the first doer girded his thighs for conquest, and the primal dreamer preened the pinions of his imagination, has eluded all efforts to confine or circumscribe it. The more done, O Doer, the more has remained for you to do; the wider the sweep of your vision, O Dreamer, the farther, in every direction, extended the silent stretches of the yet-to-be-known. This is patent to everyone. But what is perhaps not so trite is that even the things that have been dreamed and done have not been done and dreamed aright. And the rightness involved is not so much a matter of things-as-they-are as it is a question of responding to the appeal of outward stimuli: in short, of receiving impressions. And since, in the nature of outward circumstance or in the constitution of the minds of men, there is no warrant, no absolute guarantee, of the ultimate conquest of Reality, what let or hindrance is one bound to erect between oneself and the voices of the world? Permit, then, your impressions to be your own, come what may!

Very well, then. Come what may! . . . Here are you, Dearest: you, seated by the table in the glow of the evening lamp; and the light it gives is sign and symbol

to me, not of the primal forests whose buried boles now again yield up their store of sunshine and warmth, but of the force inherent in the human heart — *your* heart. For has not your heart been to me the source of strength, your lamp of love been a guide to my feet, your voice sounded a clear call of courage, your eyes pointed to paths of safety beyond seeming danger and defeat? That is one impression. Why should it not abide always as the living truth? Why inquire farther and deny this reality, to me the fact of all facts? Why impute its reality to the twist of my disposition, or the bias of my taste? Why is it not in itself an eternal, irrefutable truth?

And is it not so with other things that strike the eye and ear? From the outlying reaches of darkness beyond the glow of the evening lamp come the varied voices of the night: monotonous strident notes of winged things, the chirp of katydids. What, in reality, are they? You may compare them to kindred insects; and, doing this, you will assign them a place in the scale of living creatures. That scheme, viewed in its entirety, will assume for you the importance of a philosophy; and this, again, you will dignify with the name of *truth*. But allow yourself the freedom of thinking about them with no reference to the architect of the house of life; that is, permit your thinking to be governed by your feeling; what then? Why then, perhaps, to your inner eyes there will open a vista of sensation and emotion such as might attend a journey to fairyland. There, by the roadside, is a spring of cool water for parched wayfarers; a bower of roses by a cottage, the home of sweet domesticities. And then, on the feet of a multitude, come trooping the wild delights of childhood, abandoned wholly to the lure of living, to the rapture of drinking in Reality in great gulps.

But what shall one say of so common an occurrence as the fall of rain? On reflection, a thousand observations may be made about it; and the older one grows in years and wisdom, the more one is inclined to contribute one's

quota to the store of practical fact about it. It comes in its season to fructify and replenish the earth; to energize the mills that forge our metals and grind our grain, the machines of a million kinds that weave our raiment, bring physical sustenance to our kitchen-doors and erect our standard of American living. It was no idle fancy — that of the early Greek philosophers — of water, of the fallen rain, being a primal source and sustainer of life. Your chemist and physicist of to-day have stressed the same notion, though, of course, in the spirit suitable to our omniscient age. The rain *is* of use. No one, least of all the scientific agriculturist or the humbler husbandman of a by-gone era, will dispute this — each bent upon the commercial measure of aqueous values. But, after each has been given leave to have his say, has either, have both together, penetrated to the core of the meaning of the rain? Let them summon to their presence the wizard of the tides, the seer of terrestrial erosion and the modification of the earth's surface by glacial detrition, with all the sage company of savants learned in the lore of cosmic and atomic operations; then, after each has had his word, how much of the simple story of the rain will they not have left without scientific tag or symbol! That is the point, exactly! Invent a tag, organize a system, and you mechanize your universe, haling your gods from their pedestals, thrusting them into the livery of your butler or chauffeur or the khaki of the A. E. F. And how much of the real message of the rain will you then, as of set purpose, have left unsaid and unheard? Not a schoolboy but feels how much you have missed, and will chide you while he learns your lessons by rote. . . The sweet anodyne of the rain: the symphony of swollen waterspouts; the rhythmic plash of slanting drops on the green things in your garden; the happy noise of pools and rills prattling their lyric joy; the crescendo of a shower ending in a diapason of brawling gutters: what instrument will measure the depth of their charm, what algebra indicate

the scope of their power? Only one, and it remains yet to be devised: the algebra, the instrument that will unlock the mysteries of the mind. For, after all, what the rain in its essence is, and what you in your rapture take it to be, be they identical or different entities, are questions whose answers lie hid in the interrogatory, What, O Man, art thou! For thou art a storehouse, a phonographic record, of impressions; a sensitive plate retaining all the lyrics, lullabies, epics and dreams of the immemorial rains: not only those of barefoot boyhood days, but those also of the countless seasons when men and man's forbears in forest and stream and sea pursued each his love or hate, and kissed or killed or sated his appetite. The flame in the grate takes on a rosier glow, the coverlet of the couch receives a greater power for repose, the viands on the table are given a heightened potentiality for nutrition, from the age-long epic suggestiveness of the rain.

But what *is* the rain? Is it fact or symbol? Does it present a different picture of reality to a creature differently constituted from yourself? Is it one thing to you and another thing to the fishes of stream or lake or sea? And since you represent it by the cryptic sign, H_2O, must others who lay claim to the possession of Reality, of necessity do the same?

So it is with the beloved who beams to you in the rosy glow of the evening lamp; so, also, with the insects that live their little hour in the sheen of the moon or the ray of the sun. They are what they are because we are what we are; rather, they impress us so and so for a reason that lies as much in our constitution as in theirs. "Things are not what they seem." True! And yet just as truly they *are* just that. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of." The dream is as true as the deed, the impression as potent for the issues of life as is the precise character — whatever that may be — of the agent of the impression. Our world is ours to create and possess, and what it shall be depends upon our gift of sight and insight

as bequeathed us by the centuries of deed and dream behind us. . . All that is commonplace, yes. Not so trite, perhaps, is the observation that Reality is bounded for the individual and for the race by individual and racial capacity of apprehension. For the hand that can feel the touch of nothing, nothing exists. Moreover, for the hand that *can* grasp things, the character of the things grasped is moulded by that instrument. And, in the end, the Truth is revealed — yes, it is determined — by impressions. . . Why, then, should you not give value to yours? Why, indeed, should you not do them the honor of expressing them, and yield the world the advantage of your assistance in creating it? For, as you have seen, the world hitherto has been the resultant of men's deeds and dreams; and in future it may take on new meaning even from your thought and fancy.

Harvey Carson Grumbine

SEEING THE "MOVIE" EVERY DAY

A LITTLE girl when she was told that I looked at all the "movies" opened her eyes in astonishment. Then after a while when she learned that, though my joy was constant, daily and hourly, I received pay for letting these miles upon miles of scenes out of shadowland pass before my eyes, she marveled still more. Who in folly would pay a human being, while that human being was in the perpetual ecstasy which a child feels, and not seldom expresses in shout and laughter in a picture house?

But let any who may think such a life one long excursion down the leafy lanes of the land of pleasure come with me for a year of days. I have a crow to pick with the man who makes our American film. He thinks me not a friend, and in truth I am no cordial admirer of his, as he exemplifies himself to me four times out of six. My quarrel with him is not because he tires my vision with his endless procession of scenes and titles, which are thrown on our six screens set side by side on the east wall of an old church in Philadelphia; for he has not blinded me to any extent by his stupendous industry. I use green-brown-yellow glasses, colors nicely compounded to defy the most malignant of his attempts upon my eyes. I am at odds with this picture man, who is a composite person, — the man who provides the millions of dollars which must be expended to make our film, the director who gives the tone and character to this film in the studios, the scenario editor who prepares the stories for the director, though he is about as one to ten to the director, who snaps his finger at a mere editor, and perhaps some other baggage bound up with the business as it is now practiced in these United States — because he is wounding my literary and artistic sensi-

bilities, when he is not actually assailing the moral foundations of our society for his own profit.

My complaint on literary and artistic grounds against this hydra-headed person who obtrudes himself into my daily life is but a by-product. I have no authority over him as an offender in these directions. He is as safe from me as though I and my kind did not exist. But, as I look in person or by proxy, at the fifteen or twenty million feet of film that pass in a year before the eyes of myself and my associates, since I am designated by law for the task, I protest with fervor against the influences radiating from him which are immoral. Pennsylvania is said to be but eight per cent of the whole American field, but in that eight per cent, the multi-headed man who haunts my daylight hours and my wakeful hours at night, cannot go about at his own will. We condemn several scores of his pictures annually, so that in this one state they may not be seen at all. We reconstruct and change the tone of two or three hundred more before they may be shown upon our screens. In several hundred more, we direct that minor changes shall be made to meet the requirements of respectability.

That I am a superior person, I do not pretend, even in my own cloister. I am an average American citizen brought nearer the clay, I shall confess without argument, by more than four years of constant living with the villain, the seduced girl and the other indispensable paraphernalia of the American motion picture. I am not the man I once was, and my belief is that none can pass through a world wherein the young women carry guns in their blouses, lest they shall be ruined, and lovers wrestle on the parlor floor, and love is passion, and marriage is the same, without being a little influenced by the experience. It is on this account that I attach value to my service, and continue to perform it by grace of the power under which my appointment rests. I rejoice that a vast deal of that which I see can not come

before the eyes of some millions of my fellow citizens in a large American commonwealth, many of them not so old or established in their ways as I.

It is the greater pity that American film, the product of this important industry which lies on the border land of art, and which by rights should be over the line and firmly inside of it, is not, in view of all that it might be, possessed of a better tone. No one can look at the news picture and the travel picture without blessing the man who invented the "movie." We must take off our hats to such a vast propaganda-maker as film has proven itself to be in the late war. What has it not done to bring to the understanding of the masses of the people the patriotic purpose of the country? Through this wonderful medium the building of ships, the moving of troops, the flying of banners, the actual combat on land, on sea, in air, all were shown most vividly to man, woman and child. The atrocities of the enemy were illustrated until youth was ready to enlist, and motherhood to encourage him. The guilty Kaiser was exhibited in the midst of his deviltries, until hate was kindled in the smallest and most distant of our communities, and he toppled from his throne. The pen is mightier than the sword; the "movie" is yet mightier than the pen. So I lately heard some one say.

In every small community in the land the picture is at once the drama, the art, the literature, the school of manners. We know all this and bless the name of such a potential force. But it is just because of its great value under good direction that we have the right to expect it to feel a sense of its responsibility at all times and places.

Herein, I say, it fails. Out of daily living with film, one comes to need a cleansing. The experience puts one in an unnatural temper and unwholesome moods. It is a world of the illogical, the impossible, and a world, too, in which the chief note is violence and crime. If the producer of film be asked why he seeks his material in

the purlieus of sin, he will answer, if he be a frank man, that it is this which promises him the gain he covets. He has studied the human animal, and finds that such representatives of the genus as are ready to pay a few cents to see film on a screen, are stirred and entertained by the hammer and tongs, thrash-about and knock-down, which used to flourish in the "ten, twenty, thirty" theater. It is the "yellow-back" dramatized. The "shilling shocker" now can be devoured without the trouble of spelling out the words. The whole story is illustrated, and it flows along in constantly changing shapes like nothing which ever has been seen before, and fastens itself most insinuatingly upon the beholder. That not all the film stories have this character is a matter of exceptional good fortune. For undeniably the idea held before the picture maker who studies his market, is the Diamond Dick melodrama.

The most amazing development paralleling the old dime novel, is the crime serial — the continued story which is seen for a half hour on Tuesday evening at the neighborhood "movie" house, and which at the same time next week will take the hero forward from the point in mid-air at which he was left, to some new predicament. The imagination of men bred up to a level hitherto wholly unknown in dramatic craft, has been running riot for years in these film serials. They are *sui generis*. Please visit a nickelodeon in a small town, and listen to the shouting and clapping of Young America as the Eleventh Episode of "The Brass Claw," or "The Black Shadow" is revealed. The very announcement on a slide in red letters on the screen, that another part of this continued story will be shown next Monday or Friday evening, as the case may be, will start an uproar among the ten and twelve year olds violent enough to imperil the foundations of the building. Oldsters who are out of touch with civilization will be set to throbbing by the spectacle. You have wondered why thousands and hundreds of

thousands of dollars have been expended to picture such adventure and crime and often plain silliness. You do not know the consumer. He is a being you have not met. You had better get acquainted with him. He has something to do with the fortunes of this American democracy.

I can forgive a man for his literary taste, if it do not agree with mine, or even for an entire want of it. What I find it hard to excuse is a deficient moral sense. If he shall crave the pictures wherein the villain wishes the heroine only that he may ruin her, wherein the social evil, the consummation of marriage, the processes of the conception and birth of children, abortion and so on are discussed plainly before my eyes, as I sit in judgment day by day, I am displeased with him, and I shall tell him so. I know that he covets the hideous and the intimacies of life hitherto forbidden to him by the conventions, else producers would not be found to minister to such fancies. Our "movie" melodrama is drawn through filthy places. It is made to reek with sexuality, that it may the more strongly appeal to the groundlings.

The picture maker is wasting his day like many a journalist. He is false when he should tell the truth. He is lurid when he should be sober and restrained. He is "yellow" when he should be an honorable and God-fearing citizen. Instead of a neighborly man, aiming to thrive fairly by rendering service, he plays on the evil side of human nature in order to fill his purse.

I, as a censor, am appointed to put what restraint I can upon him. He says, with the support of some attorneys whom he employs, that he has constitutional rights which I and the law creating me a public officer infringe. Liberty of speech and freedom of the press are very dear prerogatives — I stand in the way of his enjoying them. He is only speaking his mind. I would prevent him from doing so. I am a "Grand Inquisitor," a "Catonian Sage," a "Great Torquemada" without

proper place in any but an essentially medieval or Prussian society.

But is there truth in this? Is there absolute freedom of speech, or of writing, or of photography? Have we not all heard of slander and libel laws, and of processes by which ordinary pictures of lewd scenes are kept out of circulation? Are there to be guarantees of greater immunity for the moving picture? In this shadowland, are we to live with sensual men and their mistresses, with the betrayer and the obstetrician that a few grasping men without sense of social obligation shall fatten upon prurient human taste?

But, say the plaintiffs, we shall abide, without a word of antagonism, by the old common law and its statutory modifications and developments regarding libel and obscenity. We are content, of course, to rest on this ground. What we protest against is the unusual treatment implied in the establishment of boards of censors. The book, magazine and newspaper publisher, except in some of the exigencies of war, are free from these humiliating and un-American interferences. The film producer and exhibitor ask as a right that they have equal liberties.

Let us see if there is reason in the plea. Can it be supposed when a new industry is developed, to become, it has been said, the fifth or fourth in the country (though I know not how its rank is computed); when some millions of persons, men, women and children, both sound and defective, go daily to view its product in 15,000 or 20,000 centers, and when enough of this product, in a year, is sent abroad to reach around the earth at the Equator, that we shall not note its amazing growth, and devise fresh means, if they be necessary, to protect ourselves from any dire influences it may possibly exert?

If any considerable part of the newspaper gave itself up to the business of retailing stories about the immoral relationships of men and women, I fancy that we should

find a way of restraint. But a picture is more than a newspaper, and a moving picture is more than a still picture. The projected celluloid film is a graphic, vivid transcript of the act, — not a description in words. It does not need to be read and converted into an image in the mind. It is that image. A child who knows not its letters, or any completely illiterate person, can enter the picture world and take away impressions. Over those with whom the book or the journal has but the slightest influence, the film exerts a vast power. A little labor is attached to reading even that which we think will entertain us. Multitudes would escape this small toil: they would have their news, their magazine article, their fiction thrown upon a screen, while they sit in a chair in a comfortable theater, and a pianist or a small orchestra adds to the comfort of their idleness. All this they may receive for little more than the price of a newspaper, less than the cost of most magazines, vastly less than the cost of a book. We know so much to be true. Can we say then, that, if the picture shall offend, its capacity for affronting the public taste and doing us an injury, is not greater than the newspaper's?

The picture-industry-man and the lawyer who presents his case, go out along another line, and fare no better. The "movie" story is a dramatic representation, they say. It is play-acting under new and, up to a recent time, unheard of conditions; but it is a thing rooted in the soil prepared by Shakespeare. There is no regular censorship of the drama seen upon the stage. Some will say there might well be; but it is not yet. Then why harass the drama seen upon the screen? Why subject it to this unusual indignity? The answer in part is the same which may be made when the case of the "movie" is parallelled with that of the newspaper. If the stage should offend as vividly and impressively as the screen offends, it, in all probability, would fall under further control. And the silent drama is cheaper and reaches

down into strata to which the spoken drama never yet has come. Millions see actors and actresses who are in film, lisp their names and discuss their faces, figures, dress and movements; only a little while ago they were known only to some thousands. They and their "plays" now go to the smallest towns and hamlets — they go to the ends of the land, indeed to the ends of the earth.

Nor can I patiently hear the argument of the man who has made the picture, that he is engaged in teaching eugenics to adolescents, in the interest of some new theory that they should receive instruction at an early age about the procreation of the species; nor his plea that he shows houses of prostitution only to induce young girls to keep out of them; or abortions that women should learn to avoid the malpractitioner. As a censor, I have listened to much of this, but I have not believed. The pleader's person has not convinced me of his sincerity. I know him better than he knows himself, if he indeed thinks himself honest. He is a moralist until he leaves my office. On the street again, he exploits his wares without holiness or grace.

"It is life," says the picture-man. "I have known such things. I can cite the case." "Do not do so!" I reply. "It is life in some underworld which need not be revealed; I wish not to see it, to ponder it," and so on. "It is dramatic material." "It may be so, but you are not a dramatist. You know as little about the drama as a fish does about the aeroplane. You are using crime, not as a dramatist would use it, to gain some literary effect, and with the discretion of an artist, but crassly. You introduce it because it is crime, blood for blood's sake, thunder for thunder's sake, to sell your picture."

I do not pretend to think that all film should pass through a cologne bath before it be sent out in its tin cover to our Stringtowns on the Pike. It need not be purified and sweetened until it is fit to rest amid the lavender in our grandmother's mouchoir box. That is

not my hope, expectation or desire, as an observer and critic of the moving picture situation. Sugary, lady-like film, fool-proof and warranted not to harm the littlest child, is not what any of us ask for. We wish simply that it shall be decent, as decent as the life around us.

I am not hopeless about democracy. But a good deal we know without particular ratiocination. So long as the law is silent, and the rule of demand and supply is operative, the masses who view pictures will be given what the producer thinks they wish to see. And this will be seduction and more seduction, and crime and more crime.

In the din that our world creates, the man who speaks in a moderate tone after a while is not heard. Then he raises his voice and speaks louder. Others do the same, until at last everyone is screaming at the top of his lungs. I sometimes think that the picture has reached the screaming stage. It has said this and that as well as it could one year after another. It has now pressed the loud pedal, and is standing at high fortissimo.

I once heard a defender of film say that Cain slew Abel before there was any moving picture. To gainsay this would, I suppose, be futile. Not all murders can be ascribed to the "movie." I hope very few can. I wish I could believe that none can.

The picture man knows full well that in many quarters there is an aroused social sense on the subject of his offending. But instead of welcoming the evangel who would purify his wicked soul, he puts aside what of his substance he can spare for lobbyists at state capitals, that laws now in force for his betterment may be repealed and others like them may not be enacted. He tries to camouflage himself, that he may not be seen and caught for a hanging. He establishes a censor board of his own, and marks his film with a label certifying that it has been inspected and approved by this board. Thus does he throw dust in the eyes of many virtuous men and

women. When twenty or thirty states instead of four (Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kansas and Maryland), and eight or ten great cities instead of one (Chicago) tell him to stay until he has been examined and disinfected, lest he be a carrier of evil, the work will be done. For then the producer will understand that the field is closed to obnoxious pictures in so large a part of the Union that it will not be worth his while to make them.

It is positively saddening to reflect how much money has been devoted to depraving amusement (money is not wasted where the amusement is good) through the "movies," when it might have been of immeasurable use in education. But we may hope that the time shall be not far away when every school will be equipped with a moving picture machine. There is no more impressive method of conveying information on many topics. No one can have seen the films dealing with the development and growth of plants without being persuaded that knowledge concerning botany can be imparted much more rapidly, if not as thoroughly, through the motion picture than through study of the plant itself. The more patient study is worth while only for specialists.

Geography can be taught in this manner in vivid detail. The text-book, one can predict, will become but a most subordinate feature in the teaching. The contour of a state may be shown in a map. The city, the mountain, the river, the lake can be set before the child in the form of a picture which it will remember more readily than a mere description from a printed page. The economic resources of a foreign land may be portrayed with graphic force. Knowledge of many of the sciences can be transmitted so well in film, that we must believe we are on the verge of a vast revolution in pedagogical methods.

The very tricks of the picture-man greatly increase the value of film as an educational agent, as when they enable him to quicken a slow process, e. g. when he shows us in the space of a few moments the complete unfolding

of a flower; or to retard a rapid process, when for example he permits us to study the movements of a horse, or of an athlete who dives from a spring board or leaps a hurdle.

The screen will open new vistas to teachers and pupils who have been plodding along with charts, globes, blackboards, and the old paraphernalia of their class rooms; and backward children will gain new and powerful impulse by looking at lessons in pictorial form. We shall have a new psychology of education.

The prospect stirs the imagination. Under proper guidance film is soon likely to do more than it has ever done in the instruction of our children, and in entertaining us in the theater. The way is open, and the competent and well advised have but to enter it to accomplish a vast deal for the human race. When this day comes we shall esteem the moving strip of celluloid a priceless gift to civilization.

Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer.

THE DISAVOWAL OF SANCTUARY

AT the entrance to the crypt of Westminster Cathedral, where lie the bodies of Wiseman and Manning, turning their faces up to that "tremendous symbol," the Hat, which dangles above them — there was fastened in May, 1918, the following printed notice:

"This crypt is NOT BOMBPROOF, NOR IS IT DEEMED BOMBPROOF, and persons taking refuge therein during an air-raid, do so AT THEIR OWN RISK." The same notice was repeated all over London, and had become one of the more familiar reminders that we lived in the Valley of the Shadow. It was a simple accepted fact of daily existence, among other simple, accepted facts — such as the warning not to show lights, or the poster explaining the meat ration — whose inner significance, perhaps, was no less tremendous. And yet the man who fastened that card to the crypt-door — perhaps it was the same gentle-eyed Portuguese acolyte who had admitted us — had in the act written Finis to one of the greatest volumes of history.

Crises in retrospect have a way of becoming diffused, so that it is not always easy to define the exact moment of their occurrence; and crises during the last five years, have followed one another so closely that to most of us every day has been a Judgment Day. Like travelers in a new country, we climbed every week or two to the topmost pinnacle of the range of events, and surveyed a landscape suddenly vacated by some figure seemingly as ancient and stable as the stars, — or a landscape wholly changed for all time to come by the entry on the horizon of some novel and startling factor. Not only because we lived, most of us at least, by day and by night, in sickening terror for ourselves or those dear to us, we found that sheer danger sharpened the senses we had

imagined lost, or revived the instincts we had supposed atrophied. There have been moments when, to the more sensitive and thoughtful among us, our world-civilization seemed about to pour itself into the abyss, with swiftness and roaring, and mankind has apparently been powerless to stay the flood, or even to mark its progress as it rushed past. But if we care to look on such comments as history is to make on our own era, — we may well pause by that notice in the crypt, and strive to realize its significance.

For a period covering practically all of our printed history, the power of the Church to give us aid and sanctuary has existed as a fact by which, — whether we were believers or antagonists, whether we lay sheltered within the fold or terribly cast out therefrom — all our lives were more or less affected. In her hands lay all the forces that raised life above the animal level. Hers were the institutions of learning or of piety; hers were the sick to heal and the poor to succor; hers the many functions now everywhere discharged by the State, and even more. As a friend none was more powerful, as an enemy none was more to be dreaded. Kingdoms endured or fell as she decreed; monarchs existed only if she willed it so; in an epoch of perpetual physical danger, she was the one real stay against violence, whether temporal or spiritual. For centuries mankind created and held that sanctuary against the forces of evil — denied often — violated often — yet never, until the day that printed notice was affixed, never disavowed. The Germans have shown themselves mightier than Satan; they have succeeded where the Fiend has failed.

Now the absence of that voice of authority whose accents have thundered down the course of history since the Dark Ages, has not passed unnoticed by those who have listened attentively to the conflicting utterances of these last years. The newspapers, it is true, have assured us at intervals of the Pope's "earnest desire" that the

War should cease; and when peace was on the way, we read of his letters to our President pleading for oppressed nationalities, followed by his warm personal welcome to that democrat, surely the first in history to have such a reception. Occasionally, also, we have been made aware from time to time, of faint Papal protests, rather as if one saw, — very far away and tiny as on a mountain-peak — the figure of a gentleman in white robes and an episcopal tiara, waving his arms at us, shouting to us, and trying in other ways, all equally futile, to make himself heard over the din, across the gulf. Nor have there been wanting other attempts from the same source, none the less useless, serving only to point the contrast with the Past, in a manner all the more striking when we remember that this was a quarter from which more wars had arisen than it had ever allayed. Indeed, from the Vatican had rushed forth those fire-breathing bulls, like the oxen of Cadmus, which, when yoked to the plow of Papal purpose, had furrowed the earth until armed men sprang forth. It is hard to realize that our world is empty of a great historical reality.

In its disappearance there lies something much more significant than the mere vanishing of our last picturesque relic of mediævalism. To many people, this passing of the greatest authority men's lives had ever known, leaves them, as it were, wholly disoriented; and others, in bewildered confusion, are already seeking a substitute. Problems spiritual and philosophical, have arisen, treading hard on the heels of the problems social, industrial, governmental. At the present moment half the world lacks nourishment for the body; and certainly more than half lacks certitude for the soul.

In the future for what sanctuaries shall men look to replace these disavowed? What shelter, what refuge, will the years to come provide for our souls, worn with conflict? He would be a bold man, no doubt, who would

suggest that the failure of political power in the Church means the failure of religion, particularly if, by religion, he means also that "high seriousness" toward the life of the spirit, which may take many different forms. The Churches generally say that what has happened is the result of Man's effort to get on without God, and point somewhat grimly to the result of the experiment. We may not wholly agree, yet there is no denying that the War has shaken the faith of many in the benignant guidance of the universe to a degree that it has never been shaken before, and no begging the question by theologians, no evasion by pietists, no emotionalism by revivalists can do other than make the fact the more apparent. There may have been spiritual gains — it is not our purpose to discuss them — but there have been admitted losses, and if we would win back our spiritual vitality, we must face and acknowledge them like men.

The War has lost us the sky, whose divinity we have impugned, has lost us forever that immutable peace which our curses never moved, and which our prayers never reached. Whatever the agony of battle, sack or siege — whatever man's suffering, his conflict — he has never till now lacked the serenity of the heaven beneath which his weakness seemed so excusable, which remained pure of his iniquity. The War has lost us the resting-place of earth, where dust returned to dust in slow tranquillity. The War has lost us the sea, which future generations may regard as the mere screen for a peculiarly malignant activity. The War has lost us the very dignity and sanctity of Death itself. The War has betrayed the lover of Nature, compelled to behold her greatest forces defiled, as it has betrayed the lover of Science, compelled to witness her splendid energy turned to uses purely destructive. The worshipers of Things As They Are have seen their Gods, suddenly galvanized into evil, mauling their civilization to pieces like savage children; while the worshipers of Things As They Should

Be have beheld — in what bitterness of heart! — the horrors enacted by men who are the product of science without character. The unreflecting must choose between such a tribal Deity as "the Good old God" of the Kaiser; or the Allah of the Mohammedan, in whose name an entire people has been offered up to bloody destruction; and the Church of Rome, whose curse or whose prayer has not availed to save the life of one village child or even the fruit-tree of a single peasant. Moreover, the man who has ceased to believe in the religion of the creeds, has also had his disavowal of sanctuary. He who hoped to see a new heaven and a new earth arise from the scientific revelations of the Nineteenth Century, has been forced to ask if there be any virtue in doctrine, or if we can ever look to evolution to carry us beyond the limits of the brute.

Such are some of the questions we are asking, stunned by the clamor of Europe in confusion; and for the answer it becomes needful to look narrowly into our own souls. We must not be deluded by the catch-words of Socialists or Presidents, by the plaints of the Poles or the wails of the Czecho-Slovaks, into thinking that we shall create a better world by economic regulations, or by protecting small nations, or by votes for women, or by legislation of any kind. If we turn our gaze inward into the brute recesses of our natures, we shall find still lurking there the identical impulses which have betrayed us before, and by which so large a part of mankind has been humiliated in its own eyes. The betrayal has been very real, and by it our souls have been impoverished. If we have to face a future altogether without those sanctuaries which the Past provided, surely it becomes the first task of our spiritual life to evolve others more durable, as speedily as may be.

But how is this to be accomplished? Mrs. Gerould, in her recent brilliant essay on "The New Simplicity," points out the difficulty we are going to have in future to

provide our children with the amenities of life, and rather gloomily anticipates the disappearance of beauty and art and culture from the lives of the class by which they were most appreciated. Certainly the prospect is not cheering, and that it has a real foundation can be denied by no reader who remembers how quickly the world slid down into darkness after the Roman sunset and the first barbarian invasions, and for how many centuries it remained shrouded in night. If modern civilization began with the Renaissance, as most historians maintain, then its existence has hardly been longer than that of the Dark Ages. Must we indeed, face such another cataclysm? Turning our gaze toward Russia, and seeing there repeated the violence, pestilence and famine of the Tenth Century, some of us are inclined to believe so.

Yet Europe of to-day is very far from being Europe at the fall of the Roman Empire. There are influences at work among us which never quickened that ruin, and forces of which St. Jerome saw no sign when he wrote, "stifled by sobs." These forces do *not* lie in the mechanical development of our industrial civilization, although many people think they do. Nothing has proved so frail a support in time of need as this same mechanical complexity, which in peace governed our soft and comfortable lives, and when war came seemed to carry its devastation to lengths unheard of. During earlier invasions, including the Napoleonic period, certain isolated towns and communities, even in line of direct advance, altogether escaped injury, and we know that large sections of the world were left comparatively unaffected, going about their business as if at peace.

But in modern mechanical warfare nothing can be isolated, and so nothing can escape; while the breakdown of such a complex system as modern communication involves, merely hastens and intensifies the destruction. Those of us who witnessed the return of fear into the world in August, 1914, may recall that it was certainly not less

because there were railroads to carry some of the refugees, or a telegraph to spread the dire news of disaster. Nor have we forgotten that, while the invader tramped past, whether we crowded the trains or trudged the highways or cowered in Belgian cellars, to all of us came the same terrible consciousness that these acts were perfectly familiar. Though we were a generation knowing naught but security, yet here was something our very bones remembered. Danger, dread, starvation, pestilence, insult, flight — these are no new things, and they are older, more real, than the railroads and the motor-cars.

It is only the shallow-minded who refuse to appreciate the danger which is far more serious than most of us realize, for it involves all that side of life which we have won above our brute needs. I speak of the danger to Art and to Thought — to intellectual creation. For these things have been the permanent sanctuaries of the spirit from the day when Lucretius sang of "the well-defended serene heights of the wise," down to that of the genial Abbé Morellet, who took refuge from the French Revolution in what he terms "the inestimable security" of study.

But what of the new leaven at work in society — what of the new hope? True, we are looking with frightened eyes upon chaos, — yet we have seen a new thing; we have beheld a new vision. George Sand once wrote that "Man's ideal life is his normal life, as he will one day come to know it." This is what we have seen: the ideal of brotherhood become normal, the miraculous become commonplace. Five hundred years ago, a life of self-abnegation and social service was so rare as to be set apart for sanctity, and rewarded by canonization. With what awe was Catherine of Genoa regarded for nursing in a plague hospital! Today she is your cherished daughter, or mine. During those four years any Red Cross nurse, or hospital surgeon, or ambulance driver, or stretcher-bearer, is, by the standard of the Middle Ages worthy

of canonization; and we all share in the glory that these tasks should have become natural to human effort. Nor has this been a brief flowering in the hectic atmosphere of war: the recent epidemic has shown that there is no village in the union without its Catherine of Genoa. Men prayed in the past to a soul of brotherhood which seemed to them far off and unattainable, but which is now so much a part of daily life that when a friend came to tell us that he was about to undertake some Red Cross task — certainly unremunerative and probably dangerous, — we wrung his hand, we bid him Godspeed, but we were not in the least surprised.

Surely with such vital Idealism as is expressed in the new Altruism to aid and to stimulate us, we shall some day build a new refuge for our souls: That is, if this new impulse to help does not destroy our sense of proportion. The present crisis has well-nigh overwhelmed us by its social and industrial problems: so we lack calm to consider future needs other than the social and industrial. These other needs we must consider: for they are equally vital. Spiritually, we have been cast out from our ancient shrines; we have trusted for centuries to the sanctuaries provided by tradition, and they are disavowed. They are not bomb-proof, and mankind, a fugitive from the wrath of Things As They Are, faces the task of building anew, with the guidance of his new vision of brotherhood, a sanctuary more durable.

Anna Robeson Burr.

A NUT FOR PSYCHOLOGISTS

LET any man announce himself a psychic if he would feel the firm ground of his respectability slip from beneath his feet. He may have attained through rigorous living an enviable reputation, but if he once admits himself an instrument differing in any manner from the masses, he will find himself a suspected character. Science with side glances will talk secretly of dire and devious matters, connecting with his name such doubtful associates as dis-associations, obsessions, secret deviltries of all manner and kind. They humor the subject and listen tolerantly to his effort to prove himself sane, while they cast wise eyes and smile.

He will find that the mere act of honestly trying to give the world the truth, has opened the door of his soul to ridicule and abuse. It is my honest belief that the humiliation the world has offered to the psychic has kept many splendid examples of God's mysteries hidden and that there are many true and wonderful phenomena that are not disclosed or announced, for this reason only.

Because one produces a superusual phenomenon, is he to be immediately classified as a monstrosity, and mentally and physically placed upon the dissecting table? Is there no gentle means by which we may have the confidence of the "subject" and get the full result from him, without cramping him or putting him upon the defensive?

In my own case, at my first encounter with science I developed a sensitiveness which caused, on both sides, a deep distrust, and it has only been through frequent meeting with broad men of that cloth that I have at last become enough interested in their attitude to try to present whatever I may have that may interest them.

A long conversation with Dr. James Hyslop with whom

I had had a misunderstanding, brought this thing clearly to me, and I realized that such men as he and Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Conan Doyle, with an ever widening circle of others, were pursuing their investigations in the manner I have suggested, with the confidence of the subject retained. This has stimulated me with the desire to aid them with all my power.

When I let my modest name be coupled with that of a Puritan spinster of some hundreds of years ago, I never for one instant realized that Patience Worth and I would be cast out upon the stormy sea of distrust. There is no come-back for the psychic. Being suspected, his word is worth less than his goods. Science labors to disprove them without even looking at them. So in presenting certain interesting facts regarding my own "case" I do it with no desire to offer proof or to try to convince anyone of anything whatever, but merely to jot down some of the incidents which might be interesting to the interested.

During the six years I have written for Patience Worth, I have had as witnesses, with me at the board, thousands of people. I have never attempted any preparation either for the meetings or, when writing, for any of the results; all have been impromptu. My own opinions even after all this long experience, are worth nothing to the most ordinary scientist. I am giving these facts that he may classify or not as he pleases.

My physical being might be considered an important factor. I was never ill in all my life from any disease other than a cold or some minor complaint, and never spent a continuous week in bed. I never have been robust, have weighed from 110 to 120 pounds, and am five feet six inches high. I sleep normally, have no queer obsession or wakefulness, or urge to write; have no queer appetites, either mentally or physically. I do my own

housework with the aid of one maid, and cook for six people most of the time. Patience Worth never obsesses me, and I feel as normally about her as I do about any other friend who has gone into the great beyond.

Whatever may be the association which I describe as the presence of Patience Worth, it is one of the most beautiful that it can be the privilege of a human being to experience. Through this contact I have been educated to a deeper spiritual understanding and appreciation than I might have acquired in any study I can conceive of. Six years ago I could not have understood the literature of Patience Worth, had it been shown to me. And I doubt if it would have attracted me sufficiently to give me the desire to study it.

The pictorial visions which accompany the coming of the words have acted as a sort of primer, and gradually developed within me a height of appreciation by persistently tempting my curiosity with representations of incidents and symbols. I am like a child with a magic picture book. Once I look upon it, all I have to do is to watch its pages open before me, and revel in their beauty and variety and novelty.

Probably this is the most persistent phase of the phenomena, this series of panoramic and symbolic pictures which never fail to show with each expression of Patience where there is any possibility of giving an ocular illustration of an expression.

When the poems come, there also appear before my eyes images of each successive symbol, as the words are given me. If the stars are mentioned, I see them in the sky. If heights or deeps or wide spaces are mentioned, I get positively frightening sweeps of space. So it is with the smaller things of Nature, the fields, the flowers and trees, with the field animals, whether they are mentioned in the poem or not.

When the stories come, the scenes become panoramic,

with the characters moving and acting their parts, even speaking in converse. The picture is not confined to the point narrated, but takes in everything else within the circle of vision at the time. For instance, if two people are seen talking on the street, I see not only them, but the neighboring part of the street, with the buildings, stones, dogs, people and all, just as they would be in a real scene. (Or are these scenes actual reproductions?) If the people talk a foreign language, as in *The Sorry Tale*, I hear the talk, but over and above is the voice of Patience, either interpreting or giving me the part she wishes to use as story.

What a wonderful privilege this is can only be imagined by one who cannot see the actuality. Since this was found out by my associates, we have been spending much time after writing on a story, in my describing the scenes which accompanied it but did not appear in it. While we were writing *The Sorry Tale*, many a queer scene was described; the dogs in the streets, certain odd carts with wheels made of crossed reeds and cut in a circle, the peculiar harness of the oxen, the quarrelling of the long-bearded market men, and the wailing of the women as they bartered for edibles, the dress of the priests, the holy of holies, and the ark as it was at that time, restored, the scenes at Bethlehem and Nazareth in which the Savior walked among men. This was also true of England during the transcription of *Hope Trueblood*, though the scenes were more familiar and therefore of less interest, but just as vivid.

One of the most wonderful symbols created to illustrate a poem came during September, 1918. On this particular evening I had a feeling of uplift, a sort of ecstasy which in some degree always accompanies the coming of the greater poems, and I had unusual mental flashes of white, radiant white, with a feeling of infinite distances. I mentioned it to the family. It was our evening to write, and when we sat with Patience, she showed this scene

with startling definiteness, preliminary to a wonderful poem which we named: "The White River."

First was shown a vast sky with a limitless sense of stupendous distance and grandeur, flanked by clouds of iridescent white purity, through and on the edges of which quivered an electric radiance. Thunder rolled majestically along the vasts, and tongues of lightning played through the clouds, while above their edges, quivering threads of electricity danced against the deep blue in myriad flashes of silver and gold. But through all and over all was this indescribable white purity, purer than dew, whiter that young lilies, not dazzling, but soothing like a smile. Through the foreground and stretching beyond to infinite distances, flowed a river of forms all in white, coming, coming ever on between the cloud-banks — hosts following hosts with their faces eager and an urge of gladness in their movements, their eyes lighted with a wondrous light, and each glance fixed upon their leader who walked before them with outstretched arms, Jesus of Nazareth. At this point the poem came.

Sometimes Patience shows me pictures without ever saying anything about them. Once she showed me a beautiful yellow bird sitting in a hedge, a bird I had never seen, although I love birds and know nearly all I have ever seen in this country. This was a rather large bird, about seven inches from beak to tail. Patience finally said:

"He who knoweth the hedgerows knoweth the yellowhammer."

I protested that it was not the yellowhammer I knew, but she passed the subject without farther comment. Later we got out an old encyclopedia and found a picture of this bird, the English yellowhammer. No one in the house knew anything about this bird.

I have received several premonitory flashes of pictures, which I have come to recognize as the beginning of a new story. As usual, I told the members of the family when

I received in June, 1918, a flash picture of what I sensed was a squalid charity place of a very mean sort; a large and very grimy room, a rude basket containing a newborn babe, and standing over it, making ribald remarks, two low class women. About a week after this I had a feeling while I was writing that the story was about to start, but it passed off without result. Then within a few days it happened. I have before me the record prepared at the time by Mr. Curran from the matter which I told to him when he came home, and I will copy the important parts of it.

"Comes now, June 22, 1917. 11 A. M. with Mrs. Curran and her mother on the way to market three blocks away.

"All at once, without any preliminary warning, as in a single flash, she was overwhelmed with the entire framework of the story which she felt had been on the way. In the twinkling of an eye, like the bursting of an inner veil or the sudden drawing of a great curtain, she found herself immediately in possession of practically the entire mechanism of a wonderful story, the plot, the characters, that subtle spirit essence of the central idea, the purpose, and with it came a great exaltation. Even the name of the story came, which was *The Madrigal.*

" It took Mrs. Curran two hours to tell me what she had received in a flash, and what follows of the tale is from memory:

"The babe within the charity place was the central figure. The tale is of the first years of this babe's life. She is a child born out of wedlock within this squalid place, while her mother is, a little while later, seen within the light of the Thames hookman as he pulls her out of the river, dead. This mother was a woman of the fields, reared among the lower classes, but with flights of soul which did not fit her station. She was scoffed at and discouraged by her associates until at last, out of her meeting with the future father of her child, grew a bitterness and rebellion which ended in her yielding to his evil influences.

"The father was a young poet and writer of great promise and high family. His mother was a doting parent who blinds herself to his evil acts, attributing them to temperament. His sister is equally ambitious for him, but is not so tolerant of his escapades.

"Just how the child was born and left, does not appear. The place is reached by a long narrow stairway showing grease and grime from countless evil hands that have traversed it. The child has red hair and green eyes with peculiar lines within them. The old women of the place jokingly refer to the child as the 'Madrigal,' and one old hag with a meaningful reference to the poet sneered: 'He sung!' Grim joke! Not a symphony she, merely a simple lay dashed off in an idle moment.

"The name stuck, and one day the child knew that a Madrigal was a beautiful song. So, although not beautiful, she steadfastly expected to be, and sang through the days up and down the grimy Thames shores among the boatmen and fishers, who stopped to listen and say: 'The Madrigal is singing.'

"And he, the father, never did his great thing, and the years left him still empty, until at last through a great tragedy he found his little girl and found her singing, and that she was called the Madrigal. Looking back upon his wasted life he suddenly realizes that in a moment of little thought in his evil hours, and with no good intent, he had created the greatest thing of his life, a beautiful, simple steady soul whose voice was the light in the dark places along the dingy river, even in hunger and pain, singing, singing, a madrigal, his madrigal!"

I will not attempt to give more than this bare outline of what came to me in this flash, but the incident still remains upon me as the most startling and wonderful thing that Patience Worth has brought me.

One very odd and interesting phase of the phenomena is the fact that during the time of transcribing the matter

and watching the tiny panorama unfold before me, I have often seen myself, small as one of the characters, standing as an onlooker, or walking among the people in the play. When I became curious to ascertain, for instance, what sort of fruit a market man was selling, or the smell of some flower, or the feel of some texture which was foreign to my experience, this tiny figure of myself would boldly take part in the play, quite naturally, perhaps, walking to the bin-side of a market man and taking up the fruit and tasting it, or smelling the flower within a garden, or feeling the cloth, or in any natural way attending to the problem in hand. And the experience was immediately my property, as though it had been an actual experience: for it was as real to me as any personal experience, becoming physically mine, recorded by my sight, taste and smell as other experiences. Thus I have become familiar with many flowers of strange places which I never saw, but know when I see them again in the pictures. I have shuddered at obnoxious odors, or have been quite exalted by the beauty of some object, or filled with joy at beholding some flower which I had never seen before. It is like traveling in new and unknown regions, and I am filled with an impulse to let myself go, that I may follow out the intricate pattern of the story, and gain new knowledge. I find that I possess an uncanny familiarity with things I have never known — with the kind of jugs and lamps used in far countries in the long ago, and the various methods of cooking, or certain odd and strange customs or dress or jewelry. I know many manners and customs of early England, or old Jerusalem, and of Spain and France.

Another persistent phase of the phenomena is that ever since the coming of Patience, she has been giving evidence of knowing the inner life of those who come to meet her. So many scores and hundreds of these occurrences have transpired that it no longer causes any wonder to the people of her household. We write twice a week, and

every time we write, if there are newcomers, Patience shows that she knows them and what they are doing, what their sorrows are, if any, what are their dispositions; in fact she has shown that in a pinch there is nothing about them which is kept from her if she desires to know it.

This has brought us to believe that she actually has another sense, vouchsafed only in small measure to the rest of us, which gives her a clear view of others, so that she may refer, as she often has, to things in their lives that no one else knows, certainly not I, and she often tells people things about themselves in such a way that I cannot understand what is meant, yet the person interested does, and many a time I have had come back to me months afterward things that Patience has told people thus in secret. This happened scores of times in New York on my recent visit.

One most peculiar thing about this work is that while I am writing there seems to be no definite place where my consciousness ceases, and that of Patience comes in. Very early I began to notice that even while I was carefully spelling a poem, I was keenly conscious, even with an added keenness, of everything about me and of anything regarding my person at the same time. I could feel my nose itch and scratch it, note an air of criticism on the face of one of the company, and the worshipful expression of another, think what I was going to have for midnight lunch after they had gone, and write right along on the poem, understanding it as it came, and wondering at its beauty and strength, calling the letters, then the words, pausing to let Mr. Curran catch up with the writing. There are only two things which seem to jar Patience off temporarily — a sharp noise, as an impact, or a conversation started by one of the company to which I would have to listen.

There are one or two classes of things which Patience is put to it to give me. One is proper names, especially names

of persons. I had this trouble early in the writings, and now whenever I think she is about to give me a proper name, I begin to try to help her get it, which is the very thing which prevents her from giving it to me. My own thoughts intervene. I remember once in writing *The Sorry Tale* we stuck on a woman's name, Legia. After a long time Patience said:

"Thou hast an eye, thou hast an arm, thou hast a Legia!"

Thus I was circumvented and the name arrived. Another time she tried to give the word sanctuary. Now I had had this word before, but this time it was used in a new sense, and I stuck. Finally she showed me a picture: a wide field brown with autumn withering. Suddenly across it sped a red fox running for his life, followed by a hallooing crowd of horsemen and dogs. The fox made for a house at the edge of the field and ran under the porch. A man appeared, ran toward the horsemen, and raising his hand cried: "Sanctuary!" It was my word.

We have done very little experimenting with the machinery with which Patience gives me her words. The first thing an investigator wants to do is to blindfold me, turn the board over, or make "conditions" other than those under which I have so long written. To me this is amusing, feeling as I do that they might as well try to get heavenly temperature by feeling a kite string. Once a certain psychologist asked that I try to write with the board upside down. I did, and nothing came. Then I suggested that if he would let the board stay right side up until I began a poem, it might be I could then write with it inverted. This was done, and so it proved. But when the board was inverted, I still was able to see a board with letters just as it was before, so I could go right on. I am satisfied that Patience showed me the board: for it was just as real as anything she shows me, but had the advantage of looking as if it were under glass. When

we again resumed the proper position, Patience asked the learned doctor if he didn't want to try it with the pointer upside down!

It would seem that the memory of Patience Worth is perfect. We have asked her to recall certain things, such as the lines of a poem she had written months before for a scientist by request, but which he and all of us had forgotten so completely that we knew not even what it was about. She gave the first four lines just to show she could.

Once a record was lost. It was the record which came when *The Sorry Tale* was first begun. Twenty months afterwards, when Mr. Yost prepared to write his preface to the book, we were still unable to locate the record, and in despair asked Patience if she could recall it, and she proceeded to give it to us verbatim. Each time the coming was witnessed by the same five people who could not give it themselves, but recognized it when it was repeated by Patience. It was only about 150 words.

Often there comes to me the realization that Patience not only knows what is going on now, but knows the literature of all times and places. When she began her beautiful French story that she is now working on, she mentioned in its pages Villon the great poet of whom we then knew nothing. She went farther and gave a hint of the character of his work. But at the same time came a reference to another poet of the same land, one Basselin, and told of the nature of his writings. I cannot even admit the possibility that I had ever heard the name, though of course he must have slipped into my subconsciousness whole while I was not looking! Sly dog!

Now comes a rather important reference to sacred history. Some weeks ago, Archbishop Glennon of this diocese, following a general policy of the Catholic church, preached a sermon upon the return of spirits, in which he said that good spirits did not return, that they were "in

the keeping of God," and that if spirits did return, they were emissaries of the Evil One, tempting with soft words and a robe of piety, the souls of men to their damnation. This not verbatim, but in effect. This was on Sunday, and the papers the next morning contained this synopsis. That evening we wrote with Patience, and the matter was mentioned. At once Patience had this to say:

"I say me, who became apparent before the Maid? Who became a vision before Bernadette? No less than the Mother; yet they have lifted up their voices saying the dead are in His keeping."

This last about the dead gave us the cue to what she referred, though we had no idea of what she meant by the rest. Looking up the matter the next day we found that Bernadette Soubirous was the Maid of Lourdes, the peasant girl before whom appeared the Mother Mary according to the annals of Church history. So notwithstanding the Archbishop, they must come back. It might interest the reader to know the final remark Patience made as to this:

"No man's word," she said, "may be a bolt to heaven's gateway. I shall sing not one lay which shall not contain God. Let any man do this, and he need not fear temptation nor the phantom Satan. If Satan were before thee he would be a mollusk, a boneless thing, the tongue of man!"

One night we were at a neighboring theatre. During an act in which there were a number of girls in Scotch costumes giving instrumental selections, I began to see some of the pictures Patience shows me. I saw a field of grain and a man standing with one spear in his hand. There was something in the music which seemed to aid in the bringing the scene.

I roused and told this to Mr. Curran who was beside me. We realized at once that the green border of the scene with the yellow plaids of the girls formed a similarity to the green and gold board which I use, one specially made to save my eyes, with a green background and gilt

letters. When opportunity came, we asked Patience, and she said that with this was also the calling of a pipe in the music which was being played, which was the same sound as the pipe of Panda in *The Sorry Tale* when he played at night in the lone hills of Bethlehem; "and the notes sobbed and dripped of tears."

Patience's literary stunts — things she does which no mortal man may do, according to our wise writers, form a large share of the wonderful evidences of superusual power. Here are a few:

Wrote the novel *Telka*, 70,000 words in blank verse, actual writing time 35 hours. Characters well rounded, plot true and novel, language a high order of poetry, about 80 per cent dialogue. Written in a manufactured English formed of a combination of all English dialects; 98 per cent words of one and two syllables; 95 per cent pure Anglo-Saxon; no word in it that has come into the language since the sixteenth century; a tapestry closely woven, and revealing a beautiful purpose.

Patience is writing on four novels at once, part of each at a time. She has written a line of one in its dialect, then a line of another in a different dialect, then back to the first for a line, switching from one to the other at top speed and without a break; at times she has assembled two persons in each story, engaged them in conversation, and made the characters of one seem to reply and even argue with the characters in the other. When the stories are stript apart, it is found that they read right along in the proper continuity of text.

She has also written a line of a poem, a line of story, and then alternated them for some time to the completion of the poem. When stript, it is invariably found that each is whole and unhurt.

Amongst the poems and stories, even between the lines, she stops to converse or make an epigram or give a discourse, parable or prayer, as the mood or the occasion

seems to warrant. She has done about every kind of literary form except those that require rhyme. These she seems to dislike, but we have concluded that it is for the reason that whenever she begins to rhyme, and I notice it, I interpose my own thoughts, and in spite of myself try to help her with the rhymes, confusing the whole operation. There are, however, about ten rhymed poems in the entire 2,200 she has given.

Patience appals people in the amount of her labors. Her record for one evening's poems is twenty-two; and to show that they are not mere jumbled words, I will state that Mr. Braithwaite put five out of the twenty-two in his Anthology for 1917, as among the best poems of the year. One million, six hundred thousand words in five years, all literature, is an output that cannot be equaled in the annals of history.

Patience puts only one limit to the things she will do by request, and that is that they must have some bearing upon religion, which to her includes all morals and the rules of brotherhood. She bars creeds. So when the State Capitol Commission of Missouri, intent on putting inscriptions by Missouri authors on certain tablets in the new state house, asked Patience to furnish one, she gave it willingly.

The requirements for this inscription were that it contain 120 letters only, the spaces and punctuation marks to be counted as letters. Patience gave this as fast as it could be written in longhand:

> 'Tis the grain of God that be within
> thy hands. Cast nay grain awhither.
> Even the chaff is His, and the dust
> thy brother's.

Count the letters, spaces and punctuation. They foot up 120 in all.

I cannot close this article without an appeal for help. I cannot get it from Patience: for she is silent on the sub-

ject. When she was dictating her last completed book, *The Pot Upon the Wheel*, she said that "love rode upon the back of a bird, and carried a rod of sweet cane and a brace of arrows." Somewhere, I firmly believe, there is a legend of this sort, or somewhere there is an account of it, but where, we never have been able to find. Does any reader of the UNPARTIZAN know where such reference may be found? The plot of the story is laid within the wall of a desert town of Arabia, no telling how many years ago, though it might be more modern than we think. This may be a help to the answering.

Lately I have been doing some writing on my own account, — without the impulse from Patience Worth — and so far have been very successful. In doing this material, I use a typewriter, and by persistent practice have become quite adept, having reached the point now where I can use the keys unconsciously. Once the trick of using the keys without the conscious effort to find each and every one was learned, — Presto! there is a perfectly good means of communication, *unhampered with conscious effort.* Patience seemed to realize it, and delivered a poem to me through the typewriter instead of the Ouija board. As I was writing a letter to a friend, I wrote a line of poetry before I realized that I had done it, then it crowded along and infringed itself into the text of my letter! . . . The keyboard offered the letters in the same way that the Ouija did, and the removal of conscious effort left me free for her dictation. My own writing of short stories without the aid of Patience has been most interesting — to watch the functioning of my own mind and feel the difference between the conscious effort of the ordinary manner of writing, as against the unconscious manner in which the Patience Worth material comes to me.

My own writing fatigues me, while the other (Patience Worth's) exhilarates me. That's a queer mess of a statement, but quite true.

I am rapidly discarding the Ouija board. This has

been coming on for a long time. For months I have been almost unconsciously dropping the spelling of the words until I have been able lately to simply recite the poems instead; though if I become conscious of the change, I have to go back to the spelling. Last night I wrote a poem on my typewriter for Patience. Every other condition was the same, her presence, the pictures of the symbols, the pressure on my head, and everything except that I was at the typewriter, and since I can now write on the machine without guiding my fingers, the lines came right along. I expect eventually to discard the board altogether. I hate to do this, for think of the check there will be upon the sale of Ouija boards!

Pearl Lenore Curran.

LITTLE TOWNS

MY friend had looked at Niagara Falls as one looks at an overgrown office building, giving it as his opinion that they were "out of all proportion." When we came, somewhat later, to a nameless rivulet pouring down between two hills, he bent beside the water where it slipped over a green stone and said: "This is better than Niagara. I can get my arms around it."

Somewhere behind those offhand words I suspect there lies a whole philosophy of dolls and of idols, with the prolegomena of other matters more important still. They explain that passion for "graven images" which only the Chosen People were not permitted to indulge, and also those pathetic waxen figures which we find snuggled to mummied bosoms, — laid there four thousand years ago, in distrust of Isis and Osiris, to companion little Egyptian girls across eternity. They remind me that, although we may stand like gaping rustics wondering up for a time at things merely huge or abstract, yet we always go home contented at last to the little and the concrete. And now that nearly everything is towering into the gigantic and we find ourselves, with just the same old human needs and nerves, in a world apparently devised for titans, they help me to understand why more and more among us are seeking a way out of Brobdingnag into some remnant of that earlier world in which man was still "the measure of all things." Sooner or later, they imply, we must accept our human limitations as final, even in the choice of waterfalls. We cannot embrace Niagara.

Only to the ancient Greeks has this lowly humanism been instinctive. How boldly they drew down the gods, how lovingly they lifted nature to their human level!

Living in a little land, they subdivided it into portions so small that the patriot could see his entire country from a hill-top. His foot was always on his native heath, and he felt indigenous to that precise cranny of time and place in which he grew. But we of to-day are mostly exotics at odds with our temporal or spatial climates, — some of us belated Elizabethans and procrastinating Greeks knocking aimlessly about in the twentieth century, and others as far astray in miles and meridians as these among the years. They managed these things better when one had to start the machinery of the Holy Roman Empire in order to pass from the parish of his fathers to the one adjoining. To-day we are sown by the wind, and one may be born anywhere, without regard to his ancestral memories. The descendant of mountaineers is exiled to a prairie, and the son of the sailor must content himself with a hillside brook.

Among so many diagnoses of *la maladie moderne*, one more may safely be ventured. Perhaps it is chiefly homesickness that ails us. If so, what better object can one propose for his more sentimental journeys than to find that special nook of the world for which he was really destined and designed? The belief that there is such a place dies hard in us — a place that would fit like an old shoe round our idiosyncrasies, and would be tolerant of our most unreasonable whims, — one that we should know at the first glance as though we had lived there always. And, in fact, the world is full of weary nostalgic travelers, each of whom is in love with a place he has never seen. He does not know whether it is near or far, hemmed in by hills or bordered by the tides, but he knows that he will live homesick until he finds it. Often he fears that it is only the ghost of some very ancient city long ago worn out of human remembrance, or perhaps a mirage of the fancy, like the lost Atlantis. Usually, however, the place he is seeking is neither far away nor forgotten nor fabulous. Usually it is a little town,

II

If the little town is home, the poets should have told us, — but there has been only one poet of the Golden Mean, and he died long ago. The others have been shouting alternate strophes and antistrophes to the city and the wilderness so long and loudly that they cannot summon strength for an epode. Without forgetting Goldsmith's Auburn or Scott's Amwell or the

> Little town by river or sea-shore
> Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel

that was so strangely depopulated by a Grecian urn, one feels that the poets of England have done surprisingly little — certainly less than the painters — for this thing so intensely, though not exclusively, English. Yet, clearly, they have known and loved it, as a thousand affectionate allusions show, and the poets of our own day, such as Rupert Brooke and John Drinkwater, have celebrated their little towns as the Elizabethans did the ladies of their sonnets.

In prose, the case is somewhat better. William Cobbett knew more little towns, at least superficially, than any one before or since, — knew them like a lover, mourned their decline, and gave the best years of his sturdy manhood to save them. Our own Washington Irving, more English than most Englishmen, is not easily surpassed as a connoisseur. Hazlitt loved a good inn as perhaps no other Englishman except Fielding has ever done, and the inn is, or was, the stomach and brain at once of the English little town. As for Stevenson, what was he but a eupeptic Scotch avatar of Hazlitt? Then there is Alexander Smith, whose "Dreamthorpe" we could not well do without, and still other Scotchmen, — John Galt, George MacDonald, and the creator of "Thrums." For reasons worth investigation, women have shown more native instinct than men for little towns, and our list would be poor

indeed were it not for the names of Jane Austen, Miss Mitford, George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, Emily Dickinson, Mrs. Deland, and Mary E. Wilkins Freeman.

On the fly-leaf of his *Cranford*, every lover of little towns should write "*ne plus ultra*." Yet there is an accidental classic of earlier date which might be advanced without sacrilege as a rival. Certainly the Reverend Gilbert White was more concerned about the hibernation of swallows than with the fame of his native village, but one sees that he loves best the plants that grow in Selborne meadows and the birds that nest in the village elms. It is chiefly this love of place that has won him thousands of readers who care nothing for his scientific patience and accuracy. For one little plot of English ground he had a restringent and therefore intensified patriotism like that which Thoreau felt towards Concord.

Having named Thoreau, one has said about all. He was not only the little town's philosopher and champion; he was its masterpiece. One recalls that he said harsh things about Concord, and thought the townsfolk scarcely fit company for the autumnal maples, but still he stayed there all his life, driving down year by year a deeper root, and making the universe circle round his door. "I think nothing is to be hoped from you," he said, "if this bit of mould under your feet is not sweeter to you than any other in this world, or in any world." All that a wise man need know of trade he learned at the village fair; the hum of industry and commerce floated to him on the rumble of the farmer's wagon; he saw in the silent rafts of bargemen on the little Musketaquid all the fleets of merchant navies round the world. Only a little town could have made him what he was, — acrid, angular, proud, and full of the ancient wisdom of Mother Earth.

III

Any true enthusiast would rather be silent than be misunderstood. Imagine the chagrin of a trout fisher-

man who discovers, after holding forth on the joys of angling, that his hearers picture him sitting in the blistering sun, "plugging" for horn-pout! Just so, the little town has been confused with a different thing, — a thing really ridiculous and an ancient butt of ridicule. Satire swings a slashing weapon — not a rapier, but a broad-sword, a battle-ax. Lest the real culprit escape, it slaughters the innocent bystanders. One result of this is that one can scarcely mention the little town without rousing memories of polysyllabic country editors and of band concerts on Saturday afternoons. Under such circumstances, what can one say? One maintains a compassionate silence.

There are, of course, many differences between the contentedly *little* town and the town which has the misfortune to be merely small. These differences are not so broad and glaring that he who rides may read, but neither are they so subtle that he who walks need ever miss them. Œsop's bullfrog became ridiculous only when, forgetting his batrachian limitations, he inflated his chest in an effort to resemble an ox. The small town is like that bullfrog. Invincibly determined to become large, and suffering with illusions of grandeur, it thinks and talks of itself, in a sort of civic megalomania, as though its desire were accomplished. Lacking the dignity of things modestly content with their own lot, it falls legitimate prey to ridicule. It is a mere stage in a process of becoming, with all the awkwardness of adolescence visibly upon it. Gazing steadily towards an alluring to-morrow, it ignores an obviously slipshod to-day, and forgets whatever makeshift for a past it may have had. Nearly all those who think they dislike, or who deride, little towns are inhabitants of *small* towns, or have been very recently.

No one can explain these differences. They belong to that mystery which we vaguely acknowledge in our phrase "the spirit of place," — a mystery which must have seemed simpler to the Latin peoples, with their

separate gods for every city and town, even for each river and hill. We have to do without these convenient divinities, but we cannot ignore the obscure facts they were intended to explain. The most appropriate temple for a small town's tutelar deity, if it could be imagined to possess one, would be a real-estate office. To him should be especially sacred the weedy vacant lots of the outskirts, surrounded by crumbling concrete sidewalks and dismally awaiting the land boom. But the true little town worships quite other gods as it basks serenely in the present with many a lingering look behind. It sets up no billboard, either in fact or in effect, reading WATCH US GROW.

Yet it should have a comfortable number of inhabitants, for "a ship an inch long is not a ship," as Aristotle points out, "because it would be impossible to row it." And then there is a wavering upper limit, different for each case, beyond which the population cannot safely go. Ideally, each individual should know all the others. "Very small are all their pleasant cities," writes Lord Dunsany of his dream country, "and all men are known to one another therein, and bless one another as they meet in the streets." These cities of his will appear to most persons who are familiar with rural communities to be remarkable, even fabulous, for something besides their smallness; but, in reality, genuine little towns are not unlike them in this quality of charity. Their family trees have spread and tangled into such a banyan thicket that each man speaks of his neighbor as of one who is probably a blood relation. Malicious gossip is found in the growing town which does not live on its own resources but is constantly appraising new human material from the outside world. With these facts in mind, one might say, if pressed for figures, that a town of two thousand persons is nearing the dead line. If it expands beyond that limit, it is in danger of growing small.

But the blessedness of little towns does not consist chiefly in their littleness. Other things are more im-

portant in their delicate fusion of amiable qualities, and among these nothing is more interesting than their way of dealing with time. There are some towns and cities that shed the centuries down from them as a mountain pine sheds its burden of snow, seeming cursed with an eternal youth, like gaunt stone walls which neither ivy nor moss will ever clothe. And there are others, less than half as old, that lie already heavily encrusted with years. These are the true children of Time. The earth seems older because of them, and one would say that the hills had been heaped up about them as an afterthought. All genuine little towns are very old. An appreciable interval is usually necessary for the growth of a small town into a large one, but it takes far longer to make any town properly little. It must be seasoned by many winters and ripened by many a summer sun. As in the aging of wine or the coloring of meerschaum, time is of the very essence of the problem. It is perhaps more necessary than even a river.

Nothing shows more clearly, however, how little our sense of the antique is dependent upon calendars and almanacs. Chronology can tell us nothing about the real age of a town, for the question is only whether its thought of itself is forward or backward looking. To the imagination of Hawthorne, Salem was more ancient than Rome, and he sated his enormous passion for the past by living in the Old Manse, barely seventy years of age when he went there. Just as there are said to be some savages who can count only by their twenty toes and fingers and who are reduced, when those have been out-numbered, to a vague and awe-stricken "many," so it appears that the largest unit of time we can really manage imaginatively is that provided by the longest human life. When a town lays down that yard-stick more than once, when it gets too deep for the oldest inhabitant, then it has achieved longevity enough, and is "one with Nineveh and Tyre." In his *oraison funèbre* on Cambridge, the little town that

died when he was young, James Russell Lowell made this clear. "As well rest upon the first step," said he, "since the effect of what is old upon the mind is single and positive, not cumulative. As soon as a thing is past, it is as infinitely far away from us as if it had happened millions of years ago." According to this sound doctrine, the little towns of America cede nothing in the matter of age to those of the Old World. We have many a gray town "where men grow old and sleep under moss-grown monuments." Some of them have been ancient for centuries.

Like most things that are old, the little town has a strong instinct of self-preservation. Curiosity does not surprise its secrets, condescending patronage is quietly rebuked, well-intentioned reformers are crumpled against the stone walls of its conservatism. It perpetuates itself by an untiring resistance of change, and by refusing to advertise. Well knowing that if its tiny taper were set upon a hill it would inevitably go out, it takes no shame in hiding its light under a bushel. It does not try to make itself easy of access. A river it should have, as a silver link with the outer world, else it lives in an isolation too complete, and is not merely remote, but separate. This river, however, should serve only spiritual ends, and should be navigable by nothing more mercantile than a canoe. Furthermore, the town should be inaccessible by rail, and the roads should not be such as to encourage approach by automobile. All this follows as a matter of course from the little town's ideal motto: "*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.*"

One cannot be too emphatic about the necessity of bad roads. They are the little town's defensive rampart, its home-guard. Without them, it goes very rapidly the melancholy way that nearly all good trout streams have gone, and for the same reason. It is chiefly because the roads have been too good that the present eulogy so narrowly misses being an elegy. The direst foe of the

little town is not storm or fire or flood, but gasoline. It can weather the centuries bravely, and its old age is heartier than its youth, but it suddenly crumbles and falls, like Jericho, at the sound of the horn.

IV

"God made the country and man made the town," but to make a little town needs the co-operation of both. No other thing is at once so natural and so human. It clings as close to earth as a lichen to a weathered stone, yet it is not wild. Mr. Thomas Hardy has pointed this out with his usual precision, in describing Casterbridge: "Bees and butterflies in the corn-fields at the top of the town, who desired to get to the meads at the bottom, took no circuitous course, but flew straight down High Street without any apparent consciousness that they were traversing strange latitudes. And in autumn airy spheres of thistledown floated into the same street, lodged upon the shop fronts, blew into drains; and innumerable tawny and yellow leaves skimmed along the pavement, and stole through people's doorways into their passages, with a hesitating scratch on the floor, like the skirts of timid visitors."

Besides its merely natural beauty drawn from the dust and dew, the little town wears a look of homely pathos which has grown upon it through many years of human joy and grief. The hands are dust that planted its ancient trees. Its door sills are hollow from the tread of feet that stepped long ago over another threshold. In some ways it may seem more human than those who built it or those who now go up and down its streets. It is like the wood of an old violin that has sounded and throbbed so long with passions not its own as to have forgotten the sunny and wind-swept forest where it grew.

Where else do men live on more friendly terms with all

that surrounds them than in these tiny islets of humanity washed by the waves of meadow and wood? It is only in them that one may learn to "love not Man the less but Nature more." Both sides have given too many hostages — men to the churchyard mould and Nature to barn and croft — for them to keep up the ancient feud. Their boundary lines are so faded that one can no longer be sure what is human and what is not. It is no idle fancy that sees in the townsfolk merely conscious, concentrated glebe and tillage, just as the grass of God's acre is only green and blowing man. In a little town of southern New Hampshire lie the bones of one William Cambridge, laid there early in the eighteenth century. A pine tree four feet through the trunk has grown about the headstone, snapping it in two and lifting that part which bears the man's name away from the lower portion. How much of the pine is now William Cambridge and how much of William Cambridge is now coniferous, it would take the genius of a Sir Thomas Browne to compute; but certainly there is enough of the man in the tree to warrant its use of his name. William Cambridge now waves his lofty blue needles in the breeze, he nods to Wachusett and beckons to Monadnock, and the birds build their nests in his branches. Some day his great grand-children may cut him down and build themselves a house of his timber.

Quite as clearly as the newly-healed blind man by the Pool of Bethsaida, Thoreau saw "men as trees, walking." "Shall I not have intelligence with the earth?" said he. "Am I not partly leaves and vegetable mould myself?" It was a little town that taught him that humility, and any one may learn in the same place to suspect some of our oldest and best established distinctions — not only that between plant and animal, but that between nature and art as well. The houses of Littleton, for example, — moss grown, weather-worn, covered with ivy and fungus, — are they not already half way back to God? Mr. John Drink-

water has perfectly phrased this thought in a poem about his favorite town:

> God's beauty over Grafton
> Stole into roof and wall,
> And hallowed every pavéd path
> And every lowly stall;
> And to a woven wonder
> Conspired with one accord
> The labour of the servant,
> The labour of the Lord.

V

But the supreme test of the little town, after all, is its human product. By its delicate mingling of freedom with restraint, publicity with privacy, multitude with solitude, and above all by its patient collaboration with time, it moulds a sort of character not easily found elsewhere. The mark of that character is reasonableness, fidelity to fact, unswerving belief in moral cause and effect. In the city, what with the law's delay and our skill in keeping up appearances, what with our substitution of mere counters for the things they represent, only those of the most alert imaginations keep their grip upon fundamental realities. Not so in the little town. Comfort on a winter's night is closely associated in the minds of its people with the thought of wood once standing in a definite wood-lot, and then cut and hauled and split; it has no association whatever with the thought of stocks and bonds. Surely this nearness of the concrete, this immediate and calculable response to effort put forth, must have a tonic moral effect. Charity is not impeded there by any uncertainty as to who is one's neighbor. Social criticism of folly and wickedness is immediate, inevitable, direct. In such a place, if anywhere, one may see life steadily and see it whole; and there is a wisdom in those who have grown old there which is unlike the wisdom to be won from cities or from books, and which they owe to their privilege of

studying steadily and at close range full-length living examples of wisdom and folly, virtue and vice.

A few of the wisest men have seen that one needs for the "proper study of mankind" a place where acquaintance may deepen into love, where character opens out year by year before one's eyes, and where "society" is spelled with a comfortable small s. After many years of eager life in the great city, Montaigne went back to that little town where his wisdom ripened slowly, as on a southern wall, into the mellow fruit of the Essays. It was he who reversed the famous sentence of Julius Cæsar, saying that he would rather be the second or third man in Pèrigieux than the first in Paris. But there is a still more familiar instance. Biographers have exhausted absurdity in trying to explain why Shakespeare returned to Stratford, giving up, at the height of his fame and powers, the dazzling spectacle of London, the seething cosmopolis of the Bridge, and the little world of Paul's Walk, — turning his back on the plaudits of the Bankside, Blackfriars, and the Court, to gossip over fence-rails about pigs and geese with the yokels of Warwickshire. In reality, nothing in his London life became him like the leaving of it. That final gesture of farewell was almost worth the masterpieces he might have remained to write. London had taught him tricks of the trade, but Stratford had made him a poet. Knowledge had come in such measure that he felt all the more need of the wisdom which still lingered. He had looked too deeply into human hearts to be content any longer with partial glimpses; he had lived too deeply to endure any longer a hurried and distracted life. "What do you do here in your lonely mountain hamlet?" a supercilious traveler is said to have asked a native of Vermont. The answer came back edged with an irony which may not have been fully intended or wholly understood: "Oh, we just live." Shakespeare may have been as wise as that.

Quite naturally and simply, his day's work ended and

his wages taken, he went home to his little town. Even in death he clung to it, if we may trust the strange minatory epitaph. Did he guess that the arrogant city which could not hold him living would certainly claim him dead, and try to erase the shame of his Stratford birth by a splendid metropolitan interment? Did he remember the seven cities that contended for Homer, proving thereby that Homer belonged to no city? However this may be, every friend of little towns should rejoice that for three hundred years a sufficient watch and ward has been kept above him by those final caustic words: "Curst be he that moves my bones."

VI

Since it is evident that little towns are, after all, composed of human beings, some imperfections are to be expected. Indeed, not the least delightful of them often seem miraculously fortunate combinations of faults and flaws — but only their lovers should speak of this, and only lovers should hear. Their shortcomings merely prove again that human nature is very prevalent. Although they have their due proportion of vicious, weak, and foolish persons, the influence of the wise and virtuous is more effective in them than it is elsewhere. It has been said that "if Sodom had been a little town, its few righteous would have been enough."

Our country supports the little town with the amused tolerance which an oyster may be imagined as feeling towards its pearl. Being the product of generations of selection, having withstood for many years the strong winnowing of commercialism, it is of course peculiar. The city gathers by blind chance its random millions, but the little town selects its tens and scores by a seduction all its own. If it has the look of an exotic, that is because it has been here so long. Nearly all that America stands for, as John Fiske never tired of showing, is implicit in its government, its ideals, its daily routine. Our little

towns are the very seed from which we sprang, and despite the insolence of metropolitan parvenus, which are after all only their giant brood, they still present the typical and average aspect of American life.

Although a great part of what is said against little towns is due to ignorance, some of it should be attributed to the familiarity which breeds contempt. The wise amateur avoids both extremes, choosing not Crabbe but Goldsmith for his model, — that radiant spirit "*qui nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*," who knew the villages of Europe but who lived in London. Let us try to be just to the amateur, though he is not entirely of our time. He is one of those old-fashioned persons who can see the beauty of a rose without wondering what is to be done about it. He knows that some things are best seen, not only most favorably but most truly, through a haze of distance. He doubts whether those who live in little towns know them best. They may have acquired them by a meritless inheritance. They may never have known the joys of search, discovery, and recognition. As for himself, he would no more live in one than Dante would have set up housekeeping with Beatrice, or Sir Galahad have drunk his evening beer from the Holy Grail. He is not looking for a building site, but for the incarnation of an ideal, and he will guard that ideal from the touch of a possibly sordid reality. He is aware that the little town as it has been described may exist nowhere in substantial brick and stone, but this does not disturb him. To any profane skeptic he may paraphrase the reply of Socrates to Glaucon, who objected that he had never seen or heard of such a place as the ideal Republic: "How would a painter be the worse painter if it could be shown, after he had painted a picture of an ideally beautiful town, that no such town existed? In heaven, at least, there is laid up a pattern of such a town."

The amateur asserts a higher wisdom which shuns impertinent knowledge. He imitates Goldsmith in a

certain technic or ritual of approach and departure, entering the little towns of his pilgrimage at dusk, and resolutely leaving them at dawn. All a long October day he has been moving down a valley road, with the ripple of some companionable river never far away. Town after town is strung like a bead on the silver thread of his road, but he leaves them all reluctantlybe hind. At evening he sees some final church spire gleam against darkening fields in the level rays of the sun, like the last memory of childhood in a dying brain. He comes to the town just as the lights begin to glow in cottage windows, so that what he sees is less than what he imagines of the charm of the place. And all night long the mystery and strangeness of that little town will be about him as he lies in his inn, hearing at intervals, over the rushing voice of the river, the town clock drone through the darkness. In the morning he will arise early and go on his way, and before the dawn has faded out of the east he will be looking back from some distant height. And when he turns away for the last time he will know that nothing can ever tarnish or dim that picture painted on the walls of his dreams — spire and river and hill shining there forever in the sunrise.

Odell Shepard.

GARRULITIES OF AN OCTOGENARIAN EDITOR

II. The Editor

As this second egotistical article will fall under the eyes of some readers who did not see the first, I wish to repeat the excuses, or perhaps I may say justifications, which began the first of the articles.

Three publishing houses, including my own, have asked me to write my reminiscences, one of them proposing to select from the book papers for its periodical — an eminent one. But I told them that if the reminiscences are worth having, my own subscribers are entitled to them. I have honestly doubted if they can be "worth having" by any considerable number of people: for I have had little travel and no adventure, have done the state no service, and what little I have tried to do the public, has been in writing and editing things that are already before those who care to read them. They have interested comparatively few, though I suppose I should not say that, without admitting that they have interested some of that few considerably. It is an old saw, however, that if the simplest life could be written out fully, it would make a more interesting book than any yet produced. I doubt this, though it must be admitted that the standard attempt at such an autobiography, in spite of its being written by one of the greatest of fools and scoundrels, is nevertheless a standard, though people do not read it now, any more than they read standards in general.

Note, too, that the old saw is to the effect that *if* the book could be written. Mine simply cannot — the most interesting parts. But as these are known only to myself, it cannot be for them that I have been importuned to write my reminiscences; and on general principles neither Rousseau, nor even Phryne, has left a memory to stimulate to extreme self-revelation.

The probable reasons, then, why I am asked to write, are that, as I am eighty years old and, my friends say, singularly young for that age, I must know something worth telling about getting old and keeping young; and that as my long-continued activities have brought me into contact with a good many interesting people, I must have something worth telling about some of them, and can give casual glimpses of many more.

PROBABLY such of my remaining reminiscences as have the best chance of interesting you are those which bear most directly upon the character of this REVIEW.

The fact that I am editing it at eighty is counter to a widespread superstition that precocious development is short-lived. I have no distinct recollection of a time when I could not read. I remember my third birthday, and with it is associated a book where I met the unknown word "vex," and asked what it meant. I remember a dame school at four, and at about six I was sent to a boarding-school. At that stage of my career I was often lifted onto a chair or table to "speak a piece." I knew several, but the only ones I can recall are *The Battle of Hohenlinden*, which greatly attracted me when my father recited it, and *Marco Bozzaris*. I do remember, however, telling an aunt that my favorite author was Anonymous, and asking her to tell me about him. At eight, I was studying Latin, and at eleven, I took a prize in Greek.

Most of my fitting for college, with three short intervals near home in Baltimore, was at General Russell's in New Haven. He had been brought up at the Norwich Military Academy in Vermont, under Captain Partridge, and his ideal of education was Military Discipline. He was at heart a kindly man, but I never suspected it before a talk we had shortly before I entered college, when he came to visit me while I was ill at an aunt's in the neighborhood. At school he was little more than a soulless machine — Discipline, Discipline, Discipline. Another exception was a Sunday evening class of the older boys which he took through one or two of Paley's books, giving us a good deal of friendly but sadly-biased and rigidly puritanical instruction. He made me a thorough rebel against nearly everything he tried to instil.

The ground had been pretty well prepared for that when I was ten, by the Westminster Catechism, where they tried to teach me that a person is bound by promises

made without his knowledge or consent by his sponsors in baptism. I had even then a pretty strong tendency to judge things for myself, and that doctrine was too much for me. So was being forced, at home and at school, to go to church. Some of my readers may be amused to know that a part of my musical education came from blowing the organ at school. It increased my intimacy with the music teacher. At Yale I was the solo first-bass in the choir. But notwithstanding these religious functions, the influences I have mentioned, backed by some discussion with a radical tinker in my father's employ, made me a thoroughgoing skeptic in my boyhood.

When about half way through my eighteenth year, I entered Yale with the class of 1861. I had, of course, a colossal constitution: otherwise, with the tendency to gout, and the other troubles I have already mentioned, I should not now be writing these lines.

Well, that constitution of mine often wouldn't let me sit still and study, but would insist and insist and insist on indulging in ebullitions — on rushing me off on some wild quest or other — oftenest perhaps, to walk the three miles to Beacon Hill, and making me lie there to rest before one of the loveliest scenes I know, and think of everything — or nothing. The constitution wouldn't even let me stay in nights. What were moon and stars made for? Though when I went out, it was not always for the moon and stars. Late Spring, when the examinations were coming, was the time when it would interfere with my studies most. The elm-shaded streets, even, were so beautiful!

And there was nothing but puritanism to keep that constitution in order, and puritanism was not content to say: "Control it," but insisted on saying: "Mortify it," which of course I wouldn't do: so I let it have its own way. The principle of moral education prevailing in New Haven at that time was well illustrated in a story told

me of a much admired woman who let her daughters dress for a party one night, and then told them they couldn't go, to teach them to bear disappointment.

The comparative freedom of college, coming after the excessive restraints at school, was of course peculiarly dangerous for such a boy, and the puritan atmosphere then prevalent there by no means mitigated the dangers. Among its features were compulsory chapel attendance twice a day and three times on Sunday, the earliest before daylight, in winter.

The Yale of today is far different from the Yale of my time. Then it was probably at its very worst, in mind, body and estate. In mind it dated back centuries, in body it was the old brick row, and in estate it was squalidly poor.

The general attitude of the faculty was the puritanical mistrust of anything that had an element of pleasure in it. To be a member of the Yale faculty up to the late sixties, a man had to be orthodox, and before those times thinking men had begun to lose their orthodoxy. The result was that while the Yale faculty were generally good scholars and men of strong and high character, they were to but a small degree thinking men. The only one with whom I ever became very intimate, and that after graduation, was William D. Whitney, who was, with the possible exception of Dana, the greatest of them all; and at college he kept the widest of his thinking to himself. In after years he made it plain to me that his staying at Yale, in spite of brilliant offers where the atmosphere was more liberal, was a piece of noble self-sacrifice for the sake of his family, whose roots were deep in New Haven soil. He considered it a stupid place, and astonished me by calling several of its most eminent men stupid.

The teaching profession was then, is now, and is to be for a long time to come, overcrowded and consequently underpaid. But certainly these men did not bear their

sacrifices less heroically than their successors, and unlike so many present-day teachers, they did not permit their self-inflicted poverty to warp their judgment and turn them into Bolsheviks.

But their air was not as full of the epidemic as our air.

Perhaps the most glaring instance of the prevailing "stupidity" was the "matriculation." Some time after entrance, such freshmen as had not been caught in any peccadillos were given a pamphlet of "Laws of Yale College" and called upon to sign a declaration that they would obey them. Among these laws were some against smoking on the campus and sailing in the harbor — both of which acts had long been recognized habits. This inconsistency was one of our lessons in the sanctity of law. Most of the students of course thought little about it, or about anything else. Equally of course a few criticized it and a smaller few despised it. Yale has changed greatly, but within a dozen years, when Dr. Slosson wrote his book on the universities, there prevailed enough of the spirit or lack of spirit which promulgated those dead laws and ignored breaking them, to make the frequent answer to Dr. Slosson's inquiries into apparent incongruities: "It has always been so."

Those belated Puritans, with all their sturdy virtues, were not the men to have much influence on boys. I can recall but one of the faculty who appeared ever to have been young, and if any other one ever had been, the standard was against his showing it. Outside the classrooms, we saw very little of them, especially those of us who were not religiously inclined and needed guidance most. They were good and learned men, but most of them being "stupid," not only inspired us with little interest in our studies, and made faithfulness to routine the main test of merit, but being Puritans, they actually, for the sake of "discipline," deliberately threw obstacles in our way. The training in the classics was almost all in the grammar,

and while we were studying Chemistry, they actually gave us a pamphlet of chemical formulas to learn by heart. Of course most of the boys of any spirit flunked it. In short, the most diabolical ingenuity could hardly have done more to make both religion and scholarship repulsive. One morning on the chapel steps Bill Gandy remarked: "Yale would be a very excellent place if only the religious and literary exercises were omitted."

In the Spring and early Summer of my freshman year (1857) the country was swept by a religious "revival." They had it strong in New Haven. The churches were open and full every day, the congregational singing being noticeable for the preponderance of female voices. The faculty, of course, went in strong to convert the students, and all but half a dozen succumbed. Among the half-dozen were myself and the two leading boys (men we called them then) in my class, Edward Rowland Sill, afterwards the famous poet, and Sextus Shearer, whose early death perhaps prevented his becoming more famous still. By the following Fall, the dissipation at Yale was probably greater than ever before or since.

You will probably be glad to know that we have now reached the point where I can begin to tell you of the interesting men and books that were influential in making this Review what, for good or ill, it is. But first perhaps I ought to revert for a moment to its editor's precocity. After all that I have said against the wide impression that precocity is evanescent, I must confess that in some respects mine was. Learning came to me so easily that, in my boyhood, to make a good recitation I hardly needed to study at all, and when at Yale I found the faculty making the most of the men endowed with little more than memory, I conceived a sadly mistaken contempt for the whole business, and neglected my studies, and my powers of acquisition sank to the average. Since I have incurred the editor's necessity of knowing every-

thing, I have had a bitter realization of my early errors in this regard.

What may be of value in this Review is largely due to my classmates Shearer and Sill. Of Sill's character and talents the world knows a good deal. Shearer's were as remarkable. The two were the closest of friends, and their united influence on the whole class was an intellectual and moral stimulus vastly greater than all else that the college provided. They were unanimously elected class poet and class valedictorian, and when we survivors meet as old men, we like to tell each other of what we still owe to Sill and Shearer.

We soon dubbed Shearer *Senex*. Not that there was anything senile about him, but on the contrary, he was a splendid gymnast, and alas! killed himself early by constant fatigue at gymnastics. But he was so gentle and temperate and wise! He was splendidly talented too, and far beyond his years. It would pay you now, if you have the leisure, to hunt up his papers in the old Lits. While the rest of us, even sometimes including Sill, were raising the devil, Shearer pursued his quiet way, and we all loved him and, to our salvation, went out of our ways to seek him. In my long life, I've met only one influence quite like his. That was John Bigelow's. Those that knew it will know what I mean.

Shearer's two gospels were Dickens and Carlyle. Although Dickens' greatest works had not been written when we were in college, Shearer taught us sympathy with the broad humanity of the early ones. But he made *Sartor Resartus* the strongest literary influence that then entered the lives of some of us. For me, it filled the greatest need that up to that time I had ever known — a need that, in the transition from traditional faiths to rational ones, was then to some young men very sore.

Shearer was naturally conservative; Sill, radical; and I think he and I were pretty well agreed that whatever is is wrong, and proved to be by all experience: for, in the

long run, everything that has been, has been substituted by something better. Like all half-baked radicals, we failed to suspect that our proposed substitutes would probably not be as good as what they might replace. The idea of Evolution had then hardly entered anybody's head. Even Darwin's contribution appeared but a little while before we graduated, and Spencer's realization of it in ideas and institutions not till later still. Our formative years were years of terrible flounderings. We despised and hated the dogmas around us, and were sadly put to it to find faith in anything. In seeking it among the beliefs that chilled us, we were like babies sucking the breasts of dead mothers. We soon abandoned the dogmas, and I, at least, many of the truths that they illustrated. Shearer had the genius to shed the dogmas and retain the truths, and he kept some consciousness of them in us.

Sill helped me to come much under the influence of Tennyson, especially of the scientific and philosophic flashes in *In Memoriam*, and the social and political speculations in *Locksley Hall.*

My first recollections regarding Sill are when Delta Kappa, a freshman society, offered prizes for three songs. The successful ones were read at a meeting, and Sill was announced as the author of two that struck me as immensely above the college average. Sill had just been sent away from New Haven, for answering a tutor's request to scan some Latin verses with: "I don't scan, sir." A boy could then be sent away from Yale for almost any peccadillo. The atmosphere of the Yale of that day does not seem to have been congenial with poets. The only other eminent one she ever had was Stedman. He was there some eight years before us. Yale's management of both of them was so ineffective that it did not save her from the necessity, under her rules, of sending them away. Stedman's peccadillo was getting married. Each class elects a poet, and as I did not graduate till the year after Sill (which will be explained later), and as Bobbie Weeks had

not then matured into the poet beloved by Stedman and Stoddard, my class elected me. I mention the circumstance only because I shared with my illustrious predecessors, the honor of being bounced by Alma Mater.

One night not long after Sill's songs were read, in a rush of enthusiasm over them and something else he had written, I went to his room to tell him we were kindred souls — a very cheeky assumption on my part, and yet with enough foundation to make us very close friends through his life. I found him in bed, but made him get up and go for supper to Eli Hill's then the restaurant of all our Symposia. He, I think it was, got off something about Henry VIII getting Francis I out of bed at the Field of Cloth of Gold.

I remember being impressed as he got out of bed by the extraordinary slightness of his build. Yet he could give me, who weighed a third more than he did, more than I wanted with the gloves. And he was a very handsome fellow, looked the poet more than any other man I have ever known, and had a beautiful bass voice. All the New Haven girls wanted to know him, but he wouldn't have anything to do with them. Yet in after life his friendships with women were many and close.

In the class too, it may be remarked episodically, was Frank Kernochan, and two classes later was his brother Fred, the two being virtually the founders of the University Club in New York, with its multiple progeny. They were ideal men for such a function, and had much to do with whatever claims their friends have had to "the fine old name of gentleman."

Whatever hatred of shams may characterize this Review was largely ministered to at Yale by the sham secrecy of the student societies. They were part of the mediæval ways then prevalent, and they would not have been possible in an institution more abreast of the world. There was nothing like them at Harvard.

The example was set by the chief senior society. When its members were about to graduate, they selected as successors the fifteen men they considered the best in the junior class. Those, in their deepest interest, were then torn away from the rest of their class. They became absorbed in their society, but never mentioned it to an outsider, and if its name was mentioned by an outsider before one of them, he left the room. On going to visit him, one was greeted in the room by a genuine skull and cross-bones over the door, and somewhere on the wall was a photograph of Ed Sill and Bill Fuller sitting at the respective ends of a small table on which were another skull and cross-bones, and looking more serious than they ever looked anywhere else in their lives — all this to excite the awe and curiosity of the younger undergraduates, and it did it with a vengeance! It backed up the dominant theological notions, with their hopes of Hell, in making the college more serious and stupid still. It could never have flourished in a healthier atmosphere.

I'm told the secrecy and death's head mummery have been dying out, but the procrustean numbers of the chief society have prevented more than one man of the earlier time keeping a live interest in the college. In universities generally, and especially at Yale and Harvard, the chief bond between the alumni is their senior societies, and the alumni influence in university control largely proceeds from them. Therefore they should be elastic enough to include all who ever prove themselves the best. The leading society at Harvard takes in a few at a time, and has them participate in selecting the rest from their class. They take those they want without unyielding rigidity regarding number, and they have even elected honorary members. The chief influence at Yale in my time alienated some of the ablest alumni, and so must inevitably have been something of a handicap in the fierce competition which began about then, and which, in the days of modern efficiency, even Yale with her

staunch Puritan independence and her traditional leisureness, could not escape.

To add my personal experiences of the sham would probably add force to what has been said, but I hesitate to do it, because some of those experiences are not creditable to the boy I was sixty years ago, and though I don't altogether admire him, I can't suppress a certain tenderness and pity for him; and, as already intimated, I trust I am not as shameless as Rousseau. This is not to intimate, however, that I had as much to be ashamed of. Moreover, the experiences reflect a little unfavorably upon some dear friends who are dead, and giving them may tend to alienate some who are living; and my giving them not only may be set down to personal pique, but my judgment may be regarded as biased by it. On the other hand, however, my experiences could not have been unique; and they bear upon what many unprejudiced judges, including at least one supremely eminent member of the chief senior society, have regarded, however much it may have changed since their opinion was formed, as a great curse to the University; as, after all, those reminiscences belong with my others affecting the character of this Review, it seems, on the whole, somewhat in the nature of a duty to give them. To do so, I must go back a little.

By the end of Sophomore year, the ebullitions of the aforesaid constitution, my rebellious spirit, and the indifference to the curriculum fostered by them, very deservedly sent me down to the next class. This experience led me to turn over, at least partly, a new leaf, and study a little until I was awarded one of the honors which I despised. When one of the tutors told me of it as almost a joke, I said, "I'll soon fix that," and I slacked up studying so that my name did not appear in the next honor list. But I took the leading essay prize in the University, and with Sill, Shearer, and my other intimate friends in the leading senior society, my election to it was

generally regarded as a matter of course. The conservative element, however, very justly regarded me askance, and I failed of election. Now here comes the point.

At that time, instead of the class, under the uncanny influences of the societies, submitting itself to the infamies of "tap day," those with any chances of election stayed in their rooms the night when elections were given out, and were visited under the symbolic cover of the darkness, by delegates of the societies. I waited with pleasant anticipations for Sill and Shearer, and waited all night without their coming. What was more, they did not come near me for weeks. The absurd secrecy prevented my closest friends from preparing me for the blow or saying anything about it after it fell. Instead of coming to me with assurances of the sympathy and loyalty they really felt, they stayed away. Nor did I go near them: I have seldom suffered as during those weeks. I was not entirely devoid of pride, but in time it did give out, and I went and asked Shearer if, as it seemed, I had lost my dearest friends; and so blinded was even he by the habits the society had imposed upon him, that he was surprised at the question. A fine influence that, in moulding young men! It amounts to a superstition, and could not have flourished in any atmosphere but one of superstition.

I have since told the chief of the opposition to me (Such things will come out) that he was right, and he has told me that he was wrong, and tried in many ways to make up for what he considers the injustice done me. But it could not be made up: the procrustean number of the society prevents it, as it has prevented the inclusion of many men who have proved themselves more desirable than I, in the organization that, whatever its shortcomings, is very properly the chief of the alumni influences that affect Yale.

Yet to me the curse was like those alluded to in my previous paper, which turned out to be blessings. For like boys generally, I had accepted what the other boys

regarded as the proper thing, including the absurdities of those societies. I had even advanced the money for one of the junior "tombs," (halls without windows) and written for its initiates a blood-curdling oath of secrecy — over nothing at all; and if I had belonged to the chief senior society, probably I never should have known any better. As it was, my failure of election knocked out of me that nonsense and a good deal more; it saved me from the mental twist which made even Sill and Shearer cruel to me; it was a great incitement to the hatred of shams, and it enabled me to give my feeble testimony regarding a great evil in my university.

Well, all my life has been a reaction against my education. In college I rebelled against it from my innermost soul to the ends of my finger-tips; but in my old age I see much good in it that I did not see before. For a long time the reaction against the humbug and stupidity involved a reaction against the cultural side, and I failed to appreciate a classical education — until my younger sons came from Harvard without one. I loyally sent my eldest to Yale, where that valuable article was insisted upon in his time; but when, at a class reunion some forty years after graduation, I found a brand new marble "tomb" conspicuous near the college, I said: "Well, if they haven't got over this nonsense yet, my wife may have her way, and send the little chaps to Harvard." The last time I was at Yale, I saw they had got over the nonsense far enough to put some windows in the enlarged Skull-and-Bones "tomb," but they were of ground glass.

Whatever may have been the effect of later study and later sorrows, being sent to boarding school in my babyhood, and kept there nearly all the time since, had not developed in me a very sympathetic nature. And the atmosphere of home, whenever I was there, did not contain much interest in social subjects. My earliest recollections regarding politics and politicians are of objurga-

tions of the municipal corruption in my native city, and I grew up with the idea that an interest in politics was sympathy with chicane.

Under the leadership of Sill and Shearer, the class of '61, which I entered, took vastly less interest in social and political questions than the class of '62, in which I graduated, took under the leadership of Chamberlain and MacVeagh. Chamberlain, after leading a regiment in the Civil War, became the carpet-bag governor of South Carolina, and MacVeagh became Taft's Secretary of the Treasury. A few days after the Civil War broke out, MacVeagh told me that he had been in grave doubt of the government's right to coerce the South, and had been studying the question hard, and found, with great relief and delight, that he could support his government. That was one of my earliest lessons that such questions are not to be decided by the pure light of Nature — a fundamental principle in my editorship.

There was Tony Higgins, too, in the class of '61, who became Senator from Delaware, and who had some influence in correcting my distorted views of politics and politicians.

But notwithstanding the influence of these friends, what interest this Review shows in social and political questions was not engendered in me until later. The first things to develop it were the financial and economic questions raised by the Civil War, though I had rather taken to "Political Economy" (as the whole range of economic topics was called then) in the little dabs we had of it at school and college. The dabs were mighty small: for in the Yale of that day there was not a professor of one of the subjects, or even of history. A Greek tutor did examine us on a little pamphlet syllabus of the history of Greece and Rome, and President Woolsey gave a brief but admirable course of lectures on European history, and put us through his book on International Law, which was absurd at our stage of development. An equal absurdity was Governor Dutton's course of lectures on Constitu-

tional Law: what we needed was Municipal Law. President Woolsey also did hear us recite from the worst book on Political Economy that I ever saw.

In the little reading I did on my own hook, Carlyle had attracted me only outside of his political work, and the same was true of my part in the reading which we all did of Macaulay's essays.

But the Civil War forced on us some interest in politics, and the character of Lincoln, of course, did an immense deal to quicken the appreciation of his young contemporaries of what a politician might be. Yet I left college with only spasmodic ideas of making over the universe and suppressing such small portions of it as would not readily consent to being made over. But despite all my boyish radicalism, and though, like the rest of the new graduates of my time who didn't know what to do with themselves, soon after leaving college, I entered a law school (They go into Architecture now), I don't remember taking any intelligent interest in public questions before reading Mill's *Liberty* in 1863. That led me soon to read the big *Political Economy*. Neither book has the relative standing that it once had. Although Mill had more to say about "thinkers" than anybody else had, he was not as much of a thinker as his broad culture and literary powers led his contemporaries to regard him. Soon after I published his *Autobiography* and *Essays on Religion*, Godkin said to me: "Never before was so great a reputation so suddenly and terribly demolished." I think Godkin's feeling was due as much to the shallowness of Mill's defense for robbing another man of his wife, as to any other point. Rather an inconsistent proceeding anyhow, for a man who in his Malthusianism was constantly insisting that the procreative impulse could and should be controlled by men in general. But before Spencer took the place, Mill, succeeding Carlyle, was the leading influence among men reading English. Mill never had much of an idea of

Evolution: he was born too early; but I have seen the note he wrote Spencer (the original, if my memory doesn't trick me, shown me by Youmans) offering to assume the burden (or share it, I forget which) of publishing Spencer's philosophical series.

And now we have come to immeasurably the strongest influence which has determined the character of this REVIEW and, although the fact is little appreciated, of the age in which it is published. About 1865 I got hold of a copy of Spencer's *First Principles*, and had my eyes opened to a new heaven and a new earth.

Spencer's first and chief apostles here were John Fiske and Edward L. Youmans. Everybody knows about John. Little is now known about Youmans, although Fiske did write a very interesting biography of him; but few men have done as much to diffuse science and philosophy in America. He was one of the noblest of men — no great creator, but of an intellect that made him the intimate of Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall and other leaders of that wondrous Victorian Age which our popinjays are now chattering against. Youmans' character was even rarer than his intellect. He seemed never to have a selfish feeling, and regardless of any danger to himself, burned constantly with enthusiasm for the right education of mankind. He was one of the dozen men I have known, hardly more, who had a fair conception, humanly speaking, of the reach of the Evolution Philosophy. And yet now every newspaper is full of little dabs of it, and has hardly a paragraph without some of its terminology — most of it unrealized by those who write it and those who read it.

Youmans was a big fellow with a big voice, and so full of enthusiasms that those who didn't understand him were in danger of considering him a bore. My earliest recollection of him is of his coming into my office when I had introduced myself to him by a letter in the interest

of Spencer, whose admirers here were getting up a testimonial for him. Youmans advised me (who was then a very poor young man) "not to take counsel of my enthusiasms"; yet he himself would have sold the shirt off his back for the cause.

I was a very poor young man because I had lately sunk my available patrimony in the newly discovered Pennsylvania oil wells. This was another of my blessings in disguise: for it set me to work like a tiger.

Another recollection of Youmans goes back to a night at the Century, when he was descanting on Evolution to half a dozen or more of us who had gathered around him. Evolution was a new and strange idea in those days: people preferred to regard themselves as degenerate rather than as at the highest point in an advance. Some of us put in questions, and some dissented, I perhaps occasionally piping up a word of slender support, and Mayor Hewitt — probably, next to Youmans, far the most intelligent man in the group — listening intently, and not uttering a syllable. All of us were absorbed, but men outside of the group probably considered Youmans, as I have already said, a bore.

Youmans occupied a position peculiarly favorable for his propaganda. Years before, his sight had become so impaired that he had to depend for his reading upon a devoted sister. He could not buy all the books he needed, and trustees of libraries were not then hospitable to books containing the new heretical knowledge. One day his sister led him into Appleton's, which then included a bookstore well supplied with English publications, and "Bill Appleton," as the head of the house was then generally known among the trade which his membership honored, told Youmans to take and read any books he wanted at any time he wanted them. Mr. Appleton's generosity met a deserved reward. Youmans became the scientific adviser of the house, and brought to it so many of the important books on the great questions of that

epoch as to place the house first, on those subjects, and the rest nowhere. Through him were secured the works of Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall and most of their co-workers. Youmans founded the *International Scientific Series*, and the *Popular Science Monthly* as a vehicle for Spencer's Sociology, of which the English edition then was appearing in periodical parts.

He collected a fund of seven or eight thousand dollars to support the publication in England of Spencer's philosophy. Spencer refused it, as he had refused the generous offer of Mill, but Youmans invested it somewhere in Spencer's name. Spencer's works took better in America than in England, and it was probably the American royalities that enabled Spencer to continue their publication until in time they made him comfortably off.

In those days John Fiske frequently came down from Cambridge, and was always the centre of a group at the Century. He lectured there once on *The Composition of Mind*, treating it in its evolutionary aspect. That gave me my first idea of the evolution of intellect and emotion. The notices for the lecture were in my care, and I did not detect that the printer had left out the first *i*, and announced John, in capitals, as lecturing on "THE COMPOSTION OF MIND."

I never was a good proof reader, especially of what I had written myself, but often mistakingly assumed a word to be what I expected it to be. The first batch of these garrulities, though read by three other people, suffered so much from that defect of mine, that some important passages were made nonsense. I give a footnote of the errata.*

Fiske also lectured in one of the smaller rooms at the Cooper Union on biological evolution. Half a dozen years before, he had narrowly escaped expulsion from

*No. 25, p. 188, line 10, "That prince of octogenarians" repeats a phrase on p. 185. P. 190, last line, read: "by good men." P. 192, line 10 from bottom: for "that I can," read: "than I can now." P. 200, line 11 from bottom, after "eleven" read: "at night." And on p. 88, line 3 from bottom, for "Hero" read "Nero."

Harvard for supporting it. Within half a dozen years, after Eliot had taken the presidency, Fiske was invited to expound Evolution there, which he did in a series of lectures that were later published in two volumes as *The Cosmic Philosophy*.

The fight for Evolution was probably the greatest one that has taken place in religious and philosophical circles since the Reformation. Among intelligent people, the Spencerian philosophy was debated almost as much as the League of Nations is now. Dear good old Noah Porter took a volunteer class through the *First Principles* with a view to refuting them, and turned out every man-jack an evolutionist — so far as his mind could go, which is seldom very far.

The fight of course was fiercest from the pulpits. The celebrated passage at arms between Huxley and Bishop Wilberforce is probably so far unknown to present-day readers as to justify my copying here from the account I gave of it in the paper on John Fiske in Number 19 of this Review:

> The conflict was probably the greatest of all between truth and superstition. The temper of it was perhaps most strikingly illustrated when, at the meeting of the British Association in 1860, Bishop Wilberforce asked Huxley whether it was "through his grandfather or his grandmother that he claimed descent from a monkey," and Huxley answered:
>
> "I asserted — and I repeat — that a man has no reason to be ashamed of having an ape for his grandfather. If there were an ancestor whom I should feel shame in recalling, it would rather be a man — a man of restless and versatile intellect — who not content with success in his own sphere of activity, plunges into scientific questions with which he has no real acquaintance, only to obscure by an aimless rhetoric, and distract the attention of his hearers from, the real point at issue by eloquent digressions and skilled appeals to religious prejudice."
>
> A witness says: "The effect was tremendous. One lady fainted and had to be carried out; I, for one jumped from my seat."
>
> Another witness says: "I never saw such a display of fierce party spirit," and speaks of "the looks of bitter hatred" cast upon those who were on Huxley's side.

Probably there never was anywhere before or since as widespread an interest in a philosophy as the American interest at that time in Spencer's. He came here in the eighties, and was given, of course at Youmans' initiative, a great public dinner at Delmonico's — probably an experience unprecedented in the life of any other philosopher. Evarts presided, and among the speakers were Beecher, Youmans and Fiske. Evarts was then probably the man most sought for such functions. He was no student of philosophy, but Appleton sent him Spencer's books, and with a great lawyer's power of getting up a strange subject, he pulled it off very handsomely, of course with a slip here and there, much to the amusement of those "inside." Beecher's speech, as I said in a previous paper, impressed me most. One passage was:

> It is not in my nature to derive benefit from any mortal soul and forget that obligation. I feel in my pulse a longing that goes back to the early days, to Homer, and comes down through the whole catalog of noble writers who have written that which the world has thought worth preserving, and every man that comes up in our day, and whose writings fortify me and strengthen me — I would fain carry some tribute of affection to him. I began to read Mr. Spencer's works more than twenty years ago. They have helped me through a great many difficulties. I desire to own my obligation personally to him, and to say that if I had the fortune of a millionaire and should pour all my gold at his feet, it would be no sort of compensation compared to that which I believe I owe him; for whoever gives me a thought that dispels the darkness that hangs over the most precious secrets of life, whoever gives me confidence in the destiny of my fellow-men, whoever gives me a clearer standpoint from which I can look to the great silent One, and hear him even in half, and believe in him, not by the tests of physical science, but by moral intuition— whoever gives that power is more to me than even my father and my mother; they gave me an outward and physical life, but these others emancipated that life from superstition, from fears, and from thralls, and make me a citizen of the universe.

Next day the *Tribune* gave a whole page to reporting the dinner; and sometime beforethe, *World* had reported

in full Fiske's lectures at Harvard on *The Cosmic Philosophy*. Imagine, if you can, the dailies, even with their enormously increased bulk, doing such things in this flibbertigibbit age! True, they have lately been occupied with terribly serious things, but I was led to that deprecatory adjective by the fact that even those great matters are matters of the moment, while the public has no interest in the eternal laws of the Universe which include all the questions of any moment — those of war and peace, of world federation, and of the greatest good of the greatest number. Yet there are some hopeful signs of that revival of the broader interests which has generally been called spiritual awakening.

Spencer was the first man to demonstrate Evolution in mind, morals and society. As already said, nearly every editorial now contains things that he taught — without the writer's having the slightest idea where he got them. The reaction from the greatest age the world ever saw (unless Shakespeare was tremendous enough to make his age the greatest) has included a reaction against the greatest philosopher the world ever saw. But that is hardly to be wondered at when men can advertise themselves by making faces at Shakespeare. *High priori* has been in the blood and the literature of too many milleniums, for experience effectively to overpower it in a generation.

The sympathetic reader (and I suppose he is to be found among the clientage of this Review if anywhere) will now have got some idea of the fundamental influences which shaped it, but there were others nearly as strong. The earliest, perhaps a little earlier than even Spencer, was Godkin, from the time he founded the *Nation* until he left it. The influence on me was by no means confined to his paper. That was not many years old before he honored me with a personal relation which, coupled with the fact that we were much of the time near neighbors,

made him my chief adviser. At first we were at loggerheads about Evolution. He was considerably older than I, and more suspicious of novelties.

I quote from an article which I contributed to the semi-centennial edition of the *Nation:*

> Some time about the late sixties, the *Nation,* in criticising somebody, said, substantially: "It's Herbert Spencer's reputation over again: each authority considers him an authority on all subjects but the authority's own" — [As if a philosopher were to grub his own facts more than a cook to grub his own potatoes!] After being well crammed by Youmans, I wrote the *Nation* a letter giving testimony from several great specialists (Hooker is the only one I remember) virtually declaring Spencer one of themselves. Later, by the way, Darwin was quoted, in the *Life and Letters,* as saying: "We all bow the knee to Spencer."
>
> Well! The *Nation* and I had quite a nice little shindy, and some time later, Godkin came to me one night at the Century with: "You remember your controversy with the *Nation* over Spencer's reputation? Well, I've just read his *Philosophy of Style.* I don't know anything about the topics in dispute between you and my contributor, but I do profess to know something about English style. Spencer's work on it is a masterpiece, and, judging what I don't know by what I now do know, I am ready to presume that all you claim for him is well founded."

I of course had left college a rebel against such theology and scraps of metaphysics as had been taught there. Very little had been taught about the social order, and my circumstances were such as not to lead me to bother about it. I *odi*ed the *profanum vulgus et arceo*d them, and left it at that. It was pretty plain to me, as I think it must be to every sane mind, that, since the earliest records, things had improved, steadily by jerks, and tended to improve, and that therefore at any given time, compared with the future, they must be bad. But Spencer taught me that, roughly speaking, what is, is the best possible at the moment, and can be made better only by Evolution, which can be promoted by gradual and experimental supercession, but not by blind destruction. Social

questions are very complicated, and can be wisely settled only by the slow methods of trial and error. The fundamental principle in the experiments, as in all experiments, is to conform them, as far as wisdom can, with the law of Evolution.

The next prominent experience that affected the character of this Review was my founding of the American Science Series, about 1876.

In it I selected Pumpelly for the Geology. Circumstances prevented his doing it, and twenty years or more intervened before it was done by Chamberlain and Salisbury; but a close friendship of over fifty years has made Pumpelly a strong influence on the character of my work.

For the Astronomy, I selected Newcomb, who was also an economist of no mean order, and much intimacy with him was likewise effective.

As everybody knows, Remsen did the Chemistry, and his friendship has been among my best influences.

James did the Psychology, as the world knows to its great advantage. For years I was greatly influenced, especially regarding Psychical Research, by a close friendship with him, which, I grieve to say, was somewhat clouded toward his end, by misunderstandings which were largely due to outside influences.

I vividly remember standing with Godkin one night on a street corner where our ways home from the Century diverged, when he recommended me to ask Frank Walker to do the Economics. That led to one of the dearest and most influential friendships of my life. Frank was not only probably the first economist of his time (Despite his being an American, some of his books were used at Oxford), but one of the most widely effective of men, and one of the most widely beloved. At the time of the Memorial meeting in Boston, the list of organizations for the betterment of man's estate over which he had presided, took up over a column in the papers. He had been

a general in the Civil War, taken two United States Censuses, making the wonderful revolutionary graphic charts; was Commissioner of Awards at the Philadelphia Centennial, and as President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was probably the peer of any head of an educational institution who ever lived. His great influence survives in many important places, and probably nowhere more effectively than in this humble Review and, I can't help adding, in its editor's heart.

Godkin was to do for the series a treatise on Government, but about that time he left the *Nation* for the *Post*, and subordinated the book, only for a time, he thought, to his new job. But it waited for years, until he told me that after honest efforts he had found that daily journalism had rendered him incapable of any considerable organic work.

In the early Summer of 1879, John Fiske and I occupied rooms together in London. John was delivering a course of lectures which were attended by many leading people. He was generally detained or captured by his admirers, but a considerable part of my way home was also Herbert Spencer's, and we often walked together. Moreover, John and I had a blissful long June day wandering and lunching with him at Richmond. I think Spencer must have enjoyed it too: for he proposed another day at Windsor, to which we others gladly acceded. I have told something about those days in Number 16. They were forty years ago, but this Review is full of their effects.

Somewhere about the later eighties, I struck up a friendship with Richard Hodgson, then head of the American branch of the English Society for Psychical Research; and in the late nineties spent a wonderful week at Mr. Dorr's lovely home in Mount Desert in intimate companionship with him and Hodgson and Frederic Myers and William James and Royce. The effects on this Review have been greater than some of you have entirely enjoyed.

The first batch of these garrulities has elicited an amount of approval, and of calls for "more," greater than I dared expect. If this batch is equally fortunate, it may be followed by details of the inside, so to speak, of the REVIEW, and some fuller accounts of such men and experiences as have interested me, and as I can hope may interest you. There has not been space to linger, as I have been tempted to, over those mentioned here; and I have already given many of my reminiscences of Spencer in No. 16, of Fiske in No. 19 and of Godkin, as already said, in the special semi-centennial issue of the *Nation*.

As I have been writing this, I have been impressed for the millionth time in my long experience, that one of the worst defects in life is our failure to appreciate its best when we have it, especially if it has, so to speak, grown up with us. I think I did appreciate my privileges with Spencer and Godkin and Whitney: for when I met them they were older than I, and already famous. But Fiske and James and Walker and I grew up together, and it is proverbial to what extremes familiarity can debase appreciation. It did not go its length with me regarding them, of course, but it was not until the world talked of them after they were dead, that I fully realized the stupendous privilege that intimacy with them had been. The same failure of appreciation at the time is apt to hold in regard to all life's best elements. Watch out for it, and may all good agencies help you!

I have been impressed, too, with the number of misfortunes that have turned out good fortunes, and more and more confirmed in my belief that natural law is more like the old-fashioned anthropomorphic "Providence," and goes much farther down into the details of our lives, than is generally realized. This is an entirely healthy attitude of mind, but there is some danger that it may lead to fatalism and dearth of effort. Surely it is only after doing our best according to our lights, that we have a right to leave the rest to Divine Law.

BOOK REVIEWS

A Scheme to Steady Prices

Stabilizing the Dollar. By Irving Fisher, Professor of Political Economy in Yale University. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is not the first time that Professor Fisher has proposed his simple yet revolutionary plan for mitigating price movements. For something like ten years now he has been propounding his idea in books, and in innumerable articles, speeches, and addresses, at every season and upon all occasions. Much of the material in this book is therefore by no means new. But to argue that it is therefore of minor importance would be a hasty and false conclusion. The present volume sums up practically all of the author's former work, contains material which has never before appeared except in a series of addresses on the Pacific Coast, and states the theory with a cogency and authority which even his previous writings did not equal. This reviewer is more than ordinarily modest in making prognostications. He seeks none of the glowing rewards nor any of the bitter contumely which are the varying lot of the prophet. But for once bashfulness and modesty must be thrust aside. In *Stabilizing the Dollar* we have not necessarily the final word, but the most complete exposition as yet of a great, fundamental reform whose inevitableness the reviewer cannot doubt. Professor Fisher, at least, is a prophet, and a major one at that, in the field of economics.

Judged for its literary form the book, one must admit, is an amazing product. In the ordinary sense it is not a book at all, but an encyclopedia on the subject, condensed and popularized to the last degree. Rather, one might say that within the scope of about three hundred

pages, and these of large type, we have in reality three encyclopedias instead of one. First there is a twenty-five page summary. Then there is the main body of the text, 125 pages, in which the same arguments that appear in the summary are amplified. Finally there is an appendix of 171 pages in which practically the same points are gone over again, only this time with a strong emphasis upon "technical details." Thus we have a boiled down encyclopedia addressed to three separate levels of attention, or perhaps of intellect, all within the modest confines of one small volume. Evidently the author has an eye on the general reader as well as the expert. Already most of the academic economists have been won over to his plan, business leaders and bankers are beginning to accept it, and now he says that when they have been convinced in larger numbers he will go after the politicians. Perhaps he intends the simplified summary for those gentlemen.

One cannot but regret this combination of appeals. It would have been better to write an authoritative work for students, covering the entire subject-matter, and then if desirable a "popular," or elementary, primer. But no matter on which of his three levels Professor Fisher is moving, he is always terse, clear, and stimulating. Repetition there is, but always lucidity. The appendix is hardly less direct and simple than the summary. At times, perhaps, the author relies too much upon mere verbal sword play, upon epigrams and clever phrases, rather than logical explanations; but generally the gift of simple and convincing exposition is apparent.

No review of moderate length can do justice to the interest, I should almost like to say the "fascination," of the argument. It bores into the problem of the cost of living like an auger. I cannot conceive of anyone, capable of reading at all, who would not be interested, or who would lay the book down without feeling sanguine for the future. Professor Fisher holds out, indeed, no

panacea for social ills. He admits again and again that his plan is imperfect. But he proves up to the hilt, so it seems to me, that the evil effects of both rising and falling prices can at least be mitigated.

Professor Fisher believes that the high cost of living is caused by a shrunken dollar, just as the low cost of living from 1873 to 1896 followed an enlarged dollar. The purchasing power of the dollar is at all times, so he easily proves, uncertain and variable. His remedy is to make the dollar more or less valuable, according as prices are rising or falling, by adding or subtracting from its weight in gold. Obviously the more gold you put into the dollar the more purchasing power it will have, and the more gold you take away the less valuable it will be. "A Mexican gold dollar," he says, "weighs about half as much as ours and therefore has less purchasing power. If Mexico should adopt the same dollar that we have, no one could doubt that its purchasing power would rise about twofold, that is, the price level in Mexico would fall about half. Likewise if we should adopt the Mexican dollar, our prices would about double."

The technical method by which the weight of the dollar would be altered, probably every two months, would not attract the notice of the public at all. The initial change would be very slight, and it is proposed that no change in any two months should exceed 1%. Only dealers and speculators in gold, and perhaps miners of gold, would notice any change at first. "The reader need not conjure up visions of repeated recoinages or gold eagles of various weights jangling together in confusion in the market place. Let him banish gold coins entirely from his mind and think of a dollar as simply a certain number of grains of gold bullion in the vaults of the United States Treasury — that quantity changing from time to time but always definite and specific at any particular time, and let him remember that, in actual circulation, this gold bullion is represented by paper yellowbacks. It would, therefore,

be little more than expressing in law an existing custom if gold coins were abolished altogether." As a matter of fact, in view of the very small quantity of gold which has circulated since the war, it would not be difficult to withdraw all of it from circulation. Governments before this have been able to get rid of coins, the retention of which a new monetary policy made undesirable.

Many persons have objected to Professor Fisher's plan on the ground that a single nation could not make it work, the money problem being essentially international. He admits that the first effect of increasing the gold dollar in this country would be to discourage the minting of gold in America, but he argues that the rate of exchange would soon adjust itself so that there would be no profit in sending gold from this country to England and selling exchange against it. He admits also that the effect upon international trade in commodities would be complex and that a new element of risk might be introduced; but he argues that this risk would be more than balanced by the removal of old risks at home, and on any account foreign trade is far less important than domestic trade. He believes the idea will spread, and adds that the world's currencies are in chaos anyhow, both relatively and absolutely, and that a stabilized dollar could well be resorted to in foreign trade, thus freeing importers and exporters from all the uncertainties of roubles, marks, lire, francs, etc.

Professor Fisher anticipates nearly every objection which can be raised to his plan. One may regret a certain tartness of tone in some of his replies, a manner which probably has been induced by long experience in listening to groundless criticism. But in the main his answers are skillfully put and convincing. For instance, one common objection to his project is that so simple a remedy cannot be "any good" or else it would have been adopted long before. As a matter of fact Professor Fisher is by no means the first to propose the plan; but he answers the

objection with crushing force by pointing out that the idea could not have been taken up seriously before a comparatively recent date, for the simple reason that hitherto there have been no index numbers of prices to show how unstable the dollar was or indeed to measure it at all.

Again, one of the weightiest objections to the plan is the fear that the corrective process would come too late. The remedy, it is said, would always lag behind the disease. This Professor Fisher admits to be true, but he argues that half a loaf is better than no bread. An automobile never takes a true course, but it is always in process of correction. By making corrections often enough a fairly steady course is held to.

Professor Fisher does not contend of course that all price changes can be obviated or corrected. Such a contention would be absurd. But he argues with great vigor that an important variation common to all price changes, namely, the increased or decreased buying power of the dollar, can be practically eliminated.

The present reviewer has only one criticism of the argument to offer, and that is not necessarily vital. In his eagerness to prove that his plan will nearly eliminate, or correct, the price changes which are common to all commodities and therefore probably due to monetary changes, Professor Fisher slights, or only grudgingly admits, one important factor in present high prices, viz., the world war and the consequent scarcity. He argues that in great and prolonged price movements the chief factor is the quantity of money rather than the volume of trade. "In general," he says, "throughout the world — certainly before the war — goods had not been growing scarce." He also remarks casually that wars such as the recent one are very rare. No doubt they are rare; yet here is the fact that we have just passed through such a war, and that it lasted for four years; its after effects may last far longer. In truth Professor Fisher glides over the war with suspicious agility. Would he deny that a large part

of the present price level is due to the actual derangement in production and distribution? Before the war Germany was flooding the world with manufactured goods of almost every description. Has the withdrawal of these for five years nothing to do with present high prices? Virtually no account is taken of such factors.

By far the most readable part of the book is that which deals with the evil effects of high and low prices, or rather of great sweeps up and down. It shows with convincing clarity how much of the prevailing unrest is due to present high prices, and how futile are the remedies proposed by radical reformers and how absurd the campaigns against "profiteers." In my opinion this portion of the book is the most valuable contribution to the social literature of the day, and deserves a review by itself. It should be read with care by every investor, not to mention every student of social and economic conditions.

ALBERT W. ATWOOD.

IS THE NEW POETRY NEW?

Convention and Revolt in Poetry. By John Livingston Lowes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Every observer of the present state of literature in this country recognizes in the air a revolutionary tension. By various means the class-consciousness of the young people has been quickened to the point of confident self-assertion, while by the same means the prestige of the "old guard" has been notably diminished. Now a well-conducted literary revolution with an engagement of all arms is an inspiriting and instructive affair, generally terminating in the triumph of the younger generation and their benevolent assimilation of the foe. The present situation, however, rather fails to yield its proper zest because of a lack of ammunition on the one side and of militancy on the other. The radicals fight but, being inadequately supplied with munitions of war, are threatened with a fiasco.

The conservatives, possessing an inexhaustible base of supplies, are afflicted with extraordinary sluggishness and refuse to give battle. From the poetic sector, for several years now, we have had reports that the *vers libristes* were achieving brilliant successes and carrying everything before them. It is a revolution, say the radicals. It is an ephemeral revolt, say the conservatives; and they continue to sit tight and watch the astounding activity and the overwhelming numbers of the adversary with as little alarm as one watches a flight of butterflies which the next wind may fling into the sea.

Mr. Lowes steps out of the professorial class, which ordinarily shuns every opportunity to work upon the contemporary mind, and offers himself as a friendly mediator in a book of which the substance was delivered in 1918 at the Lowell Institute. A Harvard professor who turns from the literary history of the middle ages to meddle with current poetry finds himself in an interesting and novel situation. His colleagues, notoriously retrospective, desire him to uphold traditions and chastise the insurgents. The insurgents desire him to desert his colleagues and recognize the revolution. Mr. Lowes compromises and reconciles these conflicting claims in a style which unites full evening attire with dressing-gown and slippers. Resolved to be unacademic, he writes "doesn't," and "isn't," and "wasn't" with the *abandon* of a Bohemian, and he speaks as understandingly as an Imagist against "hackneyed diction" and *clichés*. But, as he humorously admits, he cannot away with it; strive as he may by a negligent ease to conceal his professorship, "the damned spot will out." His critical vocabulary is of a stock worn satin-smooth in the class-room; he never makes a new phrase if he can turn an old one; and his page is inlaid with a mosaic of familiar quotations. In a style which illustrates convention ingrafted with wit he speaks a good word for revolt. And so like a very substantial citizen who can admit that he is studying socialism without losing

his credit at the bank, Mr. Lowes encourages the young people without estranging those who hold that poetry was entombed with Tennyson.

He does not deal so directly, perhaps, with the contemporary poetic effort as the contemporary poets could desire; but he gives them what they lack at this time far more than applause, namely, a quantity of information and of sensible advice on conventions, originality, poetic diction, rhyme, metre, *vers libre* and the English poetic tradition. He enfilades their position with brilliant cross-lights from a dozen earlier poetic revolutions; for he has studied *clichés* and revolts against *clichés*, the winter's hardening of the bark, the vernal bursting of the bud, all the way from Marie de France to Miss Amy Lowell. We used to be told that history is philosophy teaching by examples. The latest sect of historians announce to shocked or delighted audiences that history teaches nothing whatever, since every set of circumstances is unique and presents a unique problem. Professor Lowes explodes that heresy for literary history, and by comparative study reduces the main phenomena of literary change to fairly constant psychological "laws," simply stated, which the engineers of our contemporary Renaissance could ponder with profit. For nearly every aspect of current poetic experimentation he finds a parallel in the time of Chaucer or Sidney or Donne or Pope or Wordsworth; and when he has found his parallel he makes it yield its instruction for bards who imagine with Mr. John Gould Fletcher that "polyphonic prose" was invented about three years ago and, in the literary realm, was a discovery equalling in importance the World War.

The student of literary history who reads the resounding pronunciamentos of the insurgents recognizes that their primary qualities are hope and creative impulse, and their primary defects impatience, inexperience, and inadequate culture. They need — these blushing young men and women of forty and fifty who have just discov-

ered that under existing definitions they may be classified as poets — they need exactly what the freshman needs when he enters college, and what Professor Lowes gives to the freshman, immersion in the great formative traditions of poetic literature. This is the way and the only way to the "splendid and cumulative bodying forth in poetry of the life of men and things." As Professor Lowes truly says:

> This richness of assimilation of what tradition furnishes gives to the older poetry a body, a fulness of habit, of which we often feel the lack these days, when we all too seldom catch in verse that sense of a rich and varied background flashing into expression in a single poem, or pouring its profusion into the compass of one master work — the sense that sometimes in a single phrase throws windows open upon endless vistas. . . Fresh beginnings are excellent stimulants to a jaded world, but a defective method of progression. The great constructive element in both life and art is the dealing of genius with the continuity of tradition.

Miss Monroe probably knows as well as Professor Lowes that all the great poets have been scholars; but if she and other editors of the Renaissance magazines told their contributors to study English poetry for ten years and postpone revolt till they were acquainted with what they were revolting against, what, then, would become of the poetry magazines? Art is long and time is fleeting; and Miss Monroe is obliged to encourage the game by urging the young bardlings of forty and fifty to postpone their culture and trust their instincts. That is why there is room in the critical field for a book on literature like Professor Babbitt's *Rousseau and Romanticism*, which is almost exclusively devoted to the moral discipline of the instincts. And that is why there is place for a book like Professor Lowes' which, with hardly a word on the moral, is almost exclusively devoted to the formal discipline of the instincts. With Miss Monroe eagerly and tenderly ready to recognize every candle flame as divine fire, Professor Babbitt somewhat rigorously teaching the purification of

the flame, and Professor Lowes, finally, showing how since Chaucer's time fine candlesticks have been made, the prospects for a reilluminated altar are brightening.

STUART P. SHERMAN.

MR. MERRICK'S HONOR

The Worldlings. By Leonard Merrick. With an introduction by Neil Munro. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Sir James Barrie has told us, in introducing *Conrad in Quest of His Youth*, something of the reasons for this special edition of Leonard Merrick's published novels, with introductions written by a dozen of his most distinguished contemporaries. His fellow-craftsmen, according to this statement, simply got together and "'engineered' the edition themselves," and they "have fallen over each other, so to speak, in this desire to join in the honor of writing the prefaces."

The feeling that the writers of the prefaces honor themselves in honoring Merrick is pleasantly apparent in the other volumes that have appeared. Nevertheless, it is a signal distinction that has been done this modest and by no means prolific author, who has somehow persistently eluded popularity — so signal that the reader accustomed to think in terms of, say, Mr. Wells's circulation may be pardoned for regarding it with some bewilderment. Now Sir James Barrie tells us the honor was due to Mr. Merrick as the "novelists' novelist," and does not shirk the possible embarrassment of some of his prefatorial successors at the statement that "they have, perhaps, an uneasy feeling that if the public will not take his [Mr. Merrick's] works to their hearts there must be something wrong with the popularity of their own." Sir James's *obiter dictum* may well command more critical approval than its chaffing author expected, but it does not explain precisely why Mr. Merrick's work has so special an ap-

peal for those of his own trade. It remained for Mr. William Dean Howells, in his introduction to *The Actor-Manager*, to tell in a word the reason for this appeal: it is, he says, Merrick's "singular shapeliness." In that happy phrase Mr. Howells perhaps has not only hit on the secret of Merrick's popularity with his fellow-craftsmen but has also given the explanation of his failure to attain a wide popular following. The mastery of form and technique, which has so strong an attraction for the artist who understands its difficulty, leaves the unpracticed public cold.

In one respect Merrick would seem, at first sight, to start with an admirable equipment for catching the favor of the general public: for his chosen themes, always acceptable, have never been more popular than at the present time. The stage and literary life as bait for the novel-readers of to-day are usually as alluring as were the red robes of a cardinal a couple of decades ago. But the public has its own ideas of literature and the stage, and a great tenderness for its own illusions; whereas Mr. Merrick has no illusions, but very definite and accurate ideas. He may struggle, as Sir James Barrie declares, to find a happy way out for his characters; but the literary equivalent of a New England conscience is too much for him; he is too unyielding a realist to adopt the popular solution, and too profound a humorist to ignore the *lacrimæ rerum*. His novels are apt to end just as the emotional reader is expecting something tangibly satisfactory to happen at last, and even when the laughter is most infectious there sounds behind it always the disquieting note of a sob for the vanity of human things. Consequently the popular appeal of his favorite subject-matter is neutralized by his treatment of it, while the uncritical public fails to recognize that "singular shapeliness," the deftness of construction, the clean technique of the artist, that delights his fellow-workers.

Not only does Mr. Merrick decline to make concessions

to the pet illusions of the public; he refuses to conform to its taste. The public likes a plot, and a plot is something that Mr. Merrick simply cannot be bothered with. If a plot of some kind is absolutely essential as a peg on which to hang a story of character, then he will take one ready made, as Shakespeare did before him. To go to the trouble of creating one would interfere with the mental conception of his characters and probably distort their growth. Moreover, Mr. Merrick is parsimonious of his plots. Not for him the prodigal inventiveness of an Oppenheim. If he gets hold of a situation to suit his purpose he does not hesitate to use it so long as its usefulness lasts. So in *The Worldlings*, the latest volume of the special edition, we find again the story of the Tichborne case which did service before in providing the theme of Oliphant's play in *The Actor-Manager*. Indeed, the plot of *The Worldlings* was told in some detail when Oliphant sketched the outline of his play to Alma King in the earlier novel, and was no doubt stored away by the economical author for possible use on a future occasion.

It is interesting in reading Mr. Neil Munro's preface to this volume to note that he apparently considers the Tichborne part of the plot, the impersonation of the heir to a baronetcy, as only secondary in the author's mind to the main theme, the sudden accession to wealth of a man in desperate circumstances. The plot in any case matters so little to Mr. Merrick that the point is hardly worth insisting on, but it seems evident to us that the main motive, that which attracted the author to the Tichborne theme, was the postulating of a naturally honorable man yielding to temptation. As Mr. Munro justly says: "illiterate Richard Ortens are, in a book, as in real life, impossible creatures to thrust through conversational engagements with members of the 'upper circles' while maintaining the cloak of importance, and consequently Merrick's hero had to be something of a cultured

man." The problem, therefore, that Mr. Merrick sets himself is to create a cultured Richard Orten, the soul of honor save for the one dishonorable act, suggested and adopted in a moment of weakness and despair. What will be the result of such an act to the man and to those with whom he comes into contact? It is a Greek conception — an heroic character marred by a single fatal blemish.

"*The Worldlings*," says Mr. Munro, in opening his preface, "has in it almost every element of Merrick's attractiveness as a tale-teller, save perhaps his humor." Now this Merrickian humor, if we may coin such an adjective, is a precious thing, and one regrets its absence, while subscribing to Mr. Munro's opinion; and as one closes the book one recalls Sir James Barrie's remark, already quoted in this review, anent Merrick's struggles to seek a happy way out for his characters. That also is an element of the author's attractiveness which is found in the present volume. In the case of the imposter Maurice it takes a particularly hard struggle to find the way out. Indeed there is a time when the reader is ready to swear that the contemplated suicide affords the only honorable solution. It is a mark of Mr. Merrick's delicate skill that he proves equal to the occasion and manages to rescue his hero without offending the sense either of what is seemly or of what is probable. That Maurice should escape without chastisement is impossible; that there should be left to him a hope of happiness is human — and Mr. Merrick, the realist, is always human.

Stanley Went.

A Daughter of the Walpoles

The Life and Letters of Lady Dorothy Nevill. By her Son, Ralph Nevill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Nevill must be classed with the "mob of gentlemen who write with ease"; his so-called "Life" of his mother

might better have been named "Stromateis," or crazy-quilt, after the title of an ancient Patristic miscellany of which the editor of this new department of the UNPARTIZAN is very fond, but which would meet with no favor at all at the hands of the editor of the magazine. But if Mr. Nevill assumes the indulgent ease of a gentleman, setting down what he pleases where and as he pleases, it does not follow that his book is "curst hard reading." On the contrary it is a highly amusing patch-work of sketches and anecdotes and letters, forming a worthy pendant to Lady Dorothy's own *Reminiscences*, and even offering hints of wisdom for one who reads as he runs.

Lady Dorothy was the daughter of the third Earl of Orford, a direct descendant of Horace Walpole and, on the distaff side, of Horace's brother, the great Sir Robert. In 1848 she married a kinsman, Mr. Reginald Nevill, who also carried in his veins the blood of the Walpoles. She lived until 1913, a shrewd and kindly despot of society, known to everybody, a friend to many, very dear to a few.

To the stranger at the gate this grande dame is interesting as a link between a social life that seems now as antiquated as Nineveh and one that is terribly modern. Something of the wit and ways of thinking of her cousin Horace, the letter-writer of three generations back, had drifted down the years, and lodged in her brain. Of Sir Robert, this Horace's father, she always spoke with veneration, combined with a charming familiarity, "as if he was still in existence, though, as it were, temporarily away." Pope was her cherished poet, and she loved to collect relics associated with him — and naturally: for in her father's place at Wolterton was preserved a richly bound edition of the poet's works which had been presented by him to the first Lord Walpole. For Pope's *Narcissa*, the gay and celebrated Mrs. Oldfield, her own great-great-grandmother, she maintained a lively and fond regard. And there were other voices out of that

eighteenth century, now lapsing into remote silence for the most of us, which she seemed to hear as clearly as if the gracious and scandalous utterers of them were sitting in her drawing room, or were gossiping about her famous luncheon table with guests of a newer mould, less scandalous and, perhaps, less gracious.

For if the past was thus present to her, her present was not in the past. She was in fact very much alive to the world actually throbbing about her. The lists of her guests in the flesh include a surprising number of well-known names — statesmen, poets, novelists, artists, scientists, soldiers, and men of both robes — a veritable bede-roll of the Victorian era. And the diversity of their kinds was as surprising as their number. Disraeli was a dear and staunch friend; but a noted Labor leader or one of the roaring radicals of the *Nation* was welcome to her board and would be made almost equally at home. Only for Gladstone she professed violent antipathy — does anybody love him to-day? — and might say of his sanctified politics as Labouchere actually did say: "I don't so much object to the Grand Old Man always producing the Ace of Trumps from up his sleeve, but I do object to his saying that the Almighty put it there." But if she eschewed Gladstone, she loved Lord Northcliffe, which shows a fine hospitality of taste. Among modern poets, Swinburne, though so far as I remember she did not know him personally, was a particular favorite, whose verses, with a queenly catholicity, she could cherish along with Pope's. And Mr. Frederick Locker was not only an intimate friend, but her accepted bard of the parlor, as witness a neat copy of verses published for the first time in Mr. Nevill's volume.

So this daughter of the Walpoles lived in a world made of the old and the new. The idle reader may find entertainment in these strange contrasts, the student of men and manners may seek in them hints of wisdom and prognostications of things to be. We will assume that even

the reader of the UNPARTIZAN is in one of his *horæ subsecivæ*, and will close our review with a jesting tale or two. Lady Dorothy's father is quoted as sending this reply to a letter of appeal from a charitable organization: "I have long been addicted to the Gaming Table. I have lately taken to the Turf. I fear I frequently blaspheme. But I have never distributed religious tracts. All this was known to you and your Society. Notwithstanding which you think me a fit person to be your president. God forgive your hypocrisy." Another story is of a certain Mr. Silsbee, an American, who created a sensation at a London temperance meeting. Being called upon to speak, he rose to his feet, and said: "I have searched the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelations, and I have found that there was only one man who called for water, and he was in hell, as he deserved to be." One more tale we add, smelling not quite so strongly of brimstone. "A great light of the Bar, meeting the Poet Laureate for the first time, in the course of conversation said, 'Mr. Austin, may I ask do you find writing poetry pays?' — 'Thank you, I do pretty well,' was the reply. 'I always manage to keep the wolf from the door.' — 'And pray do you read your poems to the wolf?'"

These morsels, chosen at random from many, are true English; they show how much of the eightee nth century still lingers in that land of freedom, and they may be thought to confirm a witticism of Jowett's to the effect that "every amusing story must of necessity be unkind, untrue, or immoral." To which we would reply that Lady Dorothy, who is now herself become a story, was very amusing and very kind.

P. E. M.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Story "Unto Others"

London, Dec. 12, 1919.

Editor of THE UNPARTIZAN REVIEW.

The day before yesterday I received a cutting from the *New York Times*, a letter dated November 2nd, addressed to the Editor of the Review of Books, and signed "Constant Reader."

It states that I have pilfered the plot of *Unto Others* from a French one-act play called *Sabotage* by Cl. Hellem, W. Valcros and Pol d'Estoc, produced at the Grand Guignol, Paris; and that the writer had written you on the subject.

There is no record of this play at the British Museum, and so far I have been unable to get it elsewhere. I have written to the director of the Grand Guignol, who ought to be able to get a copy.

Until I have seen it, I can form no opinion as to the nearness of my story to the play, but however near it may be, the story is entirely my own; I have never seen or heard of the play, nor of any of the versions or articles mentioned by "Constant Reader."

. . . The climax of it came into my mind during a somewhat painful period of 13 weeks spent in hospital at Weyburn, Sask., Canada. The light failed one evening, and I asked the operating surgeon, Dr. William McDonald, what would happen if the men at the Power House struck and cut off the supply during an operation.

The main setting of the story is the result of impressions gained at the Winchester Repeating Arms Factory at New Haven, Conn.

. . . The cutting was sent to me by Professor Wilbur Cortez Abbott, of Yale University, who treated the suggestion of "Constant Reader" as quite a joke, but thought his letter a good advertisement for my story. . . He could tell you whether I am a fraud or not.

C. AMBERTON.

London, Dec. 28, 1919.

. . . I cannot refrain from reiterating that my story is the result of reactions in my own mind, caused by my own

experiences, not by reading or hearing any story or play or article.

C. Amberton.

Some Interpretations versus Facts

Ojai, Ventura Co., Cal.
Jan. 30, 1920.

To the Editor of The Unpartizan Review.

I do not desire to renew my subscription. Your remarks on the death of Colonel Roosevelt were cold, unfeeling and inhuman. I never admired the man completely and he had many faults but he was a patriotic honest citizen and he wasn't afraid. Your gratuitous insult to his family and friends was by the limit.

Charles G. Penny.

We have another letter of the same tenor. The authors of both had apparently strayed so far from the accustomed paths of our readers as to fall in with copies of *Harvey's Weekly*, which contained the article on us which these letters constrain us to publish below. The article was headed and proceeded thus:

HENRY HOLT

When Senator Medill McCormick remarked in the Senate, "I shrink from naming that one proponent of the Covenant who thanked God that Roosevelt is no longer here to join in the debate on the League," we promised to publish the portrait of the person referred to if the Senator would identify him. The Senator has not complied with our request, but from other sources which seem to be authoritative we learn that he had in mind Mr. Henry Holt, publisher, of New York City.

Mr. Holt's original declaration, in the form of a query published in his *Unpopular Review*, was the following:

Was it the Power called God, working through laws that go wider and deeper than our imaginations can, or was it chance . . . that, while the trial of the experiment was under discussion, *removed to higher spheres*, WE TRUST, *the one man most likely and most able to obstruct it?*

Replying in the latest number of his magazine to a correspondent who voiced displeasure at his utterance, Mr. Holt

expresses "regret that our friend calls upon us to say more regarding Colonel Roosevelt" and announces that "even the little we said before, we said reluctantly and only because of its practical importance in a matter of supreme moment."

He finds but one "sound point in this connection," namely, "regard for the feelings of survivors," and concedes that "relatives should be considered when made abnormally sensitive by recent affliction"; and yet, he adds emphatically, "even that consideration is as nothing compared with what is absolutely the most important question ever raised concerning things this side of Heaven and Hell."

For the great American whose removal, Mr. Holt sardonically and doubtingly "trusts," to "higher spheres," brought deepest grief to millions of loving hearts, Mr. Holt evinces no concern. "The man," he declaims sternly, "is dead or he's not. If he's unconscious, he doesn't care. If he's not, what little possible light we have upon the subject seems to indicate that he's so situated as to care, if at all, vastly less than he would have cared here." This is the extent of Mr. Holt's self-justification.

We do not feel called upon to perform the distasteful task of disemboweling a ghoul. Our sole purpose is to identify the being who exulted at the death of Theodore Roosevelt and implied through biting sarcasm his belief that after death that spirit which so many humans held to be noble was condemned by Almighty God as malign.

In fulfilment of our pledge, we print herewith a portrait of Henry Holt.

This article was accompanied by our portrait, or at least *a* portrait, which our friends say is itself a libel. We don't remember seeing it before, though it does contain some resemblance. Before receiving General Penny's letter, we sent a letter to the editor, which he printed, but with an intimation that it was a lie, that and his other comments on the whole subject showing that, naturally, he interpreted utterances proceeding from us as they should be interpreted if proceeding from him. At least two friends who happen to be experts had declared his article libelous and advised us, as have also other friends, to reprint it with a rejoinder. We did not, however, contemplate giving the matter any more attention,

before receiving General Penny's plain indication that it is costing us subscribers; and the number of people who play that commendable rôle is not so large that we can afford to lose any. Therefore we now follow our friends' advice.

Here is our letter, as printed with heading and comment. We include the long quotation from an earlier number, to save our readers, if any be so inclined, the trouble of turning back.

MR. HOLT INTERPRETS

December 3, 1919.

To the Editor of Harvey's Weekly.

Sir:

My attention has been called to a grave injustice which you have done me in your current issue, and which I presume you will be willing to remedy.

You cannot do justice to my expressions upon which you animadvert, without quoting the entire passage of which the principal ones are a part. It is unfortunately long for that purpose, but under the circumstances it is only fair that readers should be left to interpret it for themselves.

"Was it the Power called God, working through laws that go wider and deeper than our imaginations can, or was it chance, that makes the proposed Peace League the culmination of the most remarkable series of events in human evolution — that made us a nation through an alliance — made us a leagued nation — that demonstrated the stability possible to great leagues, by the shock of our Civil War — that saved democracy and civilization by another alliance, in the world-war — that by that war made the world yearn as never before for lasting peace — that by that same war drove out of civilization autocracy, the age-old destroyer of peace — that through one of the strangest combinations in all politics had made Roosevelt's insatiate ambition elect Wilson — that had given that strange man, despite the faults of his qualities, just the powers needed to lead the nations to the brink of the only experiment yet devised to give them the peace they yearn for — that for the first time brought together nations with enough power, if the experiment's other conditions are workable, to make that League succeed, that had set a cosmopolitan group of the best in-

tellects in the world to devising the experiment — intellects working with an unprecedented degree of the disinterestedness essential to the experiment's success, that left us a universally respected ex-president, of the opposing party, broad-minded enough to back up the mighty scheme and that, while the trial of the experiment was under discussion, removed to higher spheres, we trust, the one man most likely and most able to obstruct it?

"The question of trying this experiment is the most important question ever before the human race. It has been shaped up by the most tremendous events in human history, and some of the strangest. Are they mere fortuitous and disconnected freaks of chance, and is the experiment to be regarded merely as meat for party politics, or have the events, throughout, the orderly concatenation of cause and effect which gives to the experiment the sanction of Divine Law?"

If you are correct, Senator Medill McCormick on the strength of those passages said: "I shrink from naming that one proponent of the Covenant who thanked God that Roosevelt is no longer here to join in the debate on the League." If that expression was based on those passages, it was worse than unjustifiable.

I submit that there is nothing in those passages or in my record to justify the interpretation which you have placed upon them. I treated Roosevelt's death as one in a series of great events tending toward a great result, which impressed me as profoundly as anything I ever knew. My feeling throughout was one of absolute and even awed sincerity. In stating my "trust" in his translation to higher spheres, which you interpret as "sardonic" and "doubtful," I simply wished to express faith rather than certainty on a topic where absolute certainty does not yet seem vouchsafed to mortals. Nothing could have been farther from my thoughts, or, I think, less justified by my words, than any implication "through biting sarcasm" of "the belief that after death that spirit which so many humans hold to be noble, was condemned by Almighty God as malign." I have never thought of Colonel Roosevelt since his death otherwise than in "higher spheres," in the full exercise of his splendid powers, and more free than here from the danger of mistakes which beset us all in this mortal life.

Your Obedient Servant,
HENRY HOLT.

[Mr. Holt is entitled, of course, to put his own interpretation

upon "removed to higher spheres, *we trust;*" we too claim the right to retain ours, already expressed; and the reader has the privilege of making his own. — EDITOR.]

The issue of interpretation can fairly be applied only to the original article. Our letter attempts no interpretation, but simply states facts. Its recipient raises a new issue regarding them. We are content to leave both issues to our readers.

EN CASSEROLE

The League of Nations

This all important question appears to have been written about until there seems little more to say about it but daily details, and they are the province of the daily papers.

We have always favored unconditional acceptance of the agreement as offered, as a starter, leaving necessary adjustments to the future. We would prefer to see even such an acceptance accompanied by the interpretations we have already indicated. But now that such an acceptance seems beyond hope, we find consolation in the indications that the League will accept, as a starter, anything we offer, and leave adjustments to the future. Assuming that it will, we find farther consolation in the fact that, after all, our tinkerings with the instrument may be on the whole improvements, and if they do not prevent an agreement, may result in a better one than that originally proposed, and one which will have more united support. Whether that possible improvement will be great enough to justify what the delay has cost, is a very serious question.

We are glad, on the whole, that the first step of the League was toward opening commerce with Russia. Commerce has always been the most effective instrument of peace, and the quickest remedy for the evils that war has wrought. The sooner it can be started in Russia, the sooner her difficulties will be on the mend: agencies inimical to the internal strife will begin to spring up everywhere. The usurpers' consciousness of this fact is shown in their aversion to the lifting of the blockade without recognition of their government.

The first step of the League, probably, despite the opposition of the usurpers, will accomplish more than

armies could, and quicker; and be a happy illustration and augury of the surpassing usefulness that can be expected from the League.

The Single Taxers

Lately we have been bombarded with special vigor by circulars and letters from the single taxers. We used to be one ourself (What lovely grammar editorial precedents sometimes lead one into!) until we happened to think that the clearest way out of political troubles is for everybody to pay direct taxes, and most folks don't own any land to pay on. Moreover, if the real estate owners have to pay all the taxes, the ambition to become a real estate owner would be seriously suppressed; and probably the very best thing that all well-wishers of the government and the race can do just now, is to help every man to own his own home; but that is almost a counsel of perfection, especially in places like New York and other big cities, where even the rich rent homes in hives.

Pending the perfection, the best thing in sight — our sight, the fallibility of which we have just admitted — is the habitation tax, which combines most of the merits of the single tax with most of those of the income tax. Under it everybody could be made to pay taxes, and that would be worth while, even if, in the case of the smaller payers, it cost more to collect the taxes than they amounted to: for it would give the smallest payers a selfish interest in economic government. Of course government is extravagant when the majority is spending other people's money. Habitation tax could easily be levied on everybody who has a home, even one hired by the rich who are too luxurious to be bothered with housekeeping, or by the poor who can't own theirs: all people could be assessed according to the quarters they occupy. Such as don't permanently occupy any at all, could be assessed according to their hotels and boarding houses. Human nature's

vanity could be depended upon to make virtually everybody occupy as good quarters as he could.

We wonder if the American people are such utter fools that they really want to pay their taxes in driblets like the nauseous little mosquito taxes on retail sales and similar trifles. The ideal of course is to pay all one's taxes in a lump, or in a few installments.

As we write, in comes the Brobdingnagian and labyrynthine form for declaring income tax. A system which requires the use of such a document speaks poorly for the intelligence of those responsible for it, and those putting up with it.

The Passing of Posterity

Anyone who has ever lived on terms of intimacy with the eighteenth century must sometimes regret the absence from our present days of that genial fireside companion whom that period named Posterity. Posterity was a personage belonging to that dear dead past which is the era also of the Gentle Reader, mulled wine, and nightcaps; his presence dignifies that slippered snugness in which men wrote memoirs and prefaces. Posterity had the qualifications of the perfect comrade; he was eternally young, but had exhaustless understanding of the aged; he possessed infallible wisdom in judgment, yet lent himself utterly to instruction by his defunct grandsires; he was aquiver with power and energy, yet employed the leisure of all eternity to be a listener. Lives that were fading and lives that had failed, babbled endless confidences into Posterity's young ears, and always his heart approved all their actions, and his avenging arm established them on that pinnacle their contemporaries had denied them. The humblest actor of that age — perhaps some self-historian sitting seedy in his frosty garret — could not help strutting before the sympathy that Posterity presented to his imagination.

But Posterity is passing away. He is almost dead. We have not his like in the thought-world of the present. We mourn for him as we mourn for the cosy little era that begat him, for there is little of slippered ease and toddy in our spirit's inns nowadays. Nothing could have exceeded the confidence with which that age depended on its descendants for commendation and support. Looking into the coming time, they saw only the responsibilities of that young future toward themselves. We have not that enviable reliance, for the simple reason that we have seen how false it has proved: for are we not ourselves that very band of progeny to which the earlier period so trustfully appealed? Are we, as dutiful and devoted children, avenging the slights and poulticing the pains of our ancestors, as they expected? Then how can we rely on receiving any more succor or sympathy from the unborn than we ourselves have exhibited toward the demands of the deceased?

Furthermore, a broader vision has caused a subtle shifting of duties between the past and the future, which was undreamed of by the enviably circumscribed outlook of the eighteenth century. We no longer feel the responsibility of Posterity toward ourselves, rather our responsibility toward Posterity has veritably become the white man's burden. The eighteenth century forgot its gout in writing memoirs for its descendants to read, never recking of the gout it was leaving them. But for us, Posterity, the debonair young hearth guest of that time, has become the ghost of a blighted babe. It is not only our own physical energies that we feel constrained to conserve for the uses of oncoming generations, but those of all Nature as well. Our descendants demand that their waterways shall be left clear, their forests uncut, their fields unexhausted. They poke impudent unborn fingers into the spokes of our factory wheels when they spin too fiercely, and a wisp-white troop of mannikins out of the future have become lobbyists in our halls of legislation.

There is a pithy combination of the past attitude with that of the present in the brief paragraphs:

"We want posterity to feel that it owes a great deal to us," said the statesman.

"I don't know about it's owing much to us," replied the politician, "But after we get through piling up debts, posterity is going to feel that it owes a great deal to somebody."

The politician voices more accurately than the statesman the fundamental aspect of the twentieth century's feeling for its descendants: namely, our consciousness of the wrong we may be doing them, combined with the hearty desire to go ahead and enjoy ourselves at their expense, on the principle of every generation for itself and the devil take the hindmost. There is in this attitude a certain amount of brutal healthiness. For either an era or an individual to have a lively sense of Posterity betrays an uneasy conscience. Nobody who can find a listener nearer by, ever addresses Posterity. Both the suave youth of the earlier fancy and the sickly babe of our own, in spite of our noisy efforts to coerce a callous conscience to the service of this last, have become vague forms. We of the present are much too busy with that present to occupy ourselves with the future. Possibly we are no less selfish than our ancestors, merely more immediate: for while they were satisfied to await in silence and secrecy the sympathy of the great unborn, we require the plaudits of our contemporaries, when we remember to listen for plaudits at all which, to our honor, we are generally too much engrossed to do. On the other hand, in our absorption in our own whizzing activities, we are as deaf toward the past as we are dumb toward the future, and this lack of docility has its effect on our mental manners. By association with the past, one is rebuked and humbled and stimulated: for one's ancestors are ready-made and after their own pattern, but by association with the unborn one can be demoralized: for one manufactures one's sixth and seventh generation to one's own order and after one's

own pattern. One ascribes to one's great-grandsons one's own character, so that they may listen with one's own flattering ear, and speak with one's own flattering voice. A personal intimacy with Posterity is a form of introspection as alien to our own centuries as it was acceptable to the earlier ones.

The acute pedagogical pleasure a bygone age took in instructing Posterity, appears to us impractical today: being as much awed by the new methods in sociology as by those in pedagogy, we are as timid about imparting advice to the children of tomorrow as we are fearful of injuring the budding intelligence of our schoolboy son by the obsolete manner of our assistance with Pliny or percentage. We can neither be confident that our own wisdom will hold valid for a future generation, nor that our own mental picture of that generation will prove enduring. Perhaps our only duty to Posterity is to do our duty by ourselves. Treat his present father and mother to a square deal, both in body and soul, whether that father or mother is our self or our brother or sister in the slums, and Posterity can be depended upon neither to praise us nor to blame, but to take care of himself.

Three Pin Pricks on the Map

CALIFORNIA DUSK

"To arms! to arms!
There's a ring around the moon!
Our fairy queen's in danger
She'll need us very soon!"

The parrot is swinging wickedly in the grapevine, saying the words over and over again with what seems a malicious intonation of mockery. The air is hot with the smell of dust, sagebrush and roses. Through the ragged trunks of the eucalyptus trees lies the line of mountains with their deep shadowed cañons. A Mexican drives along the road, his wagon full of vegetables and

brown children. With every jaded step of the lame thin horse, a cloud of swirling dust is raised, that settles on the smooth firm leaves of the orange trees. A beautiful country if it were painted on a wall! It is underfoot that one dreads — prickly dead grasses and thick-sifted dust or the flaccid blackness of oiled roads.

The parrot is sidling over towards the apricot tree like a blue and green crab. I yell at him and he returns, scolding, to his vine. There is nothing he likes better than climbing such a tree and tweaking off all the fruit in an epicurean silence, broken only by the fresh snap of twigs, the plump, plump, as the apricots hit the ground, or a subdued chuckle from his feathered throat. But thwarted for the moment, he swings on his vine and rolls out a convivial song to his little brown jug.

Imperceptibly coolness transforms the air. The sky is brushed by a storm of flamingo and golden plumes, the mountains turn the color of blue moonstones. The parrot, like a genii of noon, is silent in his arbor and from the orange grove comes the clear sweet call of the hooded quail. At this hour the friars of long ago went to tend their roses in the courts of their missions, first drawing a deep draught of water from the earthenware jars hanging to the pillars; and those returning along the high roads hurried their asses in the name of God that they might reach the refectory in time for their dinner; and the Indians turned towards the stark crosses set up on the hillsides, crossing themselves with sweaty hands as they left the fields.

The quail come down to the cool irrigating ditch by the hedge to drink, like little ladies in bonnet and shawl, demure and soft-voiced. But the evil parrot sends them running back to the green alleys of the grove with his harsh laughter, and like a satyr jeers after them tauntingly:

> "To arms! to arms!
> There's a ring around the moon!"

LADY OF PITY

Perhaps no one else in New York knows why there is a blue mist stealing down the cross streets from the west, a mist that comes in the dusk with a smell of roses and of rain and of grass, cool and fresh in the midst of the jostling of crowds, the honking of automobile horns, the turmoil of street cars and the early winking of electric signs, a mist that touches the streets even of New York with peace and turns them into magic lanes, walled high but leading to unknown gardens. It is by favor of this mist that the people of New York retain their sanity and faith in anything but steel and iron and gold; and by its presence lovers are consoled for the loss of meadows, and go jolting down Fifth Avenue on the top of a bus, his arm about her waist, and the city like a giant moonstone shadowing forth their dreams.

Blue . . . the smell of roses . . . and from the west. . . .

That is enough, for one day I climbed high up the Palisades and, passing a sister in full black robe and white headdress who was feeding her chickens beside a wood, came upon a clear space where stood a shrine sheer above the river and the city. There She stood, with a mantle of blue over her white dress, and on her sandals gold roses, the flowers of Venus. However She was not smiling but praying earnestly as She looked over Manhattan, and though at the time I in vain tried to guess what her prayer was, now I know. For out of the west where stands her figure, over the city, steals a blue mist filled with the odor of wet roses.

THE PAINTED DESERT

The raw-boned little bronchos flinched under the whip and scrambled forward, loping and trotting in the harness. The wind was cold, and the clouds hung sagging blue and purple across the March sky. The cattle in the silver-

gray sagebrush lifted staring eyes as we passed, and then let their heads hang again on gaunt necks. A crow hopped into sight. Suddenly the sagebrush plain fell sheer away, almost without warning. Below us was another and stranger plain, red earth with a thousand thousand flat-topped turrets and battlements stretching out to distant purple mesas, without so much as a blade of grass growing on their bare brilliance. The play of sunlight and cloud shadows across this expanse was magnificent, a shifting network of crimson and purple. It was as though we were looking down upon another and more terrible planet, whose last inhabitants died time out of mind, searching for springs gone dry in this beautiful blood-and-wine-colored desert. What carved red palaces might not lie broken in the shadow of those mesas on the horizon, what gods fallen from their pedestals stare with jeweled eyes upward into the burning sun! A red peace hung over the land as though hell had been deserted by fire and devils and tormented souls, and left in suspended silence.

The driver had drawled through his brief list of names and dates of discovery and rediscovery. We looked and realized the futility of attempting to retain the impression, and were driven back across the sagebrush, past the herds of wild lean cattle, weak from a winter of scarce forage and blizzards. The number of carcasses bore witness to how severe the months had been, and disturbed the sensibilities of one of the ladies. She leaned forward to the driver and said in her well-bred voice:

"How very horrid to leave those cows lying there! why don't you bury them?"

"Yes, ma'am," came the puncher's subdued answer, and not till half an hour later did his sense of courtesy permit him a silent spasm of laughter. But after all the lady was right, the silver green desert with its dead cattle and grave black crows *was* horrid, almost as horrid as that other below it.

The Black Flag in New York

Our weathercock has long been the flag on the Plaza Hotel. Not so very long ago it was as bright a star-spangled banner as the best patriot would wish to see. Now, except in bright sunshine, it counts against the sky as black. It has been outraged by the soft coal smoke which, not only in their flags but in their linen, their very finger-nails, and all that is theirs, the inexpressibly supine people of New York and most other American cities are enduring as stupidly and dumbly as the beasts. Verily, as Hobbes says, Leviathan is too lazy and ponderous to take care of himself.

The strangest part of it all is that, but for laziness, the very consumers of soft coal could actually realize a profit by the combustion of the particles flying off in the black smoke: it would involve but a moderate modification of apparatus, and a slight education and supervision of the stokers.

There are already in most places laws which, if enforced, would remedy the nuisance; but there is a strong though limited self-interest opposing them, while the influence favoring them, though widespread, is not energized by the pocket nerve.

Apparently the thing to aim for is a commissioner, with adequate assistance, with the sole duty of suppressing the smoke.

It should not take such an officer very long to inspire habits which would render his labors superfluous, and transferable to some other field. There are enough waiting, God knows.

INDEX

THE UNPARTIZAN REVIEW

Vol. XIII

[*Titles of Articles are printed in heavier type. The names of authors of articles are printed in small capitals*]

Acropolis Express, The, 143; Paris to Athens by rail, 143–145; impression of Athens as a meeting place, 145–147; effect of the war, 148; tourists, 149–150; spiritual power of Greece, 150–151; primitive travel, 152; modern Greece, 153–154.
Advertising, 208.
ALLINSON, A. C. E., 'The Acropolis Express,' 143.
Altruism, Real and Rhetorical, 155; relation of capital and labor; futility of substituting benevolence for economics, 155–169.
AMBERTON, C., 'The Story "Unto Others"' (letter), 429.
American Tradition and the League of Nations, 170; Washington's Farewell Address, 170–172; Monroe Doctrine, 173–174; America in the War, 174–176.
Aosta, Duke of, 260, 264, 272.
Art, 355.
Athens, 143.
ATWOOD, A. W., review of Fisher's *Stabilizing the Dollar*, 413.
Aunts, Afternoon Callers, and Their Hats, 216.
AUSTIN, MARY, 'Supernaturals in Fiction,' 236.
Austria, 260, 264, 269.

Beauty, 196.
Beecher, H. W., 407.
Belgian orphans, 107.
Belgium, 227.
Belloc, Hilaire, 159.
BERGENGREN, RALPH, 'Good Men and True,' 273.
Black Flag in New York, The, 444.
Bolshevism, 133, 174, 323.
Book reviews, 413.
Boundaries, 114.
Bourne, Randolph, 44.
BROCK, H. I., 'The International Press Agent,' 52.
Brown, A. J., 30.
BURR, A. R., 'The Disavowal of Sanctuary,' 349.

California Dusk, 440.
Callers, 216.
Capital, 155, 251, 253.
Capitalism, The Curse of, 208.
Carlyle, 394.
Carnegie, Andrew, 253.
Censorship, film, 342.
Chang Wat, 213.
China, 203, 246.
Choate, J. H., 185, 188.
Christ, 240.
Christian Science, 293, 312.
Christianity, 89, 239.
Church, 350.
Church-Going, The Problem of, 89; various signs of the decay of the Church and Christianity as at present organized, 89–102.
Circular Nuisance, The, 220.
Clemenceau, 18.
Clergyman, A, 'The Problem of Church-Going,' 89.
Coal, 165; in Central Europe, 113.
Conspiracy, 2, 13.
Convention and Revolt in Poetry (Lowes), review, 418.
Correspondence, 203, 429.
Courts, 273, 287.
CRANSTON, CLAUDIA, 'The Ribbons of Life,' 308.
CURRAN, P. L., 'A Nut for Psychologists,' 357.
Czechs, 114.

DAVIS, JEROME, 'The Death Camp in Turkestan,' 60.
Death Camp, The, in Turkestan, 60; conditions in a Russian military prison, and what a Y. M. C. A. worker did to improve them, 60–70.
Descartes, 329.
DICKINSON, T. H., 'The Story of Teschen Coal,' 113.
D'Indy Quartette, Interpretation of a, 213.
Dinners, 192.
Discipline, 389.
Dreamers and doers, 332–333.
Drinking, 190.

Eating, 188.
Education by motion pictures, 347.
Elections, 233.
En Casserole, 205, 435.
Ervine, St. John, 77.
Evarts, W. M., 407.
Evolution, 403.
Exercise, 185.

Fatigue, 185, 186.
Fiction, 236, 244.

Fisher's *Stabilizing the Dollar*, review, 413.
Fiske, John, 83, 403, 411.
FITTS, NORMAN, 'Vignettes Parisiennes,' 17.
French Revolution, 130.

Galsworthy, John, 84.
Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor: The Octogenarian, 182; long life, 182–185; personal habits: sleeping, eating and drinking, exercise, 185–192; dinners and gout, 192–195; Nature and music, 196–198; friends at work, 199–201; prayers, 202. **The Editor,** 388; early education, 389–390; Yale and Puritanism, 390–393; Shearer and Sill as influences, 393–396; sham secrecy of student societies, 396–400; political influences, 400–402; Youmans, Spencer, Fiske, and Evolution, 403–408; Godkin, 408–409; American Science Series, 410–411; Psychic research, 411; impressions, 412.
Gary, E. H., 255, 257.
Gilpin, Thos., 226.
God, 71.
Godkin, Lawrence, 408, 410.
Good Men and True, 273; a juror's observations on a Superior Court for transacting criminal business — jury, judge, defendants, panel, challenge, etc. — presenting a favorable judgment on the system, 273–286.
Gout, 193, 194.
Greece, 143, 237.
Greppi, Count, 195, 197, 199.
GRUMBINE, H. C., 'Reality,' 329.
Gulick, S. L., 37.
GUNN, SIDNEY, 'Rousseau and Bolshevism,' 323.

Hackett, Francis, 44.
Hare, Thos., 226.
Harvey's Weekly, 430, 432.
Hats, 216.
Heart, 334.
Heaven, 330.
HOLT, HENRY, 'As to Striking,' 1; 'Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor: I. The Octogenarian,' 182; 'II. The Editor,' 388; Interpretation of Roosevelt Utterance, 430, 432.
Homesickness, 374.
Hoover, Herbert, 113, 115, 129.
HOUSTON, P. H., 'The Humanist and Some Others,' 43.
HUGINS, ROLAND, 'The New Need of Proportional Representation,' 223.
Human nature, 324.
Humanism, 373.
Humanist, The, and Some Others, 43; humanism vs. pragmatism; Mr. Sherman and his critics, Messrs. Hackett and Bourne, 43–51.

Individualism, 47.
Inflation and the H. C. L., 216.
International Press Agent, The, 52; claims of small nations on American attention, 52–59.
IRWELL, LAWRENCE, 'The Case Against Jury Trials in Civil Actions,' 302.
Italy, 260.

Jacoby, George, 184, 185, 186, 189, 200.
Japan, 203, 215.
Japan and Korea, 24; passing of Korea into Japan's control, 24–28; Japanese military régime, 28–30; denial of liberty, 30–33; Prussianism, 33–34; Christian missions, 34–35; disturbances, 36; unjust Japanese policies, 37–42.
Jury System, 273, 287, 302.
Jury Trials in Civil Actions, The Case Against, 302; difficulties confronting untrained jurors in deciding facts, sifting evidence, and applying law, 302–307.
Justice, 253, 300.

Kattowitz, 117, 121, 126.
Kennedy, Studdert, 73, 76.
KIRKLAND, WINIFRED, 'Confessions of a Scene-Maker,' 177.
Korea, 24.

Labor, 4, 155, 246, 311.
Labor Unions, 255.
Lady of Pity, 442.
Language, universal, 210.
Latin, 211.
League of Nations, The, 205, 435.
Legislatures, 233.
Liberty, Korea, 31, 33; political, 136.
Life, The Ribbons of, 308; the sweetness of the world, 308–309; police graft, 310; exploited labor, 311; Christian Science, 312–313; eating rotten fish, 313–316; making little clothes for Eva, 316–322.
Life and Letters of Lady Dorothy Nevill (Nevill), review, 425.
Lion of St. Mark, 259, 266.
Literature, 48.
Lodge, H. C., 173, 175.
Longevity, 183, 188, 199.

Lowes' *Convention and Revolt in Poetry*, review, 418.

M., P. E., review of Nevill's *Life and Letters of Lady Dorothy Nevill*, 425.
Mahrisch Ostrau, 116.
Man, 336.
Men Not So Good and Not So True, 287; a lawyer's experience of the miscarriage of justice through the ignorance, obstinacy, prejudice or sympathy of some jurors, 287–301.
Merrick's *The Worldling's*, review, 422.
Mill, J. S., 402.
Minorities, 5.
Missions in Korea, 34.
Monroe Doctrine, 173.
Moore, George, 45, 48.
More, P. E., 86.
"Movie" Every Day, Seeing The, 338; a censor's criticism of the film as being largely melodramatic, tasteless, and immoral, but, properly directed, having educational value, 338–348.
Music, 188, 196.

Naturalist, 43.
Nature, 196, 199, 381.
Neutrality, 170.
Nevill's *Life and Letters of Lady Dorothy Nevill*, review, 425.
Newspapers, 208.
Night, 334.
1919 and 1793, 130; outward similarity between the French and the Russian revolutions, 130–134; inward difference; political vs. economic struggle, 134–138; defect of socialism, 138–140; emergence of a moral order, 141–142.

Oberholtzer, E. P., 'Seeing the "Movie" Every Day,' 338.
Otto, M. C., 'The War and the God-Makers,' 71.
Ouija board, 366, 371.

Packers, 315.
Painted Desert, The, 442.
Paper, 208.
Paris, 17.
Patience Worth, 358.
Patti, 197.
Paul, H. S., 'American Tradition and the League of Nations,' 170.
Peace, 181.
Penny, C. G., letter, 430.
Philippines, 41.
Phillips, Delphia, 'The Reason Why,' 103.
Piave River, 265, 271.
Plagiarism? 207, 429.
Plumb plan, 254.
Poles, 114.
Police, 310.
Politics, 233, 400.
Porcelain Temples, Priests and Crows, Concerning; with Especial Emphasis on the Last, 213.
Posterity, The Passing of, 437.
Powers, F. P., 'Altruism, Real and Rhetorical,' 155; 'Shantung Question, The,' 203.
Pragmatism, 43.
Prayers, 202.
Press agent, 52.
Primaries, 234.
Printed Word, The High Cost of the, 208.
Prisons, Russian military, 60.
Production, 157, 163.
Profits, 156.
Prohibition, 191.
Propaganda, 132.
Proportional Representation, The New Need of, 223; defects of the American electoral system described and remedies suggested, 223–235.
Prussianism, Japanese, 33.
Psychics, 357.
Psychologists, A Nut for, 357; interesting facts regarding Mrs. Curran's association with Patience Worth, the presentation of matter, states of consciousness, means of expression and amount of work done, 357–372.
Public utilities, 167.
Publicity, 208.
Puritanism, 390, 392.
Pyle, J. G., '1919 and 1793,' 130.

Rain, 334.
Reality, 329; What and Where is Heaven? 329–332; reality dependent on man's capacity of apprehension, 332–337.
Reason Why, The, 103; sketch of a woman who reveals a warm heart beneath a cold exterior, 103–112.
Reeman, E. H., 73, 76.
Religion, 71, 89.
Revolution; French and Russian, 130.
Rockefeller, J. D., 253.
Roosevelt, Theodore, 430.
Rousseau, J. J., 130, 138, 182, 328, 388.
Rousseau and Bolshevism, 323; his ideas in conflict, not accord, with Bolshevism, 323–328.
Royce, Josiah, 83.
Ruritania, 52.
Russell, Bertrand, 165.
Russia, 130, 323.

Sanctuary, A Disavowal of, 349; thrust out by the war from the ancient sanctuary of

the Church, the age faces the task of building a more durable refuge, 349–356.
Scene-Maker, Confessions of a, 177; advantages of a "judiciously uncontrolled" temper, 177–181.
Self-control, 49, 51.
Self-determination, 57.
Shakespeare, 384.
Shams, 396.
Shantung, 203, 207.
Sharing Fairly, As to, 246; showing that in the product of industry labor fares better than capital, 246–258.
Shearer, Sextus, 393.
SHEPARD, ODELL, 'Little Towns,' 373.
Sherman, S. P., 43.
SHERMAN, S. P., review of Lowes' *Convention and Revolt in Poetry*, 418.
Siam, 213.
Silesia, 114, 116.
Sill, E. R., 393.
Sinclair, May, 85, 86.
Single Taxers, The, 436.
SLAUGHTER, GERTRUDE, 'Heroic Venice,' 259.
Sleep, 184.
Small Nations, 52.
Smoke, 444.
Smoking, 187.
Socialism, 138.
Spencer, Herbert, 403.
Stabilizing the Dollar (Fisher), review, 413.
Standards, 47, 49.
STERN, S. R., 'Men Not So Good and Not So True,' 287.
Strikes, 255, 258; Lawrence, 164.
Striking, As to, 1; history of the right to strike, 1–6; wartime defence against conspiracies, 6–9; recent strikes, 9–10; duty of the few, 11–13; how men may be led to want to work, 13–16.
Sunday papers, 208.
Supernaturals in Fiction, 236; Greek literature, 237–239; Christian supernaturals; the Christ story, 239–241; fiction perhaps the truest science, 242–245.
Supreme Economic Council, 115.

Tashkent, 60.
Taxation, 247–252, 436.
Temper, 177.
Tennyson, 395.
Terauchi, Count, 29.
Teschen Coal, The Story of, 113; a Polish-Czech boundary dispute, 114–115; the Supreme Economic Council, 115; confused coal situation in Silesia, 116–117; American help, 118–119; the Coal Mission, 120; reasons for reduced production, 121; means of increasing production, 122–124; distribution and allocation, 124–129.
Thoreau, 376, 382.
Thought, 355.
Three Pin Pricks on the Map, 440.
Tobacco. *See* Smoking.
Towns, Little, 373; modern homesickness, 373–374; little towns in verse and prose, 375–376; differentiated from small towns, 377–378; antiquity and isolation, 379–380; interweaving of man and nature, 381–382; the human product, 383–385; imperfection and ideality, 385–387.
Trade unions, 3.
Turkestan, 60.

U. S. Steel Corporation, 255, 257.
Universal Language, A, at our Service, 210.
'Unto Others,' 207, 429.

Venice, Heroic, 259; description of the city's courage in the war, 259–272.
Vignettes Parisiennes, 17; Arc de Triomphe, book-stalls, Louvre, Panthéon and other sights as they are today, 17–23.
Voting, 227.

Wages, 159, 163.
Walker, F. A., 410.
War, The, and the God-Makers, 71; downfall of the Orthodox God, 71–74; the finite God of Wells, Reeman and Ervine, 74–78; a democratic God, 79–80; results of the contemporary movement to remake God, 80–86; editorial comment, 87–88.
Washington, George, 170.
Water, drinking, 185.
Wells, H. G., 74.
WENT, STANLEY, review of Merrick's *The Worldlings*, 422.
Westminster Cathedral, 349.
WHEELER, E. P., 'As to Sharing Fairly,' 246.
White, Gilbert, 376.
Whitney, W. D., 391.
WILLOUGHBY, W. W., 'Japan and Korea,' 24.
Women, 189; as jurors, 290, 295, 299.
Worldlings, The (Merrick), review, 422.
Worth, Patience, 358.

Yale, University, 390.
Youmans, E. L., 403.
Y., M. C. A. in Russia, 60.
Yoshino, Dr., 40.

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY JERSEY CITY, N. J.

R050
Un6
v.13

23N'20BN